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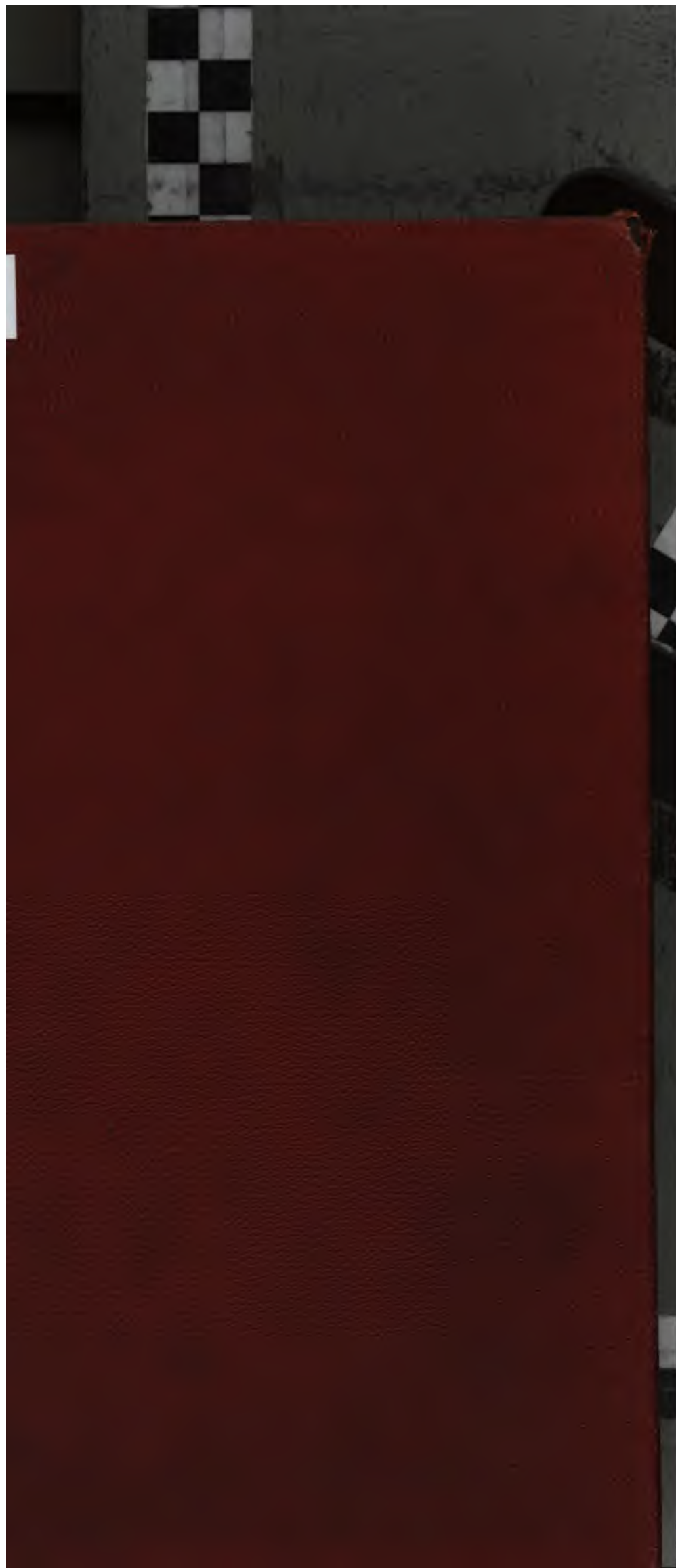
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A QUARTERLY REVIEW

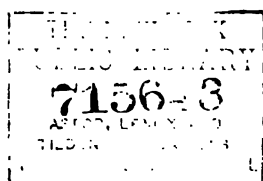
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CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
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1892



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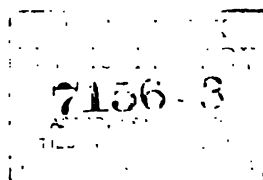
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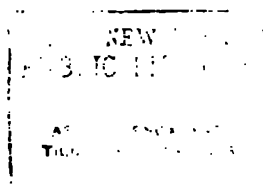


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THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. IV.

No. I.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE inherits an honored name and poetic power of a high order from his distinguished father; while gentleness and all the graces of Southern chivalry are blended in his nature on both sides of his house from ancestral veins as pure and purple as ever flowed in pulsing currents from the crested turrets of old England, the bonny braes of Scotland and the fair flowerland of France. He is the only son of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the greatest of all Southern poets, and although born in his father's old home and birthplace, Charleston, S. C., March 11, 1856, he has resided the greater part of his life at Copse Hill, near Augusta, Ga., whither the family moved in 1866 when their handsome home and property were swept away by the fortunes of war. His post-office is in the suburban village and famous health resort of Grovetown, Ga., but the city of Augusta, where rests the consecrated dust of the father, also lays appreciative and affectionate claim to the son.

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THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. IV.

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loftiest in style and sentiment of Mr. Hayne's productions. His generous tributes to other writers, and his courteous treatment of all with whom he comes in contact, are notable characteristics of this great-hearted and gentle poet. While he excels in all lyrical forms of verse, Mr. Hayne has been especially successful and deservedly praised as a nature poet. And while he himself regards Robert Burns Wilson as clearly in the lead of all his contemporaries in virility and noble descriptions in nature, it may fairly be said that even that brilliant and ambitious exponent of the divine art does not surpass Mr. Hayne in this realm. His descriptions are life-like, living especially in his shorter poems, which have won him critical commendation and popular praise. His quatrains are gems of purest ray, clear-cut as any crystal, and in this style of verse he is not surpassed even by his venerated father or by that other prince of poets, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He does not care for narrative forms or blank verse, unless especially fine. The octo-syllabic is a favorite style of versification with him. "A Band of Bluebirds" is a favorite poem of his, very beautiful and oft praised, and it will probably give the name to his first volume of poems, already compiled and ready for the publishers. He has enough poems, however, for two good-sized volumes. "In a Southern Swamp" and "Through Woodland Ways" are two of his longer productions, and both are exquisite nature poems. "The Deathless Heart" and "The Carven Name" are also too long for reproduction here, but are fine stories in verse.

Not only in poetry but in prose has Mr. Hayne made an enviable reputation for himself. He has written a number of critical articles for *The American* and other periodicals, and his dialect sketches are delightful. His "Georgia Humorists" paid glowing and graceful tribute to Judge Longstreet, Colonel W. T. Thompson, Richard Malcomb Johnston and Joel Chandler Harris; and a sketch of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston rendered eloquent tribute to a most gifted Southern woman. An essay on "Some Famous English Lyrics," read before the

Hayne Literary Circle in Augusta last winter, challenged special admiration, and his forthcoming article in *Lippincott's* on "The Methods of Work of Paul H. Hayne" is awaited with eager and general interest, as it will be a true and home description by this gifted son of the literary methods and poetic moods of his eminent father.

Personally Mr. Hayne is a very attractive man, and the magnetism which made the father a charming conversationalist and companion grows daily in the son, and adds much to a genial nature and social spirit. His memory for poetry is remarkable, and he can recall and recite nearly all of his poems at will. He is slender in shape, nervous in manner, and has very dark hair and eyes. He is unmarried, and is poetic enough in appearance to remind one of Edgar Allan Poe; but his deep, sparkling eyes are those of his own family, and his cheerful temperament will keep him and his verse from the gaunt and gloomy environment of Poe and his "Raven."

T. R. G.

POEM,

FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SIDNEY LANIER, AT MACON, GA., OCTOBER 17, 1890.

UNVEIL the noble brow, the deep-souled eyes,
Wherein melodious unities

Of Music and of Poetry were born,

For undeterred by care's half sluggish thorn—
Barbed oft with suffering—he bravely brought
To Song's full bloom his Lyric buds of thought.

Here love and homage shall alike proclaim
The undying whiteness of our poet's fame;
Wed to the marble, yet exempt from the cold
As winter clouds blessed by the sun's warm gold.

And now I hear

Far off yet clear

Two voices that are one—

For drawing close to Music's feet

'Tis thus her Lyric sister sweet

Sings of their cherished son!

Strong-winged and free each mood of me

Thrilled through his heart and brain,—

His soul was lit by lights that flit

Across the waving grain!

The marshes drear he made a prayer

With words whose wondrous flight

Bore thoughts that reach, through rhythmic
speech,

To sunlands out of sight!

He let no seed from Doubt's dark weed

Fall in the holy shrine

Where song was bred, by music led
To beckoning heights divine!
And seldom mute his silver flute
Invoked with matchless art
Each wave of sound by Silence bound
Within her vestal heart!

Death's arctic fear—"a cordial rare"
To his enraptured dream,—
Came from the blue his spirit knew
Of love and faith supreme!
His "Sunrise" song, with rapture strong,
Rose like a lark in light
Who feels the sway of sovereign Day
Reign o'er the mists of night!

He loved the flow of winds that blow
To "odor-currents" set,—
The gem-like hue of fleeting dew,
Frail rose and violet,—
The soul in trees whose litanies
His reverent spirit heard;
The corn-blades rife with vernal life,
The rune of bee or bird!

Strong-winged and free each mood of me
Thrilled through his heart and brain,—
His soul was lit by lights that flit
Across the waving grain.
The marshes drear he made a prayer
With words, whose wondrous flight
Bore thoughts that reach, through rhythmic
speech,
To sunlands out of sight!

A BAND OF BLUEBIRDS.

(IN AUTUMN.)

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
Brave prophets of the Spring,
Amid the tall and tufted cane
How blithesomely you sing!
What message haunts your music
'Mid Autumn's dusky reign?
You tell us nature stores her seeds
To give them back in grain.

Your throats are gleeful fountains
Through which a song-tide flows,—
Your voices greet me in the woods
On every wind that blows!
I dream that Heaven invites you
To bid the Earth "good-bye;"
For in your wings you seem to hold
A portion of the sky!

Oh, happy band of bluebirds!
 You could not long remain
 To flit across the fading fields
 And glorify the grain. . . .
 You leave melodious memories
 Whose sweetness thrills me through,—
 Ah! if my songs were such as yours
 They'd almost touch the Blue!

AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

I COME half voiceless here and bring
 The sorrow that I dare not sing,—
 A grief set evermore apart
 In the veiled chamber of my heart.

His mouldering dust can never hear
 The tenderest footstep drawing near.
 Yet far beyond our finite view
 He sings amid the boundless blue.

And though I cannot see him stand
 Within the Soul's illumined land,
 Yet somewhere, by Faith's crystal sea
 I know my father waits for me.

BENEATH THE HOOD.

BENEATH the hood her eyes were bright,—
 I slyly watched her where she stood,—
 Her tresses looked like scraps of night
 Beneath the hood!

Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,
 Such lips—like flowers warm with light,—
 Would quickly melt the iciest mood!

I stole behind her—'twasn't right,—
 I call it neither wise nor good,—
 I put propriety to flight
 Beneath the hood!

A MEADOW SONG.

O COME to the meadow, my love,
 For the lark is hovering high
 To bathe in the light of the sun
 And the south wind wandering by!
 A thrush by the rivulet's rim
 Grows blithe from the breath of the grass;
 He sings to his sweetheart, the brook,
 That mirrors his love like a glass.

O come to the meadow with me—
 Bird-music is gleeful and good,
 With Nature's full chorus of winds
 From the wonderful heart of the wood!
 Forget-me-nots gleam in the grass,
 For the morning is mirthful with love
 From robins that roam in the glen
 To the palpitant wings of the dove.

O come to the meadow with me,
 To the rivulet's emerald edge,
 And hear the low lilt of the stream
 Where the dew-drops encircle the sedge!
 The young leaves look up to the sky,
 And the red-birds come hither to roam,—
 They love the brooks lyrical flow
 And its delicate fret-work of foam.

O come to the meadow with me
 While the music of morning is heard,
 And the rhythmical rapture of song
 Is sent from the heart of a bird!
 Come hither and wander with me,
 For Nature is breathing of love,
 From violets veiled in the grass
 To the tremulous wings of the dove!

AT SEVENTEEN.

YOUR eyes are brown as a thrush's wing
 Glimpsed through a covert of early spring.

Your face has the delicate olive hue
 Of an autumn cloud that the moon shines through.

Your lips, where the roses would like to dwell,
 Have the sensitive red of an ocean-shell.

Your hair, half-curled, has the dusky gleam
 Of midnight touched by a morning dream.

Your form has an osier's supple grace
 Released from the south wind's soft embrace.

TO A SWALLOW.

I SAW your kindred by the sea
 Flit through the sunshine dreamily,—
 I felt because the month was May
 A little while they needs must stay,
 Though time is always flitting.

Borne on blithe wings across the lea
 You pause, wave-tranced, beside the sea,

When Spring with airy touch beguiles
The serious waters into smiles,
Though time is always flitting.

When Autumn's busy shuttle weaves
Quaint arabesques around the leaves,
Your brothers preen their wings and flee
To sheltered cliffs beyond the sea
While time is softly flitting.

You have a minstrel's right to roam
Far from the nested warmth of home,
And circling o'er this barren hill
How joyously you seem to trill
While time is softly flitting!

Through your sweet notes I almost hear
The happy water gurgling near,—
And yet I feel you soon shall fly
Swift as a wind-song through the sky
While time is softly flitting.

AT ANCHOR.

My love was like a buoyant boat
O'er sunny waves at sea,
And in the voyage of my heart
She sailed away from me!

I followed in her flying wake—
The waves grew strong and fleet;
I passed by shoals of circumstance,
And quicksands of defeat!

But little winds of coquetry
Still kept our lives apart,
Till in my cruise of love I reached
The harbor of her heart!

THE COMING OF THE KING.

THRICE happy am I because
I have welcomed a king to-day,
Who has kept aloof from my humble roof,
In a king's imperious way!
I have seen him oft in dreams,
Yet he never has passed before,
With his robe of state through my vine-clad gate,
And entered my open door!

He has taken my heart in thrall
For a priceless service meet,—

He has come to stay and I feel his sway
As I sit at his royal feet!
And my heart is brimmed with joy
To know that a king like he,
Who was born above, and whose name is Love,
Should dwell in a hut with me!

A LOVER'S DOUBT.

If we but knew that Love and Life were one
On heights that rise beyond the baffling blue,
How bravely would the heart's swift seasons run
If we but knew!

Ah! should continuance of Love be true,
How vain the webs that mystery has spun
In sphinx-like silence o'er the spirit's view.

Does nature foster hope through sky and sun,
On mornings bountiful with light and dew?
Was Love made endless when the world begun?
If we but knew!

QUATRAINS.

THE HEAD OF NIOBE.

(In the Uffizi Gallery.)

Lips that withhold the anguish she had known,—
Perpetual pathos in the voiceless stone,—
The eyes decreed in dead Olympian years
A mournful immortality of tears.

REPENTANT.

This summer breeze fraught with repentant sighs—
Once a fleet force no heavenly law could bind—
Now wandering earthward in a gentler guise,
Is but the ghost of some fierce winter wind.

CAIN.

(Bronze Figure in the Pitti Palace.)

A sombre brow whose dark-veined furrows bear
Remorseful fruit from God's curse planted there;—
Uplifted hands o'er eyes that look through Time,
Big with the burden of unshriven crime.

FLOWER AND THORN.

TWIN mystery of joy and gloom,—
Pain-circled yet divine decree;
Death is the thorn o'er which doth bloom
The flower of immortality.



Oscar Fay Adams.



William H. Hayne

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

THE first school days of Mr. Adams were spent in Leicester Academy, near Worcester, Mass., the place of his birth. From Leicester he went to the State Normal School in Trenton, N. J., where in the hours between study he read widely from the best English authors. Leaving Trenton Mr. Adams taught at Claymont, Delaware, and in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Meanwhile his taste for literature led him to devote more time to critical study, and soon at Lancaster and Erie he formed classes in English literature.

His first venture with the pen was a story which appeared in *The Independent*; it was well received and encouraged the writing of later tales and sketches, with which the readers of the larger magazines and papers are familiar. Not long after, in 1882, Mr. Adams began to write verse. A volume under the title "Post-Laureate Idyls," was issued in 1886, and in 1883 and 1884 his handbooks of English and of American authors appeared. In 1886 Mr. Adams' judgment, as well as taste, were again successfully tested in a collection of verse of the minor poets, illustrating the changing seasons, and issued under the title "Through the Year with the Poets," (12 vols.). He edited "Morris's Atalanta's Race and Other Tales From the Earthly Paradise" in 1888, and "Chapters From Jane Austen" the same year. That portion of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" edited in America has been under his charge. At the close of 1889 his articles from the *Wide Awake* were collected in an attractive book for young people with the title "Dear Old Story Tellers."

Mr. Adams' earnest labor in the field of literature has brought him a wide literary acquaintance. Partly to enjoy the society of friends in England as well as to visit the cathedral towns in which many of them lived, Mr. Adams crossed the water in 1889. Among the kindred of Jane Austen he gathered material for "The Story of Jane Austen's Life" recently published. During his stay abroad he prepared a number of parlor lectures on the development of Gothic architecture in England; these he has since delivered in various American cities. The memorial introduction which Mr. Adams has written for the new volume of poems of his friend, the late Rev. Horatio Nelson Powers, (1891), is a touchingly simple and earnest tribute. Mr. Adams through his lectures upon art and poetry, and no less by his hospitality in Cambridge, has made many friends at home as he has among the distant readers of his books.

C. K. B.

THE SWEET SOUTH-WIND.

OVER the fields and the waters there suddenly
swept in mid-April
Something that seemed like a breath that was blown
from far coasts of the sunlands.
Languorous was it and sweet, as are lilies or odor-
ous spices,
Laden with delicate hints of a summer not far in
the distance.
Over the meadows and fields that, embrowned by
the cold of the winter,
Lay as if dead to the spring, and with never a hope
of a harvest,
Silently passed the South-wind, and there suddenly
sprang into being
Millions of grass-blades that tossed like an emerald
sea in the sunshine,
Daffodils fair as were those that gained Pluto a
consort in Hades,
Buttercups golden and gleaming, like gems on the
hands of a maiden,
Daisies that grew near the ground, and yet ever
and always gazed upward,
Violets azure and yellow and white and of wonder-
ful fragrance.

Over the trees in the orchard and forest it breathed
in its progress,
Bringing the sap from the roots to the near and the
farthestmost branches,
Swelling the buds till the willow was hid in a ver-
durous mist-cloud,
Touching the boughs of the maple that reddened
with joy at the meeting,
Leaving wherever it lingered assurance and prom-
ise of summer.
Over the streams the beneficent breeze from the
southland swept gently,
Filled the waters with quick-darting life that re-
joiced in the springtime.
Sent all the rivers, now freed from the grasp of the
winter, exultant,
Moving in shimmering, glittering, sinuous curves
that led seaward.
So on its way passed the wonderful wakening wind
of the sunlands,
Driving before it the frost and the cold of the
winter, reluctant,
While in their stead came the warmth and the re-
aroused life of the springtide,
For in the wake of life-giving breeze flew the jubi-
lant swallows,
Twittered the robins and wrens, while the azure-
hued wing of the bluebird

Cut through the air like the scintillant blade that
is famed of Toledo.

Thus in mid-April the heart of another springtide
was awakened;
Faster the blood ran along through the veins in the
glorious weather,
Generous impulses quickened and waxed in the
glow of the season.
Winter was banished, and with him the cold and
the afternoon twilight,
And, as the wail of his storms in the north passed
at last into silence,
May could be seen in the distance approaching, her
lap full of blossoms.

BEATEN.

WHERE is the spirit of striving that once was so
strong in my heart?
And where is the lofty devotion that attended my
steps at the start?
I was so full of my purpose and never gave way to
a doubt,
Never looked forward to failure, whatever dark
clouds were about,
Always believed in hard fighting, and never once
trusted to luck,
Put my whole soul in my doing, and honest each
blow that I struck.

What is the guerdon of labor, of honesty what the
reward?
Only a pittance at most, and simplicity conquered
by fraud.
Where is the joy of believing when faith is met by a
sneer?
Why should we look to the future expecting the
skies to be clear?

Always the strongest are prospered; why may it not
be so again,
If there's a heaven hereafter reserved for the chil-
dren of men?
Might has the best of us here, and may it not be so
beyond?
I who am vanquished in battle have little to do but
despond.
Never for me will the prospect be brightened again
by a hope;
I have grown old in the conflict, and care not with
evil to cope.

Beaten am I in the struggle, the doom of the con-
quered is mine;
Darkness and clouds are about me, the morrow I
may not divine.
Now I await the dread moment when I shall have
done with it all,
When the long strife shall be ended and I turn my
face to the wall.

WHITE ROSES.

FROM a woman I know I once begged a white rose;
I pleaded for one, but another I took;
Their petals were tender and pure as the snows.
From a woman I know I once begged a white rose;
I wonder if she in her inmost soul knows
What I long for as now on those roses I look.
From a woman I know I once begged a white rose;
I pleaded for one, but another I took.

Is it well for me, think you, to long for the hand
That gave me the roses that sweet autumn day
When the sun of September shone soft o'er the land?
Is it well for me, think you, to long for the hand
And pray that the maid may at last understand
That I love and shall long for that white hand
always?
Is it well for me, think you, to long for the hand
That gave me the roses that sweet autumn day?

SONG.

If you love me, come and be
In my heart of hearts and see
How I think of naught but thee!

If you hate me, tell me so,
I should love you still, I know,—
Hate to love will sometimes grow.

If you neither love nor hate,
For your grace I ne'er will wait;
You will never be my fate!

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHAT rarer, finer bliss than his who feels,
While happy friends and neighbors press his
hands,
The warmth of handclasps given in other lands
Still left upon his palms? Though o'er him steals

The rapture of home-coming, on its heels
Follows the joy of holding in the bands
Of memory all the hours whose golden sands
Were run with friends remote whom space conceals.

Such bliss is thine, O poet, coming back
After long absence from thy native shores;
For, while all England saddens with farewells,
Thine own dear land, expectant, opens doors
Of welcome wide for thee on homeward track,
And every voice the heart-felt greeting swells.

MIDSUMMER PASSES.

With faltering steps the sweet Midsummer paused
Upon the last stair of the worn July.
Behind her blushed the roses and before
The scarlet poppies shimmered in the corn.
From far-off woods a heated breath came past,
Blown from dark cedars and tall groves of pine,
Yet all its sweetness might not serve to soothe
The bitterness of fair Midsummer's pain,
Who felt her sceptre slipping from her grasp
And saw one coming with his heated brows
Girt round with wheat straws, bold young August
brown.

RENUNCIATION.

NAY, friend, farewell! for if I loved you less,
It might be I should strive to hold you fast
In bonds of friendship you had long o'erpast,
And play the tyrant where I hoped to bless.
Yet, since my love still pleads, I fain would press
Once more your hand e'en while I seem to cast
It coldly from me with these words at last,
I may not keep and you may not possess!

Sweet friend, believe me, it is better so,—
To part while love finds yet no cause for grief
In slowly-waning faith, lest haply you
Should one day find some flaw in me you knew
Not of, and I through tears should watch you go,
Knowing your soul in mine had lost belief.

DEAR HEART, BELIEVE.

DEAR heart, believe I think of you
When evening's gray shuts out the blue.
In the slow hours of middle night,
And when the lances of the light
First pierce the mists of darkness through.

Naught can the days of absence do
When love is strong and hearts are true,
To blur with change affection's might,
Dear heart, believe!

If sullen Death between us drew
The veil that hides from earthly view
The much-loved face, the clearer sight
Would still discern in Death's despite;
Beyond the veil can Love pursue,
Dear heart, believe!

INDIFFERENCE.

WHAT is indifference, do you ask of me?
O well I know the meaning of the phrase.
It is to find gray ash instead of blaze
That warmed you once; to lose, alas! the key
Which turned in friendship's wards; to sometime
see
The eyes that shone for you in other days
Now coldly meet your own in passing gaze;
To know that what has been no more shall be.

It is to find that you in naught believe,
To know that youth has fled far down the past,
To feel that hope will ne'er again be born,
And love is but a poor worn cheat at last.
It is all this, *yet not for this to grieve,—*
To live, and heed not that one lives forlorn!

A MARRIAGE SONG.

When in springtime a soft wind arises
Out of the south land and sweetly surprises
Fair folded buds from their sleep into roses,
Breathes on the lily till rathe it uncloses,
Hearts that are saddest lose some of their sorrow,
Hearts that are lightest a keener joy borrow,
When in the springtime a south wind arises
And in its bounty all fair gifts comprises.

When in the springtime two hearts are united,
Pleasure is crowned and dull pain is affrighted.
Love lights the path where the blissful ones wander
Thinking no evil and growing yet fonder.
Never such rapture by mortals is tasted
As clings to the days when ere April is wasted,
Pain being past and all jealousy blighted,
Hearts in the dearest of bonds are united.

—“*A Tale of Tuscany.*”

MARY FRANCES TUCKER.

MARY FRANCES TUCKER has not been a prolific writer. Her best work has been inspired by a moral sentiment, if not definite moral purpose. I first met her when she was Mary Frances Tyler, in Fulton, N. Y. She was born about the year 1837, in the town of York, Washenaw county, Michigan, and was twelve years old when her people moved to Fulton. She was then a slight, winsome, vivacious girl of seventeen, with curling golden hair and large expressive gray eyes which, during conversation, fairly glowed and talked in unison with her lips. Her command of language was wonderful, and the right words seemed to come at the right time without hesitation or bidding. It was about this time that she gave to the world those two poems that have since become so familiar to all readers of current literature, "Going Up and Coming Down," and "Cometh a Blessing Down,"—poems that called out special and favorable comment from George T. Morris, who copied them into the *Home Journal*. These two poems were widely reproduced by the press, and generally admired and recited at the time, and for years afterwards. In the year 1856 Miss Tyler was married to Dr. E. L. Tucker, of Fulton, N. Y., a young and rising physician, and not long afterwards the bride and bridegroom removed to Michigan. In 1863 Dr. Tucker recruited a cavalry company for a Michigan regiment, and went with them into active service as First Lieutenant. He died in camp at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was deeply mourned by his comrades in arms, and buried with the honors of war. The brief married life of Dr. and Mrs. Tucker had been one of exceptional harmony and happiness. Three lovely children were born to them. Ada, the eldest, died some twelve years ago in Omro, Wis., where the family moved soon after the death of the husband and father, and where they now reside. Grace, the second child, is at present a successful teacher in Aberdeen, S. D. Frank, the youngest, a college graduate, has for several years been principal of the Omro High School. He is one of the most gifted and promising young lawyers and political orators in the Northwest.

Mrs. Tucker, from the time her daughter Ada joined the husband and father in the higher life, seemed to lose literary ambition, and surrendered her entire time and thought to the interests of her two remaining children, literally "losing her life" only to "find it again" in them. And her tender love and self-sacrificing devotion have been rewarded tenfold; for no mother was ever more fully

repaid in the affection and appreciation of her children than she has been. And thus her highest dream of art has been realized in the lives wrought out of her own being. In the meantime the singing bird within her has at intervals involuntarily burst forth in some sweet strain of love and of prophecy, as if to assert its immortality, and to assure the great, beating, struggling heart of humanity that it had a kindred spirit and friend in the singer.

J. G. C.

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

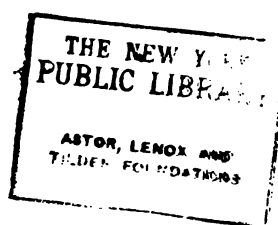
THIS is a simple song 'tis true—
My songs are never over-nice,—
Yet I will try and scatter through
A little pinch of good advice.
Then listen, pompous friend, and learn
To never boast of much renown,
For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some come down.

I know a vast amount of stocks,
A vast amount of pride insures;
But Fate has picked so many locks,
I wouldn't like to warrant yours.
Remember then, to never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown;
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing you will agree,
(The truth may be as well confessed)
That "Codfish Aristocracy"
Is but a scaly thing at best.
And Madame in her robe of lace,
And Bridget in her faded gown,
Both represent a goodly race
From father Adam handed down.

Life is uncertain—full of change;
Little we have that will endure;
And 'twere a doctrine new and strange
That places high are most secure.
And if the fickle goddess smile,
Yielding the scepter and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while,
Then B. goes up and A. comes down.

This world, for all of us, my friend
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend,
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,





Mary F. Tucker

For fear you'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds;
Not unto craft and cunning,
Not unto human creeds;
Not to the one whose passion,
Is for a world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest;
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame;
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame.
Not in neglect of duty,
Not to the jeweled crown;
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose store-house
Yieldeth the hungry food.
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

I LOVE HIM SO.

I SAID no love shall my thought divide,
I will put the hindering thing aside;
Its idle dreams to the weak belong;
There are nobler aims for the brave and strong.
Yet ever and always a sweet refrain
Is ringing and singing through heart and brain,
A melody tender and soft and low,
I love him so! I love him so!

A thousand lovers their loves forget,
I will rise above and beyond it yet;

There are too many faces under the sun
To live in the smiles of but only one.
Yet ever and always and everywhere,
Beautiful eyes and sun-touched hair,
Follow and find me wherever I go,
I love him so! I love him so!

There are burning lights on the hills of fame,
Honor and praise for the poet's name;
Chaplet of bay and laurel crown,
A grand applause and a great renown.
Yet I sometimes think I would gladly miss
Them all, and more, for a single kiss,
And a moment's rest in the arms I know,
I love him so! I love him so!

MARJORIE.

MARJORIE's story is nothing new,
She loved unwisely, as women do,
As women will, and called it fate;
Poor heart so broken and desolate!

Over her head with its crown of gold
Seas of sorrow have surged and rolled.
Grief like a mantle wraps her about,
Shadow within, and shadow without.

Luckless the suitor who comes to woo,
Never a word will she listen to;
Never a pulse of her heart will stir,
There is only one in the world for her.

Fair was the face with smiles ran o'er,
It is pale to-day and she smiles no more;
(Nor breeze nor blast hath power to wake
A ripple upon a frozen lake).

Alas for the head with its crown of gold!
The tempter came, as he came of old;
Alas for the heart that was glad and light!
Alas for the soul that was pure and white!

Censure who may—condemn who must.
It was perfect faith, it was utter trust,
That asked no promise, nor pledge, nor sign;
He was hers—she was his by a law divine.

He was lifted up—he was set apart,
He filled her thought—he filled her heart;
She called him great—she believed him true,
As women will, as women do.

Oh, to betray such a tender trust!
(God will repay and he is just)

Through wrong and ill she loves him still,
As women do, as women will.

Giving little and taking much,
Fickle and false—there are many such,
Selfish and cruel—you know the rest—
He broke the heart that loved him best.

INDIAN SUMMER.

JUST such a day in autumn,
Hazy and soft and sweet,
With Indian Summer walking
Abroad with her sandaled feet,
Her dusky locks disheveled,
Her dun robes trailing about,
Just such a dreamy, golden day,
The light of a life went out.

Afar on a southern hillside,
Where the sycamore branches wave,
Where the sweet magnolias blossom,
They hollowed and shaped a grave.
Oh, beautiful, perished darling!
Oh, tenderest heart and true!
If only its narrow chamber
Folded and sheltered two!

Year after year the grasses
Curtain that lowly bed;
Summers garland their roses
Over the precious head;
Softly the sentinel cypress
Weaves with the mournful yew;
Would that their whispering branches
Shielded and shadowed two!

Again the Indian Summer
Goeth abroad as of old,
Bearing her gorgeous banners,
Crimson and flame and gold.
But alas for her royal beauty!
She is girded around about
With the weeds of an awful sorrow,
For the light of a life gone out.

LOVE.

For, as a light shines brightest amidst shadows,
So Love, the fairest blossom of our lives,
Though prone to languish in the open meadows,
Hedged in and hindered, thrives.

—*Prefigured.*

CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

MRS. CAROLINE WEBSTER D. RICH is a native of Byron, Oxford Co., Maine. Her father, John Stockbridge, was a lineal descendant of John Stockbridge, who in 1627 came from Kent, England, to Boston. Her mother, Anna Leavitt Stockbridge, was a lineal descendant of John Leavitt, who in 1628 came from England to Dorchester. Both grandfathers went to Maine while it was still a province of Massachusetts. Caroline Webster was the seventh of nine children. She early showed a taste for writing, and at the age of thirteen wrote a poem, which without her knowledge was sent to a journal in Worcester, Mass. With surprise she saw it in print. Other verses were the result of this encouragement. Her home was in the midst of scenery diversified by fields, forests, ponds, brooks, meadows and mountains. Perhaps familiarity with so varied and picturesque scenery, in part accounts for her delicate appreciation of nature, whose "various moods" she loves. After a year spent at the Ladies' Seminary, Gorham, Maine, of which Hon. E. P. Weston was then principal, she entered the High School of Cambridge, Mass., from which she was graduated. She afterward entered the Female Seminary, in Charlestown, Mass., then in charge of Miss Martha Whiting, graduating in the classical course of this institution in 1850. Mrs. Rich has written several books, both in prose and verse. A poem, "A Summer Idyl," illustrated by her own brush, was printed as a souvenir for friends. Another poem of considerable length was written for the Centennial of Turner, Me., and is embodied in the "History of Turner," and also appeared in pamphlet form. Several poems, written for especial occasions, but not in print, belong to her best work, to which also may be added, legends, ballads, translations. For some fifteen years, she did little in the department of poetry, for she had not reached her own standard, and her extreme reticence about her work was unfavorable to development. During this period however she wrote some stories for the young, which have been widely copied; but her pseudonym being unknown, save to her immediate friends, it is impossible to trace these productions. Seven years ago she resumed her poetic pen, and evidently with gain of strength and purity of expression. From the above date she has used her own name, which is already familiar in the publications of the day. Her style is versatile and her range of subjects wide. Pieces of hers have occasionally been set to music. Her "society poems" are always felicitous.

Mrs. Rich has never been a woman of leisure. Her home has received her first care, and her social nature has made that home pleasant to a large circle. Her church relations are with the Congregationalists, but her sympathies have not been so confined, and her many friendships with the good and true have been fortunate.

F. J. B.

ECHO.

I stood beside a mountain lake
And sought an echo to awake;
I breathed a song of hope and love,
When, like a spirit, from above
The echo caught my words and tone,
Mingling my music with its own,
Sending, more sweetly, tenderly,
My own words back again to me.
So would I seek my words to make
True like the echo from the lake;
So would I only that repeat
Which makes the heart more pure and sweet.

GOLDEN-ROD.

O GOLDEN-ROD, golden-rod, nestling in green,
A joy to all eyes is thy beautiful sheen!
O, who could the sunshine's bright treasures unfold
And leave on thy petals such luminous gold!
I bow down my head with my ear to the sod,
And listen for answer, O fair golden-rod!
A whisper,—so gentle it may be the whirl
Of a butterfly's wing, or the rootlets' faint stir—
In musical cadences softly replies,
"An angel came down with his wonderful dyes,
And painted, and painted until as you see,
Our faces are golden as golden can be."

HAPPENINGS.

As I carelessly walked by the sea one day,
I passed by a boatman who quietly lay
Upon the warm sand with his rod by his side,
A boat anchored near on the rippling tide.
Why did he lie there, so idle, and wait?
Were there no fishes to catch with his bait?

Ah me!

Why did the boatman wait!

A maiden swung lightly her hammock near by
Her ringlets were golden, her eyes like the sky;

A song like an echo of love filled the air,
As pure as the morning, as trustful as prayer.
Adown by the sea rocked the boat to and fro,
The waves were alight with the sun's afterglow.

Ah me!

Why sang the maiden so low!

At eve I returned from my walk by the cliff—
Two lovers I saw as they entered the skiff;
The stars were now glinting and dimpling above;
The pines were still sighing their vespers of love;
The moonbeams were thrusting their darts through
the tree
Where the hammock was swinging—now idle and
free.

Ah me!

Two lovers were gliding on over the sea!

SEPTEMBER.

THE grapes are rich with rare, sweet wine,
As they droop o'er the rough stone-wall;
The frost-kissed leaves of maples shine,
The cat-bird sounds his drowsy call,
The cardinal plumes in the marshes toss,
Where the sedge springs tall from the tufted moss.

The swallows glide on graceful wing
O'er fields of corn and pumpkin-vine;
Blithely the blue-bird anthems ring,
And soft the note of whispering pine.
The alders that girdle the gleaming lake
With their sombre shadows, sweet pictures make.

From the reaper there comes a snatch of song
As he bends to his task with willing hand,
Till the setting sun throws shadows long
And the lake seems girt by a purple band;
The crickets chirp in the mellowing light,
And wood-crowned hills and clouds are bright.

The spike of the sun-crowned golden-rod,
The fluffy bloom of wild woodbine,
The pigeon-berry with graceful nod,
The tinkling bell of sweet-breathed kine,
Like pictures in a summer-morning dream,
Blend softly into autumn's brighter gleam.

SHADOWS.

UPON the river's bank I lie
Beneath the cloud-flecked, azure sky,

While sedge and fern and waving tree,
 In Nature's looking-glass I see;
 The hay-rack, with its fragrant load
 Passing along the grass-grown road;
 The teamster with his easy swing,
 The mower's scythe with backward fling,
 The falling grass, the rhythmic tread,
 Mirrored upon the river's bed.
 The swallows flitting to and fro,
 Meet shadow-swallows down below,
 While nearer, with their busy hum,
 The bumble-bees and blue-flies come.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows how soon a rose will fade,
 How soon a birdling first will fly?
 Who knows how soon the dew will dry
 Upon the grasses in the glade,
 Where flickering shadows fitful lie?
 Who knows where thistle-down will lodge
 When once by zephyrs lightly tossed;
 Or, how a word breathed on the air,
 Across the lake returns again
 From echoing hills—a sweet refrain?
 Amid life's wear, so much is lost;
 Will love and truth abide? Who knows?

MUSINGS.

THE evening zephyrs softly blow
 By brooklets where the hare-bells grow,
 While through the sunset's after-glow,
 Soft and low,
 The whispering pines sway to and fro.

 O dying day! O fading light!
 Thy purple tints, now dark, now bright,
 Like joys and sorrows in their might,
 Come to-night,
 While beckoning spirits charm my sight.

 Night's curtains shroud the pearly west;
 The vision fades—yet am I blest—
 Sweet peace once more within my breast,
 Giving rest,
 Abides with me, a heavenly guest.

NOW OR THEN?

A ROSY sunset flooded vale and height,
 The day was glorified with love's own light,

As from the childhood home and dear fireside
 She turned away—a happy, wedded bride.

Her lover-husband by her proudly went,
 With joy he marked her look of sweet content.

The busy, trustful days sped swiftly on
 Till fifty years rolled by—it seemed not long.

The rosy light had changed to golden day,
 As bride and groom pursued their peaceful way.

Fifty rare jewels, set with smiles and tears!
 Priceless the memories of these garnered years!

Ah, could a wish recall your youth again,
 Which were the golden nuptials—now or then?

MIDNIGHT.

THE changeless stars still burn and glow on high,
 And ceaseless roll, while endless years go by;
 Their interblending rays make music sweet
 As on they speed the sun's warm breath to meet;
 Their melody no earth-born ear has heard,
 Their language none translates by mundane word.
 Beneath their light the lotus blossoms wait
 With sleepless eyes at morn's immortal gate.
 From land of Buddha to the Hesperides,
 From frozen North to Southern sapphire seas,
 The heavens are studded with their silvery light
 Speeding through countless eons to our sight.
 O, midnight glory! Out of midnight calm
 Shed o'er my wakeful soul thy restful balm!

RAINDROPS.

FALLING, gleaming in the sunshine,
 Down upon the fragrant hay
 Came a thousand tiny raindrops
 Like a fairy host at play.
 Through the clouds a golden sunbeam,
 Like a smile, from heaven came;
 Instantly the falling raindrops
 Changed into an arch of flame.

SEA.

O, Sea, deep Sea! what means your song,
 Why swell your wailing billows?
 Your chill refrain the whole night long
 Comes floating through the willows.

—The Sea.

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Yours truly
J. L. Spalding

RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

(HENRY HAMILTON.)

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria, is one of the most versatile and brilliant Americans of our generation. He comes by his ability naturally, being one of the Spalding family of Kentucky, his uncle, the late Archbishop, having earned a literary reputation among men of all religious opinions which places him in the same line as the publicist, Orestes A. Brownson.

Bishop Spalding had added to great natural gifts all that could be acquired by the best modern systems of education. He was graduated from the University Louvain, and has been enabled by favorable circumstances to take advantage of every means of higher culture offered in Europe and America. As a prose writer, he has added to his reputation by frequent articles in *The North-American Review*, *The Fortin*, and all the important periodicals of the day. And, when any great social question is raised, and opinions needed from representative men, Bishop Spalding's name naturally arises among those to be first called on to defend Christian dogmas and the practical results of Christian dogmas. His "Education and the Higher Life" is gradually becoming an invaluable book among Christians of all opinions. As an incisive writer in Professor Butler's *Educational Review* remarks, the man that wrote it must have a "large heart and a broad culture." It has the best of Emerson and Ruskin, improved by a trenchant Christian spirit, enfolded by a style which is more musical than that of the one and less full of merely ornamental verbiage than that of the other.

John Lancaster Spalding was born at Lebanon, Ky., on June 2, 1840. He was ordained a priest, by special dispensation because of his youth, on December 19, 1863. He was stationed at the Cathedral in Louisville, Ky., for a time. In 1870 he took charge of a church for colored Catholics. He was next placed in New York, at the Church of St. Michael. His reputation grew; his versatility and earnestness, his high literary culture and solid theological knowledge, his oratorical gifts and his "modernness," his uncompromising Americanism and his deep sympathy with other nationalities, marked him as a leader. In 1877 he was named Bishop of Peoria, Ill. He was consecrated by Cardinal McCloskey, in the Cathedral of New York, May 1st of that year. Since that time, Bishop Spalding has been in the van of every great national movement for the benefit of the people of America. He gave all his strength to the Colonization Movement, which has resulted in

withdrawing many people from crowded cities to the farms of the West. He helped to create the great Catholic University of America, at Washington, and no good cause has lacked the support of his services.

The last Duke of Wellington, who seems, by all accounts, to have been weak-minded and pompous, feared that somebody would call him a sonneteering Duke. He implied that a form of poetry in which the great Dante delighted, was beneath the dignity of a "hereditary legislator" capable of scribbling a few album verses. Bishop Spalding, being neither weak-minded nor pompous, but the contrary, evidently regards the title of poet as only second to that of priest. Under the pen name of "Henry Hamilton," Bishop Spalding has written two books, which have excited much attention from the critics of both Europe and America. "Poetry is, as Aristotle says, the most philosophic of all writing. It is thought transfused with the glow of emotion, and consequently thought made beautiful, attractive, contagious." This, said by Bishop Spalding, in "Education and the Higher Life," is true of the poetry in his books, "America" and "The Poet's Praise." Perhaps Wordsworth has influenced "Henry Hamilton's" poems more than any other poet. It is hard to trace any other influence, for he is so *individual*, so sincere, so philosophical, at once brilliant and glowing; and it cannot be said that religion has cramped his art, for it has broadened and perfected it,—made it as serene and pure among earthly things as the lady in Milton's "Comus." M. F. E.

LUST AND LOVE.

LUST in a moment turns to hate,
But love is love forevermore;
Lust is of loathing the twin mate,
But love, love never yet foreswore.

Of the pure soul true love is born,
And not of tingling nerves of sense;
And it is fair as a spring morn
To hearts kept young by innocence.

Sweet as the breath of new-blown flowers,
And fresh as dew-drops hanging there;
It makes of homes angelic bowers,
Holy as shrines where saints repair.

It lies deep in a mother's heart,
Tender as the soft skies that bend

Over the earth when young buds start,
And with the air their fragrance blend.

It gleams in children's laughing eyes,
And clothes them in celestial light,
Such as on sun-kissed mountain lies
When day is springing from the night.

To youth and maiden its stoops down,
And straight they move as in a dream,
Wearing of perfect joy the crown
Through worlds that Paradise now seem.

The heavens open and they stand
Amid the glories of the spheres,
Dwellers in an enchanted land,
And in a moment live through years.

How can true lovers ever doubt
That souls like God immortal are,
When round about them angels shout,
And gates of life are all ajar?

When earth and heaven seems but one,
And the whole universe divine,
With every star a glorious sun
That lights some far-off holy shrine.

And even though the sacred flame
Should lose its first ethereal glow,
Yet can they never be the same
Who once have loved—though long ago.

If for a day the soul can feel
That God's whole world is good and fair,
Without harsh note in the high peal
That rings His mercies everywhere;

Then must we think that what may be
For briefest space, will in the end
Be for pure hearts eternally
The heaven wither their hopes tend.

BEYOND RECALL.

ONLY immortal minds immortal make
The deeds and names they touch with heavenly light,
Fairer than may be seen from mountain height
By watcher who beholds the darkness wake.

What time the rising sun through the opaque
Heaves forth his head and looks with glad delight,
While the whole earth upglows from out the night
And 'mid the leaves sweet song-birds silence break.

The dawn will wear to day and darkness come,
But the pure sum of genius will not sink,
And when the poet's lips in death are dumb,
The music of his song glad hearts will drink,
And 'mid his fragrant flowers like bees will hum,
Sipping the wine of those who love and think.

THE POET'S PRAISE.

XXI.

Who summons back forgotten, banished names?
Whose magic voice bids buried cities rise?
Who opens again the gates of paradise
Where gleaming sword of guarding angel flames?

Who fires the generous heart with godlike aims?
Who leads the way where Fame's high temple lies?
Who fills the soul with hope which never dies?
Who rouses courage while the passion tames?

The poet, he whose words are living things,
Who walks the earth clothed with creative might,
Who touches life's most hidden secret springs,
And out of darkness brings the flood of light;
Who speaks, and souls receive the dower of wings
And upward mount to the aerial height.

XXXI.

O brood innumerable, without thought,
Of rhyming verse-makers, who soil the name
Of poet and his godlike worth defame
With all your jingling words in measure wrought,

Or without measure, with no meaning fraught!
O earthly brood, untouched by heavenly flame,
Without high loves, without immortal aim,
Who think the gifts of God are sold and bought!

But I will hush the curse I thought to speak,
The muse lives in a world where anger dies,
And they who know and love her best are meek.
Let, then, the rhyming tribe, like insect flies,
Still buzz and hum by marshy swamp and creek,
Poor mimics of the poet's harmonies.

XXXIII.

This is the age when knowledge wider grows,
Pouring pure intellectual light
Through realms where ignorance, dreadless of foes,
Had dwelt in sempiternal night.

This is the age when nature, through her deeps,
Thrills at the touch of human thought,
When telescopic eye through heaven sweeps,
And smallest things to sight are brought.

This is the age when science, like a god,
 Moves through the earth with power divine,
 When wonders spring where'er her feet have trod,
 And worshipers throng to her shrine.

Then, poet, sing of science the battle-song,
 Wake minds to wider knowledge still;
 To men who know sing love that makes them strong,
 And faith and hope with life athrill.

CXXXIII.

Shall we believe the heavens less divine
 Because earth moves and the great sun is still?
 Or is the world less fair because mere thrill
 Of ether gives the stars the power to shine?

Shall diamonds with less lustre fair necks twine,
 Since we have found how Nature's cunning skill
 Black carbon's heart with light has known to fill,
 Kindling a lamp in darkness of deep mine?

Not so to poet's eye shall it appear,
 Whose wonder grows, with knowledge keeping
 pace;
 Who to all truth lends an impartial ear,
 And back of law still sees God's hidden grace
 Like a dim milky way when night is clear
 And all the stars look on the young moon's face.

THE WILD-FLOWER.

v.

THERE is a little wild-flower grows
 Hidden in forest deep,
 The fairest flower I know that blows
 Where fainting zephyrs sleep:
 Pale blue and white,
 Dear as the light
 Of stars at night,
 Its image still I keep.

Its name I never cared to know,
 When, roving a glad boy
 Through woods with richest light aglow,
 It peeped at me with joy
 From out its nook,
 Close by the brook,
 With modest look,
 Like a pure maiden coy.

And still when balmy breath of spring
 Sheds fragrance through the air,
 And happy birds in concert sing,
 I see my flower just where,

On me a child,
 'Mid roving wild,
 It sweetly smiled,
 Fresh as the dawn and fair.

And then my heart goes back again
 To the sweet home where I
 Was sheltered both in joy and pain,
 And love was ever nigh;
 And I can hear
 The voices clear
 Of all the dear
 Who in their dark graves lie.

GENEROSITY.

A generous heart asks no reward;
 It is, like conscience, clear,
 A feast, where all best gifts are stored,
 And guests have all good cheer,
 And with glad song
 In happy throng
 The hours prolong,
 With loving friends whose presence makes life dear.
 —"America."

GOD.

Upraise thy heart and seek the highest thought
 Which can reflect itself in human soul!
 Where ever-moving wings of time grow weak,
 And droop, and fall into eternity;
 Where utmost bounds of all-embracing space,
 Shrink to a point within the limitless,—
 There arms of the Infinite Spirit stretch,
 Upbear and hold the Universal All.
 Upon His breast all men and angels rest;
 And the wide-gleaming seas of light and worlds
 Lie, like a glittering drop, within His hand.
 Amid the rush of countless spheres unmoved,
 In burning heat of myriad suns untouched,
 Through cycles myriad-fold of time unchanged,
 He looks in nature's vat of life and death—
 The seething and world-wide ferment that spawns
 All forms of living things and swallows them;
 His eye rests on the ever-changing scene;
 The many pass, and He alone remains—
 Eternal, holy, true, infinite God.

—*God and the Soul.*

RELIGION.

Religion is akin to poetry,
 Both look into the deepest heart of things,
 And both see God whence all true beauty springs,
 Whatever say cold, dull philosophy.

—*Ibid.*

WILL S. MONROE.

WILL S. MONROE was born and passed his childhood in the classic and historic Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. The trite adage "The child is father of the man" is emphatically verified in his experience. Being one of a numerous family not endowed with material wealth, he was compelled to meet and vanquish many difficulties that to most children would seem unsurmountable. But in his veins flowed the blood of Revolutionary heroes, soldiers, and statesmen, who had left a heritage of sterling qualities to their descendants. By the assistance of the public schools, academy, and the normal school, he was prepared to begin his life work as a teacher while yet well in his teens, rising rapidly in his chosen profession from teacher in primary and ungraded schools, to principal of grammar and high schools, and next to city superintendent of schools, proved that he had not mistaken his calling. During all the years of school study and teaching his fertile mind was investigating scientific and literary productions, inbibing deep draughts from the fountains of ancient and modern lore. As a pupil in the public schools he evinced an absorbing love for the beauties and wonders of Nature, and he early began writing out his observations as contributions to the local newspapers, while some of them found their way into the metropolitan dailies and the more pretentious magazines. His later essays and sketches have enriched various educational, literary, and scientific publications, such as *Peterson's Magazine*, *Audubon Magazine*, *Journal of Education*, and *Wyoming Magazine*. Toward the latter his aid was solicited as one of the advisory board, and in it many of his productions have appeared. His poems are found in the columns of the *Presbyterian*, *Christian at Work*, *Literary Life*, and *Philadelphia Times*. In writing the "Poets and Prose Writers of Wyoming Valley," his most considerable published prose work, he evinced a just love for poetic sentiment as portrayed by others. As an educator and lecturer, his work has received much commendation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. For nearly three years he has been city superintendent of the schools at Pasadena, California.

M. L. T. H.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

I HAVE been where the flowers are sweetest,
Where roses and lilies are fair;
Where their fragrance and beauty are richest,
And I saw God's handiwork there.

I have been where the mountains are highest,
Snow-capped, and some evergreen crowned;
Where the glaciers and fir trees are grandest,
And lo! there His workings I found.

I have been where the valleys are deepest,
Walled in by gray crags on each side;
With the elk and the antelope fleetest,
And there, too, His workers abide.

I have been by the great winding river;
I have list to its murm'rings low,
And the waves that rolled over each other
Reflected His face in their flow.

I have been to the thick-growing forests,
All domed and arched over with green,
And in each tender shoot and grown oak tree
The health of His wisdom I've seen.

I have been in the earth's deepest bowels,
'Mong caverns of metal and gold,
And in mine slopes and gangways and coal pits
The tale of His greatness was told.

I have been to the din of the workshop,
And dazzled by workmanship grand;
But the clang of those hammers rang clearly:
"Jehovah wrought these by man's hand!"

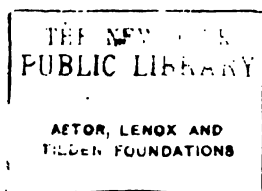
I have been where the student's close study,
Where the noblest men of our kind
Write their volumes—rich food for the millions.
Yes, and there I saw His great mind.

I have been to the land's farthest borders,
On oceans through valleys of green,
And 'mong all earth's workings and workers
God's handiwork always I've seen.

I have been—no, not been to the future;
Eternity's so dim to me;
But I hold that who enters its portals
The Master's great kingdom will see.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

AND what is life? I pray you, tell!
A sluggard's Paradise,
Where fools and idlers flourish well,
And troubled winds ne'er rise?
Ah, no, my child! A battle-field,
Where each must take a side,
And, 'midst the strife, a sabre wield,
And to the vanguard ride.





Helen H. Hawthorne.

Then what is death? I beg you, tell!
 A pall, a shroud, a bier,
 A saddened dirge, a funeral knell,
 With friends who watch and fear?
 Ah, no, my child! 'Tis but a night
 Of quiet peaceful sleep;
 When morning brings the golden light,
 Sad watchers cease to keep.

Eternity! Say, what is it?
 A cold and darkened tomb,
 Where hope is vain, and hopes sit
 And wait, long years, their doom?
 Ah, no, my child! One common breath
 Will waft you to its shore—
 There sickness, sorrow, pain and death
 Are felt and feared no more.

LIFE'S MUSIC.

I HEAR life's music everywhere I go,
 In crowded street or forest bowered hall;
 Sometimes in anthems sweet and clear and low,
 Sometimes in cries of sorrow's gloom and pall.

The little child that toddled by my door
 With just enough of years to trudge along;
 His footsteps made upon the sodded floor
 A patter soft—a child's unlettered song.

The rural lass that chanted as she pailed
 Her buckets full of product from the kine,
 The rustic lad that whistled as he hailed
 His hornèd team and yoked them 'neath the pine,

And aged sires that basked 'neath shady trees,—
 These all were playing life's great instrument—
 The young, the soft—the old, the shriller keys,
 While Nature rendered the accompaniment.

TIME.

The trees that once were clothed in green,
 Are now turned brown and sere;
 The birds that in their branches sang
 No longer warble near.
 The rippling streams of other years
 Conned music clear and sweet,
 But now far out upon the sea
 They pace the endless deep.

—*Now and Then.*

MRS. A. H. FISHER.

(HELEN G. HAWTHORNE.)

ANGELIA H. TEWKSBURY was born in Concord, N. H., Oct. 20, 1864. She was a somewhat precocious child, apt to learn, quick to imitate, fond of music, healthy, happy and rosy. Most of her childhood was spent on the old family homestead a few miles out from the city amid rural surroundings and picturesque scenery such as can only be found in the hill towns of the old Granite State. Her parents gave a careful, religious training to their children, tinged perhaps with somewhat of the old-time Puritan sternness, and while they were devoted to their family, and proud of the unfolding talents of this their youngest child, they cannot be said to have given special encouragement to anything like poetical feeling or expression. When she was ten years old a sad experience overtook her which seemed likely to cast a gloom over her whole life. She was stricken down with scarlet fever and for weeks hung between life and death. When her friends saw reason returning, and the wasted form gathering strength once more, it was discovered that her sense of hearing was destroyed. For a long time it was hoped that it would return with returning health, but examination of the ear revealed the fact that the inner organs were totally destroyed, so that no help was possible, and gradually she came to realize that she was never to hear a sound again, that music which she had enjoyed so much would hereafter be only a dream, and that absolute silence had settled like a pall over her young life. It was when thus cut off from free intercourse with others, and driven back to her own resources for amusement, that her love of reading, writing and the companionship of books, as well as the attainments she had made in many lines of study, saved her from falling into the morbid and melancholy frame of mind which would have been natural otherwise under such circumstances. With returning health she became an omnivorous reader, but showed a disinclination to talk. Fearing she would lose the power of speech, her friends took pains to have her talk and read aloud as much as possible, and to this practice she no doubt owes the fact that she can now converse easily and from the motion of the lips understand readily what people are saying to her.

When she was eleven years old she wrote a poem, and, unknown to her friends, sent it to a Boston magazine for publication. It was declined, and she has always been grateful to that editor for refusing it. But although this rebuff discouraged her for a time, she presently made other and more successful ventures in authorship, and since 1880 her poems have appeared at frequent intervals in the *Boston Tran-*

script, Youth's Companion, Chautauquan, Housewife, Cottage Hearth and various other periodicals, and are now in good demand. An historical essay written by her for the "Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home" was highly commended by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose kindly words of encouragement greatly cheered the young authoress. One of her poems, "The Victory of the Vanquished," published originally in the *Youth's Companion*, was read at the recent unveiling of the Gallaudet statue in Washington. She became an enthusiastic "Chautauqua" student and was elected Class Poet in 1884, but she always disliked writing anything to order, preferring such subjects as suggest themselves to her naturally.

She was happily married, in 1887, to Mr. C. C. Fisher, whose artistic tastes have given an impulse to her love of drawing and painting which want of time and instruction had hitherto prevented her from exercising. Her articles have always been accepted for publication solely on their merits, as she has carefully refrained from mentioning her deafness, lest it should be construed as an appeal to the sympathies of the publisher or the public. Her cosy home in Lawrence, Mass., is full of evidences of the taste and refinement of its occupants, and household cares pleasantly varied by occasional literary or artistic tasks, seem to sit lightly upon her.

J. H. T.

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED.

GRANTED the odds are against us; granted we enter
the field,
When Fate has fought and conquered, broken our
sword and shield.
What then? Shall we ask for quarter, or say that
our work is done?
Say, rather, a greater glory is ours if the field be won!

'Tis war with the wrong of years,—with prejudice,
pride and hate,
Against the world's decree, and the frown of an evil
fate;
But even if hope should fail us, still we may do and
dare;
At least there is left the courage born of the soul's
despair.

A crown to the one who wins! and the worst is only
a grave,
And somewhere—somewhere still, a reward awaits
the brave.

A broken shield without, but a hero's heart within;
And held with a hand of steel, the broken sword
may win!

MINE.

You think me poor; your languid eyes
Look into mine with cold surprise,
The while your silent lips express
The sneering thought I well can guess.

I, too, have riches; not an inch
My proud eyes from your own may flinch,
When all things fair and strange and sweet
Have brought their treasures to my feet.
The sun, the earth, the sky, the sea,
Speak in a thousand tongues to me;
For me the snow-white lilies bloom;
For me the roses yield perfume;
For me the silver streamlet glides,
And ocean rolls its shifting tides;
For me the storm-swept elm is bowed;
For me the rainbow crowns the cloud;
For me the thunder rolls on high,
And lightning leaps across the sky;
For me the wild winds drift the snow;
For me the sunset splendors glow;
For me the seasons change; for me
The stars roll on, eternally,
And all the mightiest thoughts of Man,
That moved the world since time began,
The myths of old, the wondrous page
Of history, lending age to age,
The artist's dream, the poet's song
By changeless law, to one belong—
Aye, more than all—for me the Christ
The Lord,—the King,—was sacrificed.

Then keep your gold, but leave to me
The soul to feel, the eyes to see.
I am content. By right divine
The wealth of all the world is mine.

AFTER THE STORM.

It had rained in the night. The trees
Rocked slow in the fitful breeze,
And slow and sullen, as if in scorning,
The gray dawn came on that drear March morning.

I looked on the rain and wrack,
At the branches bare and black;

I looked at the mists on the meadows lying:
 " 'Tis like my life," I murmured, sighing.

But lo! like a sweet reply
 To my desolate thoughts, the sky,
 Ere the thankless words were fairly spoken,
 By a golden shaft of light was broken.

And still, as the glory grew,
 The earth seemed born anew;
 The dead trees flashed into life ethereal,
 Robed in silver and gems imperial.

The mists from the meadows lifted;
 The clouds from the hill-tops drifted;
 The wind flung showers of diamonds down
 From every tree-top's glittering crown.

And still they gleamed and flashed,
 Till I turned away abashed;—
 Abashed and awed into reverent wonder
 By the radiant sky and the fair earth under.

FATE.

"THERE is no fate beyond our wills," you say,
 My little bird knows better far than you.
 See how he beats against his prison bars
 Those radiant wings that might have sailed the
 blue,
 With conscious rapture thrilling through and
 through,
 Or hurried through the mists of morning gray
 To meet the dawn and watch the sinking stars.

Poor, useless wings, that still from day to day,
 Must weaker grow, until, perhaps, at last,
 The wish and power for longer flight are past,
 And here he sits and sings his life away!
 If wrong there be, some higher power is wrong;
 A bird's life is a poor thing at the best,
 Yet far away, perhaps beneath the trees
 Of some free forest, rocked by every breeze,
 There hangs a lonely, spoiled, deserted nest,
 That one short year ago was glad with song.

See! I can take his fate within my hand.
 His prison door is open! Swift he flies
 Far, far away into the glad blue skies.
 And this is fate. We may not understand,
 But yet we feel it. Higher than the stars
 And stronger than our wills, some power there is
 Who rules us, and who molds our destinies,
 And fastens or unlocks our prison bars.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, son of Dr. West-land Marston, the dramatist and poet, was born in London in 1850 and died in 1887. When a child he received an accidental blow in the eye, which eventually produced total blindness. From the age of twenty his life was almost tragic in the personal losses which he sustained. His sister Eleanor was the wife of the poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and he himself numbered among his intimate friends many of the London poets of his time. He frequently contributed to the American literary journals. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton was made his executor and has published much left in manuscript by the poet since his death. Marston was the subject of Mrs. Clark's "Philip my King," whose godson he was. He published three volumes of poetry during his lifetime, which have been republished in this country. I. A. K.

ONE MIDSUMMER'S EVE.

MIDSUMMER eve, and I had lingered late
 With her, my love, so soon to be my wife;
 And still we lingered at the garden gate,
 Hearing around the unseen, subtle life
 Of things that love the summer and the night.
 At length we parted, and the moon's clear light
 Fell on her face, so pale, so passionate.

I could not sleep that night for thought of her,
 So near the house I loitered lovingly,
 And wondered if she would her sleep defer
 By some sweet tender love-thought even of me.
 I seemed almost to feel on mine her palm,
 Once more to know the rapture and the calm
 That perfect love alone can minister.

The nightingales seemed singing everywhere.
 The plaintive, urgent music, how it stole
 Along bright reaches of the moonlit air
 Until it sank into my very soul.
 Within their song a new sweet might I heard.
 They sang, "Love, love;" that one sweet mystic
 word,
 And my heart answered and my thought was prayer.

And while I tarried in the moonlit grove,
 Heart-brimmed with love, the strangest thing took
 place.
 The garden gate moved back, and she, my love,
 The moonlight falling on her dress and face,

Came out, and passed away with noiseless tread.
Unseen I started back, but no word said,
Then followed where I saw her slim shape move.

O'er dew-drenched, moonlit fields her slow feet
passed;

It seemed to me the white moon did protest.
My love held on her way, I followed fast,
A horror and a wonder at my breast.
I almost seemed to hear my own heart beat;
When would she pause, and what thing should we
meet.

Would love turn shame and anguish at the last?

Then the fields ended and she crossed a road,
And went between tall trees until she stood—
My God, she stood in front of *his* abode,
The man who had no pity on womanhood,
The sweet languid, shameful, shameless, lying man,
Triumphing often as such devils can—
Sinner of sins not punishable by code.

I knew that night my hate must have its will!
My love! she waited in the moon's white ray;
I felt a subtle terror through me thrill;
I strove to speak, but no word could I say.
I drew quite close to her and looked, and there,
With eyes that in the moonlight seemed aglare,
Right in her path he lay, forever still.

No more forever villainy to plot,
Gone far away where no men laugh or weep.
I whispered to my love, she answered not,
And then I saw she seemed as in strange sleep.
His was the mesmerist's mute, potent spell
That drew to him even wills that did rebel,—
Drew her, though still resisting, to this spot.

I led her back, and strange it was to me,
That walk with her, my lovely silent love.
The moonlight fell upon her tenderly,
And almost like a ghost she seemed to move,
But just before she reached the house she stayed,
And both white hands against her forehead laid,
Then moved her eyes as one who strives to see.

Then sight came back and with it tears that saved,
And then she told me how the man now dead
Had sought her love, and being spurned had raved
And sworn to snare her yet, "as birds," he said,
"Were snared in nets by men." She told me not,
Lest ill should come of it, men's blood being hot,
And scorned too much the peril that she braved.

He had looked for her, but death instead had found,
Who whispered with white, sudden lips, "Depart!"
Ten years since then, and still we hear the sound
Of nightingales, each singing out his heart,

Its palpitating heart, against the night,
The same sweet, urgent music, the same light,
And the same love, but only more profound.

DEAD LOVE.

LAY white roses on Love's bier;
Kneel beside and weep.
He was fair once, and how dear—
He who lies asleep.

Yes, he sleeps a sleep so long
That it shall not break.
Like a white rose, leave this song
By him, for love's sake.

In the glorious summer time,
In the rose-bud June,
As the sun began to climb
To the ardent noon,

Love went singing to the light,
Splendid in his pride;
Wounded came he home at night;
Of that wound he died.

IN EXTREMIS.

Now that Hope lies sick to death
Come and weep—
None can stay her parting breath,
Dark and deep
Let her grave be—cool and quiet
Under all the summer riot.

At her head let roses be,
For a sign
Of Love's ardent wreath that she
Might not twine;
And, for Peace she might not meet with,
Lilies cover her white feet with.

Now that she is dead and dumb
Stay your tears—
In the years that are to come,
Sunless years,
She again, again will never move you,
Only hopeless Sorrow prove you.

All your weeping is in vain—
She is dead—
Years can make her not again
Lift her head:—
Dearest, most divine deceiver,
Say your last farewell and leave her!

DRIFTING.

My life puts forth to sea alone;
The skies are dark above,
All round I hear gray waters moan,
Alas for vanished love!

Oh! lonely life that presseth on
Across these wastes of years,
Where are the pilots swiftly gone!
Whose is the hand that steers?

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before or with the wind—
We cannot miss the land—

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years;
Hope being dead, and sweet love gone,
There is no hand that steers.

NOT THOU BUT I.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan;
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep:
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep—
Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain.

BRIDAL EVE.

HALF robed, with gold hair drooped o'er shoulders
white,

She sits as one entranced, with eyes that gaze
Upon the mirrored beauties of her face;
And through the distances of dark and light
She hears faint music of the coming night;
She hears the murmurs of receding days;
Her future life is veiled in such a haze
As hides, on sultry morns, the sun from sight.

Upon the brink of imminent change she stands,
Glad, yet afraid to look beyond the verge;
She starts, as at the touch of unseen hands:
Love's music grows half anthem and half dirge.

Strange sounds and shadows round her spirit fall,
Yet to herself she stranger seems than all.

BESIDE THE DEAD.

SAD seems the room, and strangely still, where lies
Some form quite motionless, in which of late
Glad life exulted. Mark the changed estate,
The helpless hands, clasped now in peaceful wise,
The speechless lips, and unbeholding eyes
Which might not look into the eyes of Fate!
And as about the bed you watching wait,
What pleading pity to your spirit cries!
But, surely, yet a sadder thing is this,
To look upon Love's face, where Love lies dead,
While all his memories of pain and bliss,
Thorn-crowned and rose-crowned, watch beside
the bed.

Gone souls may live again, no man can tell;
But dead Love shall not break Death's awful spell.

DE PROFUNDIS.

OUT of the depths, love, have I called to thee;
Love hear my voice, consider well, O love,
The voice of my complaint. If prayers could move
Thy heart, O love! then wouldst thou pity me.
Look thou deep down into my soul and see
The way in which I love thee; test, and prove
The spirit's passion and the strength thereof.
O my beloved! through change of years to be,
My life henceforth for thee anew begins.
If I in heaven should thy rapture mar,
I 'gainst myself the gates of peace would bar,
But shouldst thou have a whim to save my soul,
Then will I strive indeed to reach the goal,
And thou shouldst me redeem from all my sins.

BEYOND RECALL.

My soul that cannot serve her now at all,
I said, is worthless; she who made it fair,
Can have for it no longer any care.
Why should I keep it, I will let it fall,
Nor reck of where it lies; and therewithal,
I fain had flung it from me in despair,
But a voice said within my heart, "Forbear!
Thy soul was hers, is hers beyond recall.
Is not the rose long dead, she wore an hour
Within her breast, kept by thee for her sake?
Holds thy soul less of her than this poor rose?"
"Thy speech," I said, "to all my spirit shows,
Of what it had been guilty; I will take
My soul and keep it as I keep the flower."

FROM FAR.

"O LOVE, come back, across the weary way
Thou wentest yesterday—
Dear love, come back!"

"I am too far upon my way to turn:
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

"O, Love! Love! Love! sweet Love we are undone,
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are."

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste light and noise,
As from Ghost-land, my voice
Is borne afar."

"O Love, what was our sin, that we should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!"

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set—
My lips of fire—and yet,
Ye knew me not."

"Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee well, sweet
Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?"

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses;
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

"O Love! stern Love! be not implacable.
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us."

"To whom, and where, and by what weary way
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?"

"O weep, weep, weep! for Love, who tarried long
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing."

"No more he lightens in our eyes like fire;
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing."

YOUTH AND NATURE.

Is this the sky, and this the very earth
I had such pleasure in when I was young?
And can this be the identical sea-song
Heard once within the storm-clouds' awful girth,

When a great storm from silence burst to birth
'Mid winds to whom it seemed I did belong
Made the keen blood in me run swift and strong,
With irresistible, tempestuous mirth?
Are these the forests loved of old so well,
Where on May nights the enchanted music was?
Are these the fields of soft, delicious grass,
These the old bells with secret things to tell?
O, my dead youth, was this inevitable,
That with thy passing, Nature, too, should pass?

WEDDED GRIEF.

AND now we walk together, she and I;
She sits with me unseen where men are gay,
And all the pleasures of the sense have sway;
She walks with me beneath the moonlit sky
And murmurs ever of the days gone by;
She follows still in dreams upon my way,
She sits beside me in the fading day,
And thrills the twilight silence with a sigh.
So on we journey till we gain the strand
Whose sea conjectures of no further land.
There, where the past is fading from my view,
To this my sorrow I will reach my hand
And say—O thou who wert alone found true,
Forgive if now I must forget thee too.

A DAY'S SECRET.

ABOUT the wild beginning of the Spring,
There came to me, and all the world, a day
To prove the winter wholly gone away.
I said, "O Day, thy lips are sweet to sing,
But surely, in thy voice some sweeter thing
Than thy mere song I find; lo, now I pray,
Before thou goest, turn to me and say,
Why round thee so my heart keeps wandering?"
Then, as a man who having loved and lost,
Within his dead love's sister's child may see
Something of what on earth he treasured most;
So, looking on that day, my memory
Was filled with thoughts of April days wherein
Love's joy, too young for pain, did first begin.

SUMMER.

The summer's breath makes music in the trees,
Its kiss with over-love has charred the green.
—*Out of Eden.*

CONSTANCE E. DIXON.

THE subject of the present sketch comes of an old Yorkshire family on the father's side, and in that part of England much of her childhood was spent. Her mother, a Miss Cowell, is very highly connected. Constance E. Dixon is an only child, and, as is not uncommon in that case, early developed a love of study and had made acquaintance with most of the standard poets and acquired a good knowledge of history at an age when most little girls are contented with dolls and fairy tales. She began to compose little bits of verse when about eleven years old, and by the time she was fifteen appears to have had some vague idea of following literature as a profession, encouraged at that time by the admittance of some of her verses to the corners of newspapers. By then, the young poetess had produced a great number of pieces, including some which she tells us she still believes to be among her best work. It is five years since Miss Dixon published her first volume, "The Chimney-piece of Bruges and other Poems," which was most favorably noticed by the London reviews and provincial press. After reading this work Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote inviting its author to join the staff of *The Woman's World* which was then about to be started. The leading poem of the collection was written early in 1886 in monthly portions, for the pages of an amateur magazine, the legend on which it is founded having been told by a native to the author during a visit to the antique city in the autumn of 1885. It may interest readers to know that this tale is held to be true in its main points; although some additions were found needful in writing the poem. The sonnets, and some of the other short pieces in this volume, belong to the early period of Miss Dixon's work before alluded to, having been written at the age of fourteen.

Constance E. Dixon, with her mother, now resides in the beautiful old city of Bath, England, a place which must be particularly grateful to her antiquarian tastes, from its relics of Roman Britain, and memories of bygone celebrities. It has been my good fortune to know Miss Dixon intimately for the last six or seven years. I think it would be difficult to find a more true and steadfast friend, or one possessing greater sweetness of disposition.

K. W.

THE BROOK OF LIFE.

O DAYS that babble over stones
Which pave the brook of life,

I know your low and ceaseless tones
A voice with meaning rife.
I feel ye rushing ever on,
And bearing me away;
I look the backward view upon,
In vain, ye will not stay.
Sometimes your waters glisten clear,
With sunlight on each wave;
Sometimes the sky is black with fear,
And hollow voices rave.
Then slow and dim your current creeps
Along the slimy bed,
And from the rugged stony steep
Each sunny gleam is fled.
But, creep or rush, still on ye go,
And bear me on your breast;
Till Time doth rescue me, and so
I enter into rest.

A DAY-DREAM.

O DREAMY fountain splashing!
O garden green and wild!
O shady sunny Spring tide!
O breezes soft and mild!
O bonnie sunlit mountains!
O foaming restless stream!
O clouds that fleck the ether!
O silent shapeless dream!

Whence comes this mystic feeling,
This thrilling strange delight!
Through all my senses stealing
With overpowering might?
O distant rolling surges
O Island far away!
My dream in mem'ry merges
As dawning blends with day.

A DECEMBER SUNSET.

SEE the bright forms of angels glorified
Sustain the weight of the fast sinking sun
One moment; but the next, behold it glide
From their embrace, falling through vapors dun
Into a sea of crimson, all the blood
Of unknown martyrs to the pride of man
Is there collected, in a purpling flood,
Uplifted from the earth o'er which it ran,
And held aloft, the banner of God's wrath,
Confronting the rebellious hosts below,
Unfurl'd and waving o'er Destruction's path,
Splendid and sadd'ning in its ruby glow.
Behind a rampart-cloud the sun goes down,
And all the darken'd sky shows the Eternal's frown.

MUSICAL MEMORIES.

You know not why I love it;
You wonder I should ask
To have the strain repeated;
You jest upon your task.

"I play, and play forever,
This one old opera air!
While you, contented never,
Sit listening in your chair.

"I think of Milton's 'Lady,'
You sit so very still!
Well, I am the enchanter,
And bind you at my will!"

But still you play it kindly,
You never say me nay,—
(Ah, friend how wondrous blindly
We go along our way!)

You play it very finely,
Then rise, with merry jest,
Unknowing of the mem'ries
Awaken'd in my breast.

You, who so truly love me,
Guess not those chords have power
To raise, by music's magic,
The ghost of one glad hour.

Ever while you are playing
My form sits tranced, 'tis true—
My spirit back goes straying
'Mid scenes you never knew!

THE ROAMING SOULS.

WILD waves dashing with a weary motion
(Far away from Albion's snowy cliffs),
Dream-boats drifting on a moonlit ocean,
Ghostly figures standing in the skiffs.

Two fair forms amid the silence greeting,
Sadly, sweetly, as two spirits may,
Knowing noontide ne'er could bring their meeting,
While those spirits still were wrapt in clay.

"Soul! sweet soul! ah! whither art thou drifting,
In thy dream-boat o'er this phantom sea?
Round thy barque the mirrored moonbeams shifting,
Seem a pathway leading me to thee!"

"Whither, friend? O seest thou not uplifted,
Far away, the Standard of the sky?
When my dream-boat under that hath drifted,
Safe in harbor shall it ever lie."

"'Tis the Cross! on which mine eyes gaze nightly,
When the sun sets o'er this southern strand;
If to-night it seem to shine more brightly
'Twas to guide thee to my far-off land!

"Here is welcome, from long years of exile,
To the heart whose dreams are all of thee!
Stay thy barque then, till the morning sun smile!
Drift no more upon a lonely sea!"

"Nay, dear soul! a dream can linger never!
Long ere morn my barque must fade away,
Leave thee lonely by these waters ever,
Till the sunlight of eternal Day."

EVENING AT LLANDUDNO.

TWILIGHT and sunset mingle o'er the Head,
Whose edge is sharply cut against the sky;
While westward, Conway Bay sleeps in a haze
Of blue and gray and amber; and above,
Where the last touch of sunlight dies,
Smothered and stifled, in the azure arms
Of the fair August eve, twinkles a star;
One silent, lonely star, herald of Night,
Rich in a robe of Heaven's shining court.
Eastward are lighted windows, and the sea,
Beside whose waves parade, a worldly throng,
The votaries of Fashion's empty shrine.
This is the scene from which I turn to read,
Quickly and glad, the letter of a friend.

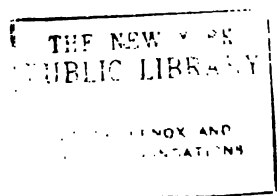
EVENING.

Sweet Eve, I hail thee! come at last
With spirit-healing calm!
Thy cloak of dew around me cast,
Thy fingers dropping balm.
Thoughts of the absent thou dost bring,
But only of the loved;
Thy sacred lyre's one silver string
Hath ne'er to hatred moved.

—*Evening.*

POSSESSION.

"It matters not, my friend, what dreams may fly
When all that dreams can image is our own."
—*Chimney-piece of Bruges.*





Madison J. Carver

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN.

TO the young man or woman about to write poetry, the advice of the critics is somewhat similar to that given by Punch to those contemplating matrimony, namely, "Don't." This is especially true in the South, yet its ambitious writers continue to regard the East as a modern Land of Promise, overflowing with the milk and honey of literary and financial success. The desire for recognition there, for admission through the jealously guarded portals of the great magazines, nerves them to brave the indifference of the South, the calm, cold criticism of the East. Some grow weary, however, and fall by the wayside; some quit cultivating laurels and plant turnips; some, like Moses, behold the Promised Land from afar, but never enter it, while others, more able and more fortunate, finally reach the goal of their ambition. Happy they who attain success while youth is yet with them and there is no touch of frost upon the laurels; through sheer audacity of genius they take the critics by storm, and amongst these fortunate singers Madison Julius Cawein stands preëminent. This brilliant Kentuckian, the son of Charles and Christiana Cawein, was born at Louisville March 23, 1865, and his early years were passed quietly and uneventfully in the midst of a refined home circle. Nature and books were his chosen companions, and their influence upon his imaginative nature was noticeably great. It caused him in fancy to people the woods with the lost gods of Hellas, and give to wave and sky a history and a voice. While attending the High School of his native city, he began shaping his thoughts in rhyme, and emboldened by the praise of his friends became a contributor to the columns of the *Courier-Journal*. With Prentice, Amelia B. Welby and O'Hara, the golden age of poetry in Kentucky had passed away, and the vulgar cry for the real drowned the echoes of their singing. But Cawein was not to be daunted by the apathy or ridicule of his audience; he wrote on because he could not choose but write, and with all the venturesome self-confidence of youth. His first book, entitled "Blooms of the Berry," received but scant praise from the local critics, but Mr. Howells was so impressed by the crude genius of the young writer that he did not hesitate to give his verses a most favorable review. As a delicate acknowledgment of this act of kindness, "The Triumph of Music," a collection of dainty lyrics which appeared about a year afterwards, bore upon the dedicatory page the name of William Dean Howells. "Accolon of Gaul," a strong dramatic poem, though not so well received by the critics, nevertheless

served to bring the young writer more prominently before the public, while "Lyrics and Idyls" and "Days and Dreams" gave him an assured place in the poetic world. Letters of compliment and congratulation from the greatest writers of the day were showered upon him, and during a recent visit to the East, the Kentucky poet was the recipient of many flattering attentions. In person Mr. Cawein is of medium height and slender build. He has brown eyes and hair, and a face remarkable for its mobility of expression. The blood of the sturdy Huguenots flows in his veins, and from these gallant ancestors he has derived a certain manly honesty, and winning grace of manner. He is unmarried and resides with his parents at their lovely home on Market street in this city. He is the owner of a large and costly collection of books, and has a passion for surrounding himself with beautiful pictures and articles of vertu. Like Edmund Clarence Stedman he devotes six days of the week to the uncongenial cares of business, but on Sundays he is at liberty to cross the river and take long walks among the Indiana Knobs, or seek the genial companionship of his friends and his books. The poetry of Mr. Cawein is remarkable for its tropical coloring, its delicate yet daring imagery, and its dramatic force. He is a great admirer of Oriental literature, and his latest book "Days and Dreams" contains several poems vividly suggestive of the land of the bulbul and the rose. E. S. M.

CARMEN.

LA *Gitanilla*! tall dragoons
In Andalusian afternoons,
With ogling eye and compliment
Smiled on you, as long as you went
Some sleepy street of old Seville;
Twirled with a military skill
Moustaches; buttoned uniforms
Of Spanish yellow bowed your charms.

Proud, wicked head and hair blue-black!
Whence your mantilla, half thrown back,
Discovered shoulders and bold breast
Bohemian brown; and you were dressed—
In some short skirt of gipsy red
Of smuggled stuff; thence stockings dead
White silk exposed with many a hole
Thro' which your plump legs roguish stole
A fleshly look; and tiny toes
In red morocco shoes with bows
Of scarlet ribbons. Daintily
You walked by me and I did see

Your oblique eyes, your sensuous lip,
 That gnawed the rose you once did flip
 At bashful José's nose while loud
 Laughed the gaunt guards among the crowd.
 And in your brazen chemise thrust,
 Heaved with the swelling of your bust,
 That bunch of white acacia blooms
 Whiffed past my nostrils hot perfumes.
 As in a cool *neveria*
 I ate an ice with Mèrimèe
 Dark Carmencita, you passed gay,
 All holiday bedizened,
 A new mantilla on your head;
 A crimson dress bespangled fierce;
 And crescent gold, hung in your ears,
 Shone wrought Morisco; and each shoe
 Cordovan leather, spangled blue,
 Glanced merriment; and from large arms
 To well-turned ankles all your charms
 Blew flutterings and glitterings
 Of satin bands and beaded strings;
 And 'round each arm's fair thigh one fold,
 And graceful wrists, a twisted gold
 Coiled serpents, tails fixed in the head,
 Convulsive-jeweled glossy red.

In flowers and trimmings to the jar
 Of mandolin and low guitar
 You in the grated *patio*
 Danced; the curled coxcombs' flirting row
 Rang pleased applause. I saw you dance,
 With wily motion and glad glance
 Voluptuous, the wild *romalis*,
 Where every movement was a kiss
 Of elegance delicious, wound
 In your Basque tambourine's dull sound.
 Or as the ebon castanets
 Clucked out dry time in unctuous jets,
 Saw angry José thro' the grate
 Glare on us a pale face of hate,
 When some indecent colonel there
 Presumed too lewdly for his ear.

Some still night in Seville; the street
Candilejo; two shadows meet—
 Flash sabres; crossed within the moon,—
 Clash rapidly—a dead dragon.

MIDSUMMER.

THE red blood clings in her cheeks and stings
 Through their tan with a fever that lightens,
 And the clearness of heaven-born mountain springs
 In her dark eyes dusks and brightens.

And her limbs are the limbs of an Atalanta who swings
 With the youths in the sinewy games,
 When the hot air sings thro' the hair it flings,
 And the circus roars hoarse with their names,
 As they fly to the goal that flames.

A voice as deep as wan waters that sweep
 Thro' the musical reeds of a river;
 A song of red reapers that bind and reap,
 With the ring of curved scythes that quiver.
 The note-like lisp of the pippins that leap,
 Ripe-mellowed to gold, to the ground;
 The murmurous sleep that the cool leaves keep
 On close lips that trickle with sound.

And sweet is the beat of her glowing feet,
 And her smiles as wide heavens are gracious;
 And the creating might of her hands of heat
 As a god's or a goddess's spacious.
 The elastic veins thro' her heart that beat
 Are rich with a perishless fire,
 And her bosoms most sweet are the ardent seat
 Of a mother that never will tire.

Wherever she fares her soft voice bears
 High powers of being that thicken
 In fruits, as the winds made Thessalian mares
 Of old mysteriously quicken;
 The apricot's juice and the juice of the pears,
 The wine great grape-clusters hold,
 These, these are her cares, and her wealth she declares
 In her corn's vast billows of gold.

All hail to her lips, and her fruitful hips,
 And her motherly thickness of tresses;
 All hail to the sweetness that slips and drips
 From her breasts which the light caresses.
 A toiler, whose fair arm heaps and whips
 Great chariots that heavily creak;
 A worker, who sweats on the groaning ships,
 And never grows weary or weak.

SHE SPEAKS.

LAST night you told me where we, parting, waited,
 Of love somehow I'd known before you told—
 Long, long ago this love, perhaps, was fated,
 For why was it made suddenly so old?

"Dear things we have and in their own truth cherish,
 Born with us seem, and as ourselves shall last?
 Part of our lives we can not let them perish
 Out of our present's future or its past?"

Then is it strange, dazed by that wider wonder,
 I, walking in the woods the morrow's dawn,
 Should marvel not that by my feet and under,
 The wildflowers now were purer than those gone?

The woodbird's silver warble sunk completer?
 The sun whirled whiter, lordlier o'er the noon?
 That night, sweet god! hung starrier, holier,
 sweeter,
 In Babylonian witchcraft of the moon?

All love hath emanations, an ideal
 Beats, beats within all beauty. I was moved
 No more when, dreamed, my spiritual dream rose
 real,
 Than by what virtue, God divined, I loved.

UNUTTERABLE.

THERE is a sorrow in the wind to-night
 That haunteth me; she, like a penitent,
 Heaps on rent hairs the snow's thin ashes white
 And moans and moans, her swaying body bent.

And Superstition gliding softly shakes
 With wasted hands, that vainly group and seek,
 The rustling curtains; of each cranny makes
 Cold, ghostly lips that wailing fain would speak.

CLOUDS.

ALL through the tepid summer night
 The starless sky had poured a cool
 Monotony of pleasant rain
 In music beautiful.

And for an hour I'd sat to watch
 Clouds moving on majestic feet,
 Had heard down avenues of night
 Their hearts of thunder beat;

Saw ponderous limbs far-veined with gold
 Pulse fiery life o'er wood and plain,
 While, scattered, fell from monstrous palms
 The largess of the rain;

Beholding at each lightning's flash
 The generous silver on the sod,
 In meek devotion bowed, I thanked
 These almoners of God.

JUNE.

March is but a blust'ring liar,
 April a sad love,
 May a milkmaid from the byre
 Flirting in the grove.
 June is rich in many blossoms,
 She's the one I'll woo;
 Health swells in her sunny bosoms,
 She's my sweetheart true.

—June.

SLACK DAVIS.

SLACK DAVIS, the subject of this sketch, was the second son of Samuel Davis and Mary, daughter of Dr. William Wood of the Nineteenth Highlanders. He was born in England on the 28th of October, 1826, at Parson's Green, Fulham, now a suburb of London. Here, near the shore of the classic Thames, amid the scenes of rural beauty surrounding the home of his infancy, he may have first hearkened to the voices of Nature, whose lessons of love bore fruit in after years. Descended, through his maternal grandmother, from a branch of the ancient English family of Markham, he numbered among his ancestors many illustrious names, among whom were Gervase Markham, poet, author and scholar in the reign of James I. and Charles I., and Sir John Markham, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who, history informs us, had the hardihood to reprimand the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. More than two centuries later another forefather, William Markham, was appointed lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania.

In 1834 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Davis removed with their family to Boulogne-sur-mer, France, in order to avail themselves of the superior educational advantages offered there at that time, and also to enable their children to acquire a perfect mastery of the French tongue. Here Slack Davis first attended a private school conducted by M. Faguet, then the College Communal in the Grand Rue. He subsequently entered the establishment of Dr. White, whose name is still remembered as a successful educator, and as the author of several school histories extensively used in Great Britain. Here the young student distinguished himself for his progress in French history and English literature; meanwhile gaining the esteem and affection of his teachers and school-fellows by his peaceable and studious disposition, and a lofty sense of honor which formed the basis of his character throughout his life. His school career ended, he returned to London, where, at the solicitation of his parents, he commenced the study of law, and was, in due course, installed on the roll of solicitors and practiced in Bedford Row, Holborn, London. At this period of his life he was a diligent student of ancient as well as contemporary English poets. Then, also, began that long and intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, and an untiring industry in the pursuit of knowledge, which continued almost to the eve of his death. His singularly quiet and reserved nature, and perhaps a scholar's timidity, combined with a certain proud sensitiveness, ill-qualified him for the

profession he had chosen, albeit under protest. However, Providence was preparing a change in his way of life; for, in 1860, some pecuniary misfortune released him from this none too congenial occupation, and was the occasion of his leaving his native land. In 1854 he had married Mary Griffith, a lady of sterling Scotch descent, whose energy and firmness of character well adapted her for the wife of a poet and scholar. In 1860 Mr. and Mrs. Davis, with their two children, left London and went to reside in Glasgow, Scotland. It was in that city that Slack Davis' literary activity really commenced, and many of his early contributions appeared in the leading Scotch periodicals. However his sojourn in Scotland was brief, for in the following year he determined to seek his fortunes in America, whither he brought his family in 1861. Like most Englishmen who come to the United States, he first pushed his way to the far West. Then he drifted back to Chicago, where he remained for two years. Chance finally brought him to Pittsburgh, Pa., which was henceforth destined to become his adopted home. Here he spent the last twenty-seven years of his life in the calm and pleasant walks of literature and education. He soon attained to the position of leading instructor in the dead and living languages. His broad and thorough culture, his innate benevolence and keen sympathy with human nature, peculiarly adapted him for this, his beloved vocation, and endeared him to his pupils and friends. He might, in many ways, have been compared to Dr. Arnold of Rugby, although the latter was of a more militant nature. Like him, Slack Davis endeavored "to promote the self-development of the young minds committed to his charge, and to encourage them to cultivate their own intellect." While thus engaged among his pupils he was a keen observer of passing events. Nothing escaped his luminous intellect. He was also, during this portion of his life, a regular contributor to periodical literature. His translations from the French and other Continental languages are remarkable for a certain elegance and exactness; for he possessed the rare ability of accurately reproducing a foreign author's thoughts in pure, strong English, which gift procured for him a more than local reputation. His poems, written in moments of relaxation from severer studies, were not published in book form until after his death. They appeared as a memorial volume in May, 1890.

On Sunday, March 31, 1889, at the age of sixty-three, after a brief illness and without suffering, Slack Davis passed into the silent land,

"To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

L. S-D.

LONDON.

O, **THE** roar of the streets!
O, the throbbing of that mighty heart!
Loud with life's throbblings, leaping with mighty
life.
Strong heart of the world—London!

O, the rush of hurrying feet!
From sunrise to sundown they cease not—
Hurrying whither? and whither? and whither?
Earnest face and pale brow, they cease not:
Like the whirl of a mighty wind,
Like the storm-wave hurrying on,
Is thine ocean's unrest, O London.

Resound the roll of wheels
And beat of hoofs on the stony ways;
Behold the lordly dwellings!
In splendid array they rise, and splendor clothes
them within;
For lordly are the dwellers and proud,
With pride of lineage and pride of race and pride
of wealth—
And thou liftest thy lofty head—London!

O, the roar of the streets!
O, the throbbings of that mighty heart!
Is it well with thee?—Is it well?
Lo! the squalid ways and the alleys of sin!
Is it well with thee, mighty heart?
Lo! the lustreless eyes, the feeble gait!
And the demon Want stalks gaunt and grim;
Is it well, heart of wealth, is it well?
And misery lurks in noisome abodes;
Rags and shame clothe the creatures of God;
While heavenward the countless spires point.
Is it well? Must such things be?
To the ground! to the ground! low down in the
dust!

Bow heart and head, proud London!

"Outcast! outcast!"
And pitiless Night points finger of scorn;
"Outcast! outcast!"
And the cruel rain-storm beats relentless;
Outcast! once fair in God's image—but now!—
Hungry-eyed, fever-cheeked, flaunting rags—
See them shuddering, arm linked in arm,
Crouching in shadows of Night,
Trembling with the dark horror of night;
God's pity! God's pity! God's pity!
For Murder lurks in silent ambush,
Soft-footed Murder steps beside;
Swift and sure, unheard, unseen,

Strikes the dreadful knife—
Falls the pitiless knife;
Comes rest to the driven soul,
Comes oblivion to despair,
And silence over the narrow way,
Save the night-guard's tramp, tramp, tramp—
And black Night hides all!

Is it well, strong heart of the world?
Hath God averted his face?
Is it well, O heart of wealth, that thy countless
 thousands pine?
Is the roar of thy streets the voice of doom?
Cleanse thee! cleanse thee from the sin!
Remember Babylon!

A SONG OF SUNRISE.

A GLORY in the Orient!
A glory flashing from the Orient!
Gleams of splendor—dazzling, blinding,—
Flashing from the Orient!
Bursting forth with the radiance of a God,
Glancing over the sea and on the mountain-tops,
Glorious from the Orient!
Gilding the mountain-tops with a sudden golden
 glory,
Turning the sea to molten gold,
On the green of the forest roofs flashing a golden
 splendor,
Glorious from the Orient!
Glancing on the world with the radiant glory of a
 God,
Sun-God! Earth-gladdening, world-rejoicing,
Glorious in the Orient!

A glory in the Orient!
A glory spreading from the Orient!
From his nest on the dewy ground ascends the lark,
Aloft to the azure dome soars the caroling lark,
Swift mounting with a burst of song,
With a song of divine beauty sung to the risen morn:
For Day is awake, and radiant are the valleys,
Radiant the sea and the mountains;
The forests are stirred with the joy of the morning,
The gladness of the morning laughs in the mead-
 ows,—
Along the shining heavens grows the splendor,
Glorious in the Orient!

A SONG OF NIGHT.

O, THE mystery of the night!
The deep and silent mystery of the night!

Night's starry dome encompasseth me,
And rapture fills my soul,
As I wander through the pathless wolds,
As I roam beneath the great forest trees:
Weird and dim rise the misty hill-tops,
From afar cometh the moan of the complaining sea,
And the mystery enters my soul,
As I wander under the starry dome of Night.

Thus I wander through the night,
I wander in the silent darkness of the night:
And lo! the night hath become to me as day!
For my thought flashes light into the darkness,
Around my being a splendor brightens,
A dazzling splendor illumines my soul,
Brightening, expanding into glory that blinds,—
As I wander under the starry dome of night—
Spirit of light!
All-embracing Spirit of Night!
My being thrills and trembles at thy touch,
At thy call my spirit awaketh,
My soul ariseth when thou bringest sleep to men,
And I wake in dreams, dreaming of thy mystery:
Around my being a glory brightens,
And my spirit joins with thine,
My spirit and thine are one,—
As I wander through the pathless wolds,
As I roam beneath the great forest trees,
While thou spreadest thy wings of silence over all,
And the splendor of the stars!

BLIND.

"SWEETHEART, come forth!" the mavis joyful
 sings,
Expectant on the blossom-laden bough:
"Sweetheart, come forth!" the chorister lark
 e'en now,
Trills glorious, as from meadow dew he springs,
And ever mounting, the rich music flings
 Down in sweet cadence through rose-scented air.
O love! O sightless orbs! could ye but share
The radiant beauty this new morning brings!

Thy hand in mine, together we will stroll
Through whispering grove unto the moss-grown
 beach,
Where thy lov'd rill's soft symphony shall reach
Thy listening ear—o'er heath, and windy knoll.
How all doth thrill the sense,—remembering,
 each,—
Ere God made dark the windows of thy soul!

BELLE G. MCAULEY.

MRS. BELLE G. MCAULEY, selections of whose verses appear herewith, has written mostly in ballad and hymn, having published acceptably many songs for sheet music, and the Sunday school hymn-books of a dozen years ago. Her muse sings mostly for the children, though no little ones ever blessed her marriage. Still she has written occasionally on the living issues of the day. She has been for many years in earnest sympathy with the glorious work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I. G. J.

DECORATION DAY.

"Our country first," they said,
 "Then happiness and home."
 But Faith grew dim when Hope lay dead,
 Now but in dreams they come.

Let martial music sound
 As 'mid the graves we tread,
 This is our Country's hallowed ground,
 Here sleep a nation's dead.

From garden, field and dell,
 Bring sweetest blooms of May,
 With prayer and solemn anthem swell,
 A nation speaks to-day!

O, hallowed, hallowed ground!
 Here let our prayers ascend,
 With thoughts of love and hymns abound
 Companion—Father—Friend.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

DEDICATED TO THE WOMEN CRUSADERS.

We walked by faith the way,
 The way so long and dim,—
 And firm upon the rock to-day
 We pilgrims sing our hymn.

What tho' the way was new
 And rough for feet untried,
 And flowers were all too small and few
 That grew our way beside.

To heights we would attain
 We question all the hours,
 Counting the loss, but gain
 That strengthened all our powers.

Thro' all the waiting years,
 With toilsome care oppressed,
 The seed oft sowed with prayers and tears—
 Thank God for labor blessed.

Thank Him for clearer skies.
 Courage! the dawn is near.
 We see the morning star arise
 Our Father's hand is here.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE BIRDIES SING.

I LOVE to hear the birdies sing;
 Oh, is it not a pity
 There is no bird to sing to me
 In all this crowded city?
 My yellow pet that sometimes sings,
 And pleases little brother,
 Here has no chance to try his wings
 Under his cage's cover.

I brought him buds and flowers sweet,
 And asked for one song only;
 But birdie chirps and hops about—
 I know he must be lonely;
 I know he doesn't like his cage
 In spring and summer weather,
 And if he sang a song to me,
 We could not sing together.

I love to hear the wild bird's song
 In these bright summer hours,
 Beneath the sun that shines upon
 The trees and birds and flowers.
 I love to see them singing free
 And chirping through the clover;
 I think the chorus is for me,
 And try to sing it over.

ONLY.

ONLY a seed, but it sprouted and grew
 Warmed by the sunshine, and fed with the dew.

Think of the wealth that is safe folded up,
 Wonderful wealth in a tiny seed-cup.

Only a word but it grew into deed,
 Patiently, faithfully, as grew the seed.

Strengthening weakness, and hearts sorely tried,
 Brightening hope, when we thought hope had died.

Only a child, but its innocent ways,
Gladden, enrich and make blessed the days.

Beautiful trust in those sweet eyes of blue,
Here is a lesson for me and for you.

A SUMMER DAY.

SUNSHINE over trees and flowers,
Birds and children singing,
Busy, busy, all the hours,
Day its duties bringing,
Give them welcome as they come,
Bud, to blossom growing;
Hear the mowers' noisy hum
In the orchard mowing!

May with dolly, Rob with drum,
On the porch are playing,
Call for little Lu to come,
Come and watch the haying.
Robbie calls, "Do hurry, Lu!"
"Wait," I hear my linnet,
"Yes, I'll come, and hurry too,
In just a little minute."

In the orchard pass the hours,
Happy children playing,
Decking "Gus" with leaves and flowers
As they watch the haying.
Darling Altie, ten to-day,
A little woman growing,
Jumps up laughing, runs away—
"Must help mamma, sewing."

GUESS!

THERE'S a dear little girl,
With her hair all in curl—
She'll soon be learning to spell;
Such a bright little fay,
But her name is not May—
I wonder if Maggie can tell?

Now I think I can guess,
And if it is not Bess,
It is—let me whisper it low—
Then her mamma comes near,
"Listen, Maggie, my dear,"
And Maggie is laughing, I know.

MARY MCGUIRE.

OF the life of Miss McGuire it is no easy task to write, though one of love and of pleasure, for the singer now brought before you is so shy of being talked about that one is almost afraid of hurting her. Her father, a gentleman by birth and breeding, has a rather reserved though kindly manner, and is devoted to his family. Her mother is a Quakeress, patient and gentle, a motherly mother, full of courage for the present and hope for the future. These are the parents of her of whom I am asked to write. Mary McGuire was born at Mystic, Conn., and is the fifth child of her parents. A brother, older than herself, was her close comrade in childhood, and her loving companion as she grew to womanhood. Among these hearts, warm, loving and true, Mary McGuire has lived her life, surrounded by all blessings that a happy home-circle can give.

She has done very little work, too little when one considers her ability, but this may be attributed to lack of time, for Miss McGuire has given much of her life to teaching the deaf. Her home is at Mystic, Conn., a lovely place, overlooking Mystic River and the tossing waters of Long Island Sound.

A. B. B.

TWO GIFTS.

SMILING, she gave a rose to me,—
A waxen bloom where I could see,
Mirrored, her own heart's purity.

And lo! my path, cloud-draped before,
The mellow tints of beauty wore.

Burdens that crowded overmuch
Were velvet softened to my touch.

And tenderly I put away
My pretty flower; but all the day
My glad heart sang a roundelay.

'Twas long ago—a weary while!
And yet for me still brightly glows,
On memory's canvas, one pale rose—
And the rare sweetness of a smile.

THEN AND NOW.

THEY told me she was dead—
The little friend whom I

Had loved so much.
 I shivered at the touch
 Of the pale hand, I could not understand,
 Not then.

* * * * * *

And when again, companionless, I strayed
 Thro' sunshine bright, and saw the yellow light
 Like billows pass
 Across the wide fields of grass
 Where we had played.
 I turned aside and covered up my face—
 Remembering that dark space—
 And wondered why God made her die
 And let me live.

It rests me now the memory I keep
 Of that hushed face. No bloom in life's dark place
 Seems fair to me
 As death's white mystery—
 That slumber deep.

A PROTEST.

OH, do not touch my hand, but greet me fair
 In kindly tone, if so you will to do;
 But I am weak indeed—I could not bear
 To miss the olden pressure that I knew.
 There yet is one thing more ere I have done—
 For sake of all that's been, spare me from this;
 We treasure not the rose whose breath is gone—
 I pray you spare me from a loveless kiss.

Like clods of green-tufted earth above the dead
 Your cold, metallic kisses seem to me;
 For us the ritual of love is said—
 What has been, through all time no more can be.
 I wonder if you, too, remember still
 That autumn day—cleft from all days that were—
 The gypsy camp, the far-off purple hill,
 The spicy smell of pine and juniper.

The weird-eyed sorceress read our palms that day;
 Her mystic words spelt peace in every line;
 While even then the cruel shadow lay
 Before our feet—ay, darkly unto mine.
 As hours last spent with those we'll no more meet
 Seem dear from their unconsciousness of tears,
 So seems that day a benediction sweet,
 Crowning the tender glow of Friendship's years.

I sometimes think prayers are such holy things
 They make the perfume of the heavenly air;
 If so, then stirred by floating angel wings,
 Your name still trembles there.

"THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED."

BLESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be—
 My lips grow palsied and I cannot say
 The rest of that sweet promise; when I pray,
 My prayers are soulless—words a mockery.

Blessed—are they—that mourn; I shudder yet;
 The air from out that narrow open space,
 Mouldy and damp, blows straight across my face
 When I would fain its ghastliness forget.

They tell me to be reconciled to fate!
 Through narrow vision of another's loss
 They see the purple shadow of the Cross—
 I faint beneath its weight.

What do you say? you, too, its weight have borne?
 Your heart throbs to my pain—you understand?
 You have your dead? sister, take my hand—
 Blessed are they that mourn.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be—
 Be comforted; none but the magic key
 That fits two hearts unlocks to sympathy.

CRADLE QUILTS.

ONLY a quilt for a cradle bed
 The mother is piecing link by link;
 Baby colors,—not green nor red,—
 Only white and the palest pink.

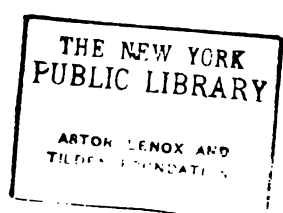
Dimpled with knots of ribbon fair,
 Blue as the light in his laughing eyes—
 "Gold-embroidered to match his hair,"
 And her smile is a ray of paradise.

Over my heart is the hush of prayer;
 Ah me! but this gossamer robe is thin—
 I, too, have a coverlid—fair, so fair,—
 Where green is heavily folded in.

Spring is tenderly piecing mine—
 The pattern is one of long ago—
 Fringe of myrtle and ivy vine,
 And fairy lilies as white as snow.

CHILDHOOD.

The moon was larger, the stars were brighter,
 And fun was plenty in rain or snow.
 Now life at the best is dull and prosy—
 Strange that the world should alter so!
 —Grandfather's House.





Martha Ellen Holahan

MARTHA EILEEN HOLAHAN.

MARTHA EILEEN HOLAHAN was born at Turner, Ill., July 1, 1863, but for several years past she has been a resident of Wabasha, Minn., and since 1885 has been a contributor to Chicago *Herald*, St. Paul *Globe*, New York *Sun*, *Peterson's Magazine*, et al. She taught school from the age of fifteen to eighteen, and then for the ten years following was employed as station agent and telegraph operator on the line of an important railway. How little history and yet how much. Her Chautauqua Circle, the racket of the school-room, the noise of the depot, and the ceaseless click of the telegraph, and yet even here she finds time to write.

Prose, poetry, much accepted, some declined, some paid for, much not, yet all more or less unusually good. Miss Holahan has published a volume called "Nondescript." It is a simple story in verse. The idea not perhaps wholly original, as its resemblance to "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" implies just a little bit of imitation in the choice of subject, but there the resemblance ends. From the first line to the last "Nondescript" is original in conception and happy in execution. It is not the amount of work she has already done, but the character of it that indicates the success which will finally reward her literary aspiration. H. W. H.

TRUST.

I STAND and watch the pale moon rise,—
Steal noiselessly along my floor,
Like phantom footsteps gliding o'er
That pallid Tomb where Memory lies.

For thee, who loved the warmth and light,
Who shunned the rot and shroud of gloom,
How dread must be thy lonely doom,—
How somber, chill, eternal night.

Ah, bleakly fall thy bitter tears!
For ever more thy feet must tread
Unmeasured precincts of the dead,
While I am left to number years!

The moon sinks down, but from the west
One silver shaft disarms all gloom,
To trace two words upon thy tomb
With pen illumined—"Perfect rest."

Father, forgive the childish fear,
The foolish fear, forever flown!
My worldly heart might well have known
Thy love would light the darkest bier.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

LEND me thy hand, beloved!—Nay,—
How strange I could so soon forget!
Perchance I dreamt thee near;—the way
Seems lonely, wildly rude, and yet
I passed it o'er not long ago
With thee, and found it smooth. I know
Not what could make its sudden change,
But this I know,—'tis dark and strange.

How parted we, beloved? How
Could I have lost the way, dear, when
My hand was placed in thine, and thou
So strong, so sure, to spare me pain?
Alas! What boots? For misery,
Though thrice explained, the same would be.
'Tis from the highest precipice
We measure down the worst abyss.

How is thy way, beloved? Art
Thou weary of its tread, as I?
Dost fear a future step, dear heart,
Well knowing that one is not nigh
Who gave thee care? Or dost forget,
And haply reach thy strong hand yet,
To guide me o'er the crags, then stand
And moan against thy empty hand?

UNHALLOWED.

RECKLESSLY cleaving the shadows dim,
Defiant of woman, I ride with him!
Ride full abreast, spur clanking spur,
Drawn by the frailest of all frailties,—
Which yet can never be quite undone,
By man, or by God, or by Lucifer,
Below the sun or above the skies,
Above the skies, or below the sun!
With his penthouse brows and his silence grim,
Into the silence I ride with him.

Fully aware of God's stern decree,
Defiant of mankind he rides with me!
Rides neck and neck, spur bent to spur,
Bound by the frailest of all bonds frail,
Yet binding as death, and grim and fast;
His lips too firm for a weak demur,
Till the passions pause and the pulses fail
And the bridles snap,—to the very last,
In my wretched bliss and my misery,
Into the silence he rides with me.

Carelessly scanning, with straining eye,
Ranches and rancheros, all passed by,—

Ignoring Precept and Book and Priest,
Crushing our souls for all space to come,
Into a semblance of base content;
Never to be from our bonds released,—
Self-tied bonds,—till the heart is numb,
And the soul has passed to its subsequent!
Into the silence, then, dense and dim,
Will he ride with me? will I ride with him?

ADRIFT.

JUST we twain, around the veil
Of shadows, soft and gray and deep;
A sweet-toned, hidden nightingale
Had hushed all day birds fast asleep
In woodland couches, dimly still;
A young moon, luminous, but white,
Leaned o'er a parapet of hill,
To crown the lofty brow of Night.

A dim path marked the milky way;
One, spun of gold, was flung across
The limpid, silky-breasted bay,
To where its breakers foam and toss,
And lash the rugged rocks, that bind
Its splendid rage and fervid pulse,
To die at last where sea-gulls find
A home 'mid driftwood, froth and dulse.

Afar, the city's gilded spires;
We heard its bell-chimes, low and sweet,
But little recked its wild desires,
Its frantic greed and sordid beat.
Down in a flood the moonlight streams,
And all our world lay warmly where
We stood, we twain, and idly dreamed
Of things to be, of things that were.

You wrote our names so tenderly!
Oh, treacherous sands, why did ye shift?
I often gaze across the sea,
And, like my name, feel cast adrift,
And wonder if, upon the tide,
Together, as you traced them plain,
Our names are lying, side by side,
Or coldly sundered, as we twain.

SATIETY.

For me, Time's glass holds only dregs;
Yet life I sipped once—thirstily;
And who drank thus, no pity begs
Nor needs from such cold-blooded ye
As drink but in a half degree;—

Whose feelings all too meagre seem
For love or hate's intense extreme.

—*Nondescript.*

LOVE.

Hate from the heart is roughly drawn;
But love—ah, 'tis a tempting flood,
More dangerous than the crimson blood
Young cubs first taste, then feast upon!

—*Ibid.*

FATE.

Weeds faster grow than flowers bloom;
The former earns but dire disgust,
Yet riot in their darkling gloom
As blossoms in their loamy dust.
But, ah, the difference! Is it just,
Since neither holds intrinsic power
To cull itself a weed or flower,
Unless 'twere fated so?

—*Ibid.*

NOONDAY.

How oft we pause within the gloam,—
Grown grateful cool,—to wonder at
The midday heat, when heaven's dome
So fiercely bent above us that
We breathed as in a brazen vat!

—*Ibid.*

PRAYERS.

Full often lips that never part
Hold deeper prayers within the heart.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

For comes a time when doctor's lore
Must stand aside, and idly wait
The shutting of Death's silent gate,
Or opening of Life's fateful door!

—*Ibid.*

INFELICITY.

Unlucky he who has not loved;
He is accursed who loves too well;
For by each wave of fancy moved,
Extreme his life—'tis heaven and hell
Alternate!

—*Ibid.*

UNATTAINED.

The dearest thing we ever chase
Far dearer seems if 'tis not caught.

—*Ibid.*

PROMISES.

"A vow's a sacred thing," she said.
"Light, all too lightly, often shed!"

—*Ibid.*

OMNISCIENCE.

Perhaps God knows why oft we fail
To hate the one who wrongs us most!

So much in life behind a veil
Is hidden, yet were hate love's cost,—
Then all the world had been well lost!

—*Ibid.*

RETRIBUTION.

The canker which will kill a rose
Is that which breeds where vows are broke;
But 'neath regret's unbending yoke,
Some day must bow who canker sows.

—*Ibid.*

OLD AGE.

Naught stills reluctant breath
But drear old age, unless that death
Be forced.

—*Ibid.*

FOOL'S PARADISE.

For Paradise,
In which a *fool* dwells, is the same
To him—though rubbish to the wise—
As though 'twere built beyond the skies,
Instead of in his fancy.

—*Ibid.*

VENICE.

Who would not pause where Venice lies,
A poet's dream of harmony?
Above—the arch of softest skies,
Below—full mirrored in the sea,
That same sky's azure purity.

—*Ibid.*

WHO.

Who breathes there that has never heard
A bird-song from some song-bird's throat?
Where beats that heart, grown old, ne'er stirred
By passion's song or sorrow's note,
Some time, some place, by some hand smote?
Who so short-lived that hath not seen
Night's veil drawn close o'er daytime green;
Nor ever watched the shadows rise—
Conquered by Time's bloodless sword,
And full atoning sunshine poured,
Where lately frowned those opaque skies?
Is there a bliss as yet undreamt,
Which future sleep may bring to sight?
Hides yet a woe, uncouth, unkempt,
Man has not battled on some night,
And conquered, else resigned the fight,
When taunting goblin-shapes crept up,
To press upon him Lethe's cup?

—*Ibid.*

ALVAH MILTON KERR.

ALVAH MILTON KERR is among the galaxy of young western writers whose works savor enough of genius to warrant the hope that they are destined to win unusual distinction in the world of letters, and he first saw the light thirty-seven years ago in the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ohio. While he was still in his infancy his parents emigrated to southern Wisconsin and settled on a farm, which was yet to be formed from the woods. Scarcely had a beginning been made, when the father died, and the widow with her children stuck to the cabin and the little clearing, which, under their united labors, grew larger year by year, until at last, where once was only primeval forests, stood broad fields and smiling acres blossoming with the fruits of well-directed skill and toil. Until he was ten years of age the boy never saw a town of any size, nor had he enjoyed any but the most meagre school advantages. He had, however, what amply atoned for all these drawbacks, a most excellent mother. She taught him the rudiments of an English education, and from his first efforts the boy seemed to imbibe knowledge with as much greed and delight as the parched earth absorbs the sweet rains from heaven. Language was music to his ears, and a choice bit of rhetoric was what an inspired passage from Beethoven would be to him who revels in the melodies of the old masters. While he was yet in his teens Mr. Kerr started out in the world for himself; he learned telegraphy, and was soon in charge of a station on one of the leading railroads in Iowa. Here, while performing the numerous duties of his calling, he found time to study and to indulge, to some extent, his love for miscellaneous reading. He also wrote much for his own gratification, but had not the temerity to offer his productions for print. Finally he sent a poem to the *Current*. This was accepted, and was also so good, that Mr. McGovern, then editor of the *Current*, wrote a personal letter to the young author encouraging him to still further effort. Stimulated by such kindly recognition Mr. Kerr wrote his first published short prose sketch, "Little Linn," which also appeared in the *Current* and attracted much attention. This was followed by others, and in 1885 he produced his first serial which was purchased and published by the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company. Two years later he wrote another story, "Trean," dealing with the Mormon question, which he sold to the same company. Another novel, "An Honest Lawyer," is now in press. Mr. Kerr is also an elocutionist and humorous impersonator of considerable note, and is regularly engaged by the Slayton Lyceum Bureau of Chicago.

In closing this brief sketch, I suppose it is due Mr. Kerr to say that primarily he is a poet; his natural inclinations prompting him to find expressions for his thoughts through the muse. It is also true, doubtless, that this same poetic vein in his nature is an element of strength in all his prose writings. But whether or not Mr. Kerr ever achieves distinction as a poet, he has already endeared himself to thousands in the West as a writer of pure and interesting fiction, and with his past achievements so well wrought out, he stands now at the threshold of what many of his admirers believe to be a still more brilliant and successful literary career.

E. R. P.

MUSIC.

WHAT message in thy mellow mixture dwells,
 Dream-language of the cricket-haunted ground?
 Thou rippling honey on the lips of sound!
 Bees' souls about the rosy mouths of shells!
 Ah, sonant conchs and golden-throated bells,
 Rich reeds, and velvet viols, and the round
 Of all sweet tones in happy marriage bound,
 Sure something more than pleasure from ye swells!
 Some finer medium than mortal speech,
 The perfect language of some lovely sphere
 That lies far out beyond our vision's reach,
 Soft whispered in the rhythm-charmèd ear,
 In such sweet wise as doth all doubt impeach,
 Of lives and loves beyond this place of fear.

TO A WILD WILD-FLOWER.

AH, shy little blossom, how modest you are,
 Sweet snow-flake of summer hid here in the lane,
 White sugar beat into a delicate star,—
 Gold hammers, the sunbeams! glass mallets, the
 rain!
 Look up, little flower! In the dawn as I pass,
 I part the green mane on the neck of the world
 And find you asleep in your bed of soft grass,
 Under spider-web blankets all moisture impearled.

Demure little bloom, are your orisons done?
 Ah, the cool-fingered wind lifts your head on its
 stem,
 And a drop of clear dew down a weed I see run
 Through your lips to your heart like a crystalline
 gem.

What makes you so dear, little flower in the grass?
 All white save your saffron-tipped stamens of pink,

And your drop of clear dew like a globule of glass,—
 What makes you so dear? Let me think, let me
 think!

Ah, shy little blossom, I know why my blood
 So sweetened and blithesome runs back to my
 heart!

Last eve I stood there at the edge of the wood
 Where the stream and the long rolling meadows
 have start,

And I told one my love whose joy was confessed
 By a tear that slipped down from her cheek, like
 your dew,

And 'twas caught by a blossom upon her sweet
 breast,

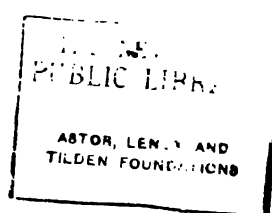
And I kissed it with rapture, as now I kiss you!

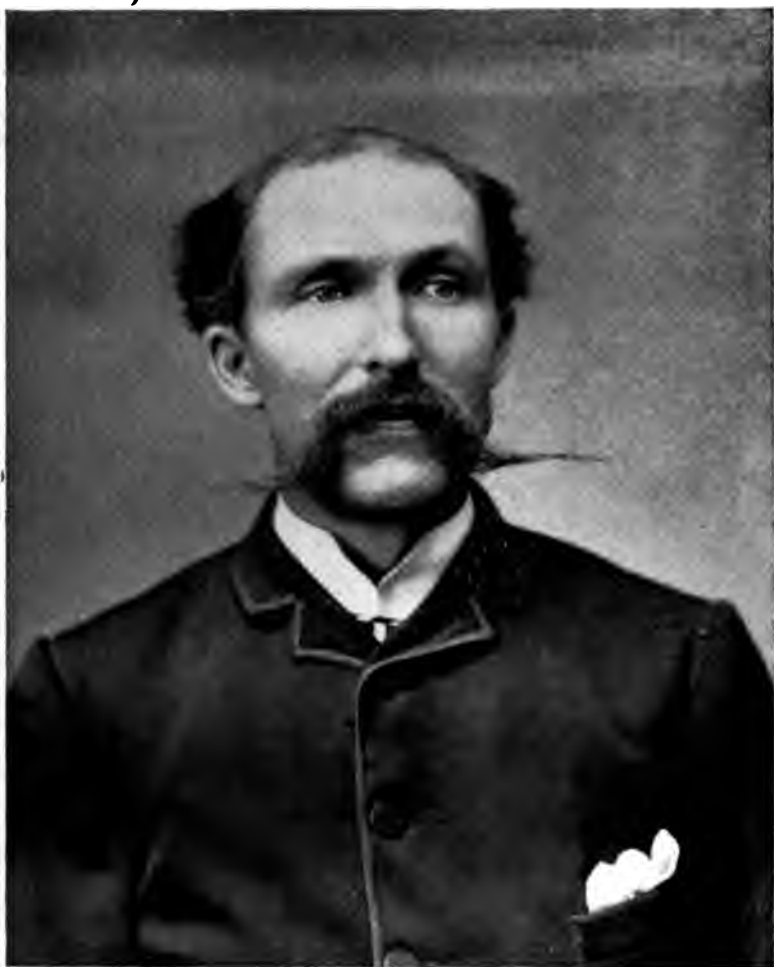
AT NIGHT.

MILD mother of the light that lovers prize!
 Moon, who, as now in mine with dreamy grace,
 Hast looked down in the eyes of all the race!
 What orbs have watched thy journeys through the
 skies!
 What visions 'round thy cyclic progress rise!
 What wonderment of thought how Shakespeare's
 face
 From Avon's fields looked up thy course to trace,
 And caught thy silver in unfathomed eyes!
 Great Pearl! bewitching all the swarthy air,
 I cannot feast me on thy silvery flight
 Save, wrapt in thoughts that he alone could bear,
 That face breaks whitening from the years of
 Night
 With radiance from the unseen God made fair,
 As thou art by the unseen sun made bright.

STORM.

ROAR heartless North! distend your icy jowl;
 I, straining homeward through the choking snow,
 Lean hard into thy winds, that shrieking blow
 Athwart the trees and in the gullies growl.
 Along the blast is hurled a helpless owl,
 Like some dim, muffled, hellward driven wo,
 And all the storm-bleared stars but vaguely glow
 Above the world that seems so cold and foul.
 But, ah! my North, the pain that's in the cold
 White tempest pouring from thy bitter mouth,
 But faster spurs me to yon dear, warm fold
 Where love my hearth makes sweeter than the
 South;
 As love at last unto its Home of Gold
 Draws us through pain from out life's storm and
 drouth.





Frederick Myron Colby.

SHADE LAKE.

A FLOOR of pearl among the northern pines,
 For elfin-sprites to wanton on, it spreads;
 A hollow full of silver, ringed with heads
 Of dripping lilies and embowered vines.
 Long hills about it lift their lawny spines
 With cup-like dents, moss-lined, and vermil beds
 Of bloom, from which such smell the south-wind
 treads,
 As never left fat Bacchus' cave of wines.
 Below one sees the bass and birds go by
 Like limber beams that curve and cross and fleet
 Among the clouds that fleck the under-sky,
 And all the blossoms murmur at one's feet.
 Ah, heart! let never fear upon you lie,
 Or doubt the Power that made a world so sweet.

RINGS.

My one ewe lamb is silent; o'er her beams
 The hearth-light like a halo; yet from me
 She's gone adrift o'er the enchanted sea,
 A lily floating on the deep of dreams.
 My helpless child! a sleeping flower she seems,
 Lying among her curls upon my knee;
 Yet far away she's gone with vision free,
 And left me missing in the ingle-gleams.
 Nay, still she feels me; round my finger clings
 Her little hand with soft and trusting hold,
 Her fingers wee, a clustered kiss of rings,
 More precious than a thousand hoops of gold;
 Ah, he who wears these magic rings may see
 The what life is, and why the world should be!

POSSIBILITY.

THE very blast that fills the ear with dread,
 The icy wind that makes the forehead ache,
 May bring the ear the thrush's song instead,
 And soothe the brow, when June again shall wake.

HEARTH.

And the hearth is the heart of our hope,
 Sweet place!
 Leap flame! sing kettle! paint peace on
 Each face!
 For ye are divine, love's own sacred shrine,
 The help and the hope of the race,
 In grace
 The star and the shield of the race!
 —A Song for the Hearth.

FREDERICK MYRON COLBY.

THE picturesque town of Warner, New Hampshire, is the birthplace of several authors of repute, and here the subject of our sketch was born December 9, 1848. Raised on a farm, he devoted his boyhood days between his studies and farm work. He taught school successfully several years, but his ambition lay in another direction. He had acquired a broad and practical knowledge by persistent study, and his aim was to utilize this knowledge in ways more agreeable to him than farming. After doing considerable minor work, in 1872, Mr. Colby wrote his first novel, which met with a response warranting him to follow it with others, the most successful of which was the "Daughter of Pharaoh," published in 1886. He has, in fact, been a voluminous prose writer, and done much good work in that line. It is not, however, so much what he has done as what we expect of him, and in the early prime of life, pleasantly situated, with a wife, who is an author and a scholar of ability, to assist and counsel him, we look for work that shall place his name among the honored ones.

As a townsman Mr. Colby is a valuable citizen, and socially he is very much of a favorite, though somewhat inclined to be reserved in mixed company. He is six feet in height, of fine physique and courteous manner, and with a comfortable income from his pen, lives as near, perhaps, as any one ever does, the author's ideal life in the pleasant village of his native town. G. W. B.

VENICE.

OH, Venice, what a dower was thine,
 Queen of the west and mistress of the seas!
 How proudly did'st thou sit upon the brine!
 How swept thy argosies before the breeze!
 What glorious days were those of old
 When all thy doges sat like kings in state,
 And all thy fleets from west and east bore gold
 To make thee 'mongst thy neighbors rich and
 great!

Then thou wast like a stately, fair young bride,
 All gold and velvet, silk and silver sheen;
 And thy gorgeous pageantries of pride
 Made nations marvel at thy state I ween.
 Methinks I still can see the banner'd host
 That thy old Doge, Dandolo, led to war
 When the proud empire of the east was lost
 To the Comneni. With what silent awe
 Did I pore o'er thy chronicles of state,
 The doings of thy Foscari, Zenos,

And him who by his vengeful plots and hate
Is doomed to infamy, till my blood arose,
And I could read no more. But even now
The memory of those tales stirs me anew
Whene'er I see thy name, and throbs my brow,
As if in gondola o'er thy waters blue
I mov'd 'neath thy shadowy gray old walls.
Once more thy Bucentaur sails o'er the wave
To wed the Adriatic. Thy princely halls
Are full of light. And from the shadowy grave
Arise the heroes of that early age,
Whose names adorn thy proud, historic page.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

HUSHED it was as noon within the quiet room
Where the great sculptor stood before his statue,
Carved of ivory whereon he'd wrought his doom,—
A woman's loveliest image carvèd true;
A work so perfect in all its lines of grace,
That potent divinity shone from its face.

For weary months had Pygmalion toiled
Upon his statue, seeking to make his hand
Responsive to his soul's desire ere he soiled
The stainless ivory; and in all the land
No living woman now could with this compare
Which he had wrought from out the ivory fair.

The statue stood a miracle in all but life,
And gazing at it the sculptor found his dream
Surpassed. No more of struggle or of strife,
For this lovely sculpture was like a gleam
From another world. It filled his soul with pride
That he could carve a form fit for Zeus' bride.

The artist gazing on his work of art,
Thought to himself "If she could only move
And breathe, this fair statue would win my heart.
No other thing at least can have my love.
Oh, Jove, what other form can give me bliss?"
And he pressed upon the carvèd lips a kiss.

What was it pierced him like a sharpened dart,
Burning him like a touch of fiery flame?
The lips he had formed with such wondrous art
That ever it won for him a deathless fame,
Had seemed to fill him with electric fire,
A thrill that moved him with a sweet desire.

Again he touched the divinely moulded lips.
They seemed to cling to his with loving warmth,
Their caress thrilled him to his finger tips.
Another kiss he snatched from off her mouth.

This time he knew they reddened with the kiss.
The sight filled him with unutterable bliss.

He did not dream; his fingers made a print
Upon the ivory of her swelling breast.
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm it rose against the dint
It gave him such delight once more he pressed
The rounded arms, a pleasing task to do;
Soft, and more soft at every touch they grew.

Yes, yes, the lovely statue swayed with life;
The hot blood coursed along the thrilling veins.
She oped her eyes and gazed, a virgin wife,
Upon the sculptor, silent as in chains.
Pygmalion, who had so boldly taken kisses sweet,
Now sank upon his knees and kissed her feet.

JUNE.

OH, the sunny days of June,
With their brightness and perfume,
Man and nature are in tune
When the roses are in bloom.
There is laughter in the woods, and there's shouting
in the vale,
And roses send their incense out to sweeten every
gale.

There is amber in the sunshine,
There are mirth and gladness now;
And laughing maidens garlands twine,
And birds sing from every bough.
In field and copse and dingle, gay flowers are bloom-
ing out,
And in the gurgling streamlets gaily leaps the
speckled trout.

It is nature's holiday,
In this month of fresh delight,
And the roses sweet and gay
Bloom morning, noon and night.
All the air is filled with perfume from the fragrant
bowers
Of roses, red and white and damask, summer's
dearest flowers.

LOVE.

"What is love?" A pilgrim worn and old
Upon her lonely bed was ask'd the same;
And answer'd with a faith worth more than gold:
"Love is heaven; it has no other name."
—*What is Love.*

JOHN HALL.

JOHN HALL, of Norbury, Sheffield, England, author of "Thoughts and Sketches in Verse," was born at Sheffield, September 3, 1824, and is the son of the late John Hall, who was Alderman during the first six years of the incorporation of Sheffield as a Borough. John Hall was educated first at Brampton Academy, near Wath, in Yorkshire, and afterwards at Wesley College, Sheffield, under the head-mastership of Rev. John Manners, M. A., with whom he has maintained a life-long friendship. He married the eldest daughter of George Walker, sugar refiner, of Sheffield, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in the town, one of the original promoters and first directors of the Great Northern Railway. Very soon after leaving college Mr. Hall composed both poems and prose articles for the Sheffield newspapers and other periodicals, but latterly chiefly for the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, and some well-known London magazines, usually under the signature "J. H. J." Though largely engaged in commerce, both on his own private account and as director in various important limited companies, including the firm of W. Jessop & Sons, of Sheffield, New York and Boston, he has at all times devoted himself to literary pursuits, and also found leisure for field sports, especially shooting and fly fishing.

Mr. Hall had the honor to be elected president of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society in 1878, and for many years contributed valuable papers on various literary subjects, thus proving himself a worthy successor of the poet James Montgomery, Sir Arnold J. Knight, and other men of note who established that society sixty-six years ago. John Hall is a typical specimen of English manliness, and in disposition is at once sensitive, refined and generous.

D. P.

THE MAN I ENVY.

How I envy the man who can always look round
On himself and belongings with pleasure profound;
Who can saunter through life with a satisfied smile,
And think how kind Fortune has blessed him the
while;
Who has health, good digestion, high spirit, and
hope,
And ne'er looks beyond the small world of his scope.

No doubts or misgivings e'er trouble *his* mind;
Whatever he does must be right, you will find;

While others may now and then make a mistake,
He always must win, whatsoever the stake;
At least, so he says, and we're bound to believe;
A man so high-favor'd would never deceive.

His wife is perfection; his children the same;
Precocities all, and predestined to fame.
His house and his furniture, pictures and wine,
His horses, his garden, his greenhouse and vine,
All rare and unrivall'd, in beauty and cost,
Such as no other man for miles round him can boast.

Has he sometimes a fear, things will e'er go amiss,
In this world or next—with himself or with *his*?
Not he; how could such a man ever go wrong?
So good and so moral, so healthy and strong;
God made *him* for happiness—that is quite clear—
So why of the future indulge in a fear?

Oh, 'tis pleasant to see how he chuckles and laughs,
As he sits at his table, and gobbles and quaffs,
Or walks down the road with a dignified swing
Or stands up in church, to respond and to sing.
Confessing himself a most "mis'erable sinner,"
Yet all the while thinking of what is for dinner.

He's a capital shot; never misses a bird;
Never makes a bad debt; and whenever you've
heard

Of a company's smash, be sure he's sold out;
Or another's success, be sure he's just bought;
In short, what he touches, like Midas of old,
Is sure (he assures us) to turn into gold.

Did I say that I envy him? Well, so I do;
(Not his wife, or his house, or belongings thereto;)
But I envy his placid contentment of mind,
And his trust in what Fortune for him has designed;
His unerring belief that regarding *his* lot,
What *is* must be right, and *what isn't*, is *not*.

SUMMER THOUGHTS.

Now is the choicest morsel of the year,
The perfect fullness of the summer's reign,
When wood and field and plant and flower attain
The richest beauty that they ever wear.

The time of hawthorn and of chestnut flowers,
Of lady-smocks and sweet forget-me-nots;
Of lovers, whispering in shady grots,
Making the most of day's long lingering hours.

The time of bees, and gaudy butterflies,
Of happy children in the bluebell glades;
Of lowing cattle and bright milking-maids,
Filling the meadow with soft, soothing cries.

The time of birds and forest minstrelsy,
 † Sweeter by far than operatic strains
 ♣ In crowded theatre, where fashion reigns,
 And gas and tinsel hold supremacy.

The time of fishermen, by pool and stream,
 Philosophizing in their gentlest mood,
 Yet striving hard to tempt the finny brood
 With every lure the angler's art can scheme.

And soon the time the mower whets his scythe,
 And busy haymakers begin their work,
 Tossing the fragrant grass, with rake and fork,
 And joking merrily, with voices blithe.

Yet do our souls rise equal to the scene
 That spreads around us like a heaven below?
 And do our hearts with holier rapture glow,
 As we survey the landscape's glorious sheen?

Are we more grateful and more purified,
 More free from selfishness and worldly care;
 From sordid avarice, our greatest snare,
 By all the beauties we have thus described?

Do we forget, amid these scenes of joy
 Sickness and Death still stalk throughout the land;
 And Want and Misery on every hand
 Demand our strongest efforts to alloy?

God grant, that, while we share this gladsome time
 In all its fullness, both of sight and sound,
 Our minds with nobler sentiments abound,
 And in their purity, with Nature chime!

TO NOVEMBER.—ON ITS DEPARTURE.

OH wretched month! Oh season of despair!
 Of dismal doubts, and dull, desponding care;—
 Of green-eyed melancholy, madness, mumps,
 Coughs, asthmas, colds, sore throats, and aching
 stumps;

Dyspepsia, hypochondria, and all
 The morbid miseries that man befall;
 Sunless and flowerless, desolate and damp,
 Thy dews a drizzle, and thy fields a swamp;
 Thy forests leafless, and thy landscapes bare,
 Thy sky a fog—impervious everywhere;
 Farewell—a long farewell—thou dreary month!
 My nerves abhor thee—as my body shunn'th!

* * * * *
 How have I 'scaped the horrors—how surviv'd
 The muggy days, and weary nights, yet liv'd?
 Surely it was the memory of the past,
 And hopes of better days to come at last;
 The pleasant thoughts of summer days gone by,
 Of daisied turf, bright suns, and cloudless sky;

Of gardens spangled with a thousand flowers,
 Of full-leaf'd trees, and blossom-weighted bowers;
 Of gentle zephyrs, wafting fragrant smells
 From clover meadows, and from cowslip dells;
 Of winding streams and sylvan solitudes,
 Sequester'd lanes, where seldom man intrudes;
 Of birds and bees, and the delightful hum
 Of happy insect life, no longer dumb!

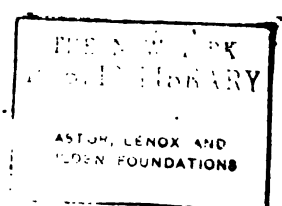
These are the thoughts that keep me still alive,
 And cheer my heart, when oft despair would drive
 My soul to madness: so, foul fiend, avaunt!
 Ye blue dyspeptic devils, cease to haunt
 My dull, disorder'd brain! Come heavenly hope,
 And to my fancy give a wider scope;
 And though I may not look for spring-time yet,
 Woo the soft breeze, or cull the violet,
 Though weeks and months of winter still remain,
 Let me regard them in a livelier vein;
 Not as thy squalid offspring, O November,
 But the blythe sons and daughters of December;
 Crisp, sparkling morns, bright noons, and frosty
 nights,

O'er which a million stars diffuse their lights;
 Transparent skies, invigorating air,
 Nature's best tonic, antidote of care;
 With merry Christmas knocking at the door,
 To cheer and bless us in a few weeks more;
 Restoring genial gladness to our hearth,
 And to our hearts a long-forgotten mirth;
 Dispelling all remembrance of the past,
 The clouds and darkness o'er November cast;
 The gloomy fears, the misery and mud,
 The unstrung nerves, the ill-condition'd blood,
 Giving new life, new spirits, new desires,
 Enkindling once again the nigh-quenched fires.
 Oh, pleasing thought! delightful hope remain!
 My spleen is o'er—"Richard's himself again!"

IN MEMORIAM.—WILLIAM HOWARD.

Obit February 7, 1869, ætat 88.

LIKE autumn fruit that lingers to the last,
 Till fully ripe it softly melts away;
 Whose perfect form no rude untimely blast
 Has prematurely hastened to decay—
 So falls away our friend; at eighty-eight,
 Still rosy as the morn, and fresh in mind,
 With active frame that seem'd to scorn the weight
 Of near a century; with taste refin'd,
 Still sensitive to each harmonious sound,
 And keenly critical of music's laws,
 And love of all things lovely to be found
 In art or nature, poetry or prose:
 So falls our friend! and we shall see no more
 That venerable head, crown'd with its silver hoar.





Annie Shottwell

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

MRS. ANNIE ROTHWELL was born in London, England, but came to Canada with her father and family when but four years old; and with the exception of a three years' visit to her native land in her girlhood, her life has been passed in the old historic city of Kingston, in the Province of Ontario. Her father, Daniel Fowler, the artist, is a man of wide literary culture, and as a painter his claims to merit are decided by his having been awarded the only medal given for water colors to any artist on the American Continent at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

Mrs. Rothwell began writing verses at an early age, but none of these ever saw the light. Her first literary ventures were short prose tales, contributed for a period of several years to different American, Canadian and English magazines. Besides these she has published four novels of greater length, entitled "Alice Gray," "Edge Tools," "Loved I not Honor More," and "Requital." It was, however, seven years ago, that Mrs. Rothwell became more widely known in the Dominion. She was deeply moved at that time by the occurrence of the Riel Rebellion in the Northwest, and expressed her feelings in lines which met a quick response in the hearts and from the pens of her countrymen. Since then she has not hesitated to write on other subjects in metrical language.

Mrs. Rothwell has been for years a widow, after a brief but happy married life. She has traveled somewhat extensively, but her sympathies and affection are with the home and people of her adoption, which accounts for the regard in which she is held among them, and for the Canadian tinge perceptible in her writings. N. L. M.

IN HOSPITAL.

ACROSS the glittering snow stretches the long blue shadows fall,
And the golden flash of the sunset creeps up on the whitewashed wall;
If I ever reach Heaven, I wonder shall I see the sun set on the snows?
And if there are shadows in Heaven, will they be as blue as those?
Sick fancies? Maybe. Perhaps, if you'd lain here as long as I,
If your life was one long patience, and you knew that to change was to die,
You'd be thankful for even a fancy to take you out of your pain,

And lift you one minute,—what, crying?—there—hush, I won't say it again.

Too young? Ay, I'm not very old, lady; but when death stares you hard in the face,
There's a wonderful change comes on you; and a hospital ward's not the place
To grow younger, exactly. What brought me? Sit nearer, and bend your ear,
For this plaguy breath comes short; 't would be hard for me now to join in a cheer.
We were comrades, me and Joe Linton; we shared one bench at school,
Together we worked in the harvest, and bathed in the shady pool;
He was little, and bright-eyed, and shapely, as straight as a balsam tree;
I'd strength, but I'd never no beauty,—folks never thought much of me.
To manhood we grew like brothers; then he took a strange fancy to roam,
And went away for a sailor, while I stayed with the old folks at home.
I missed him,—but 't wasn't so hard, somehow, as it might be to let him go;
I had learned to fear him a little—for I'd learned to love Mary Snow.

And I tried through the short bright summer to teach her to care for me;
My gentle darling, my rosebud, the sweetest girl that could be!
And sometimes I thought she had learned it, sometimes my hope was low;
But I never dared ask—an old story—but you bade me tell you, you know.
Well, Joe came back with the winter, and he asked me the question straight,—
"Have you made it out with Mary, Will? I'd as lief know it now as to wait."
I shook my head, for I couldn't speak, but my heart beat thick and fast,
As his dark eyes flashed, and—God help us both!—I saw the truth at last.
He was true to me, Joe. All winter he spoke to her never a word;
And her cheek grew pale, and the voice grew still that had warbled as gay as a bird;
My chance was gone, and I knew it, but a loyal heart had Joe,—
While I stayed he was dumb; so in spring-time 't would be my turn to go.
Well, the spring-time came, and the summons; you remember it, lady? the call

That rang out so sharp and sudden, and struck the
fire in us all?

I was glad, for I wanted no better than a lawful
chance to die;

But when Joe—I thought of Mary, and I wondered
and asked him, why?

Then he took my hand in the old-time grip, and
smiled, as he softly said,—

“There’s One we can seek without strife, lad, and
both win,—living or dead.

I can’t let you win her alone, lad; we’ll look for her
side by side;

And whichever comes back——.” I knew what he
meant. Oh, if only I had died!

Through the hard grand time that followed, we
lived like brothers again;

Shared frost and fatigue and hunger, and duties of
pleasure and pain;

Together through march and bivouac, we fared to
the tenth of May,

And together, that Sunday morning, on the skir-
mish line we lay.

Ah! ’twas no home echo of church bells that Sab-
bath silence broke;

Command and obedience were priest and psalm,
and our incense was rifle smoke.

But “obedience is better than sacrifice,” I think I
have heard it said;

Maybe ours will be reckoned for worship when the
last great orders are read.

Need I tell the rest? You can guess it,—the shot,
and the swift sharp word,

Half oath and half prayer, hurled towards me, as
the grass where he lay was stirred:

And how I, on my knees beside him, in the waste
and desolate place,

With his blood on my useless fingers, and his faint-
ing eyes on my face,

In appeal for the help I had not, saw the desperate
choice that must lie

Betwixt one mad effort to save him, or waiting to
watch him die.

My arms were strong, and I clasped him,—the wide
plain, as I raised him and ran,

Heaved to and fro around me. In that struggle of
man for man,

My own heart choked me. . . . The distant
lines seemed to mock my failing speed,

And no breath in the burden I carried gave me hope
or strength in my need . . .

—The end? Well, a crack in the distance, and
something struck my wrist,

And I shifted the weight to my shoulder that I
thanked God the bullet had missed.

A second,—my foot slipped,—I stumbled; was it
only over a stone?

Ah! this time the lead gave its message,—took trib-
ute of flesh and bone.

That’s all—I had tried and failed. When they
found us they scarce could tell

The dead from the living. Oh, had I but died when
I fainted and fell!

But I’ve lingered these long months over (’tis a
weary time since May!)

With pain my companion in darkness, and sorrow
my comrade by day.

They gave Joe a soldier’s burial,—he has earned a
soldier’s fame;

In the day so swiftly coming do you think I shall
have the same?

Had I saved him, lady, I’d have given twenty lives,
nor counted the cost;

But it’s somewhat hard to fight one’s best, yet know.
that the day is lost.

We shall know why it happens, maybe, some day,
and perhaps we shall get our reward,

When the last retreat has been sounded, and the
angels relieve the guard.

ASPIRATION.

IF I might ask of Heaven one choicest gift,
Not wealth were my request, nor joy, nor fame;
Nor yet release from sorrow would I claim;
Nor length of years; nor at my finger’s lift
Should peoples bow; nor would I strive to sift
The sage’s wisdom; nor love’s passionate flame
To prove; nor seek (perhaps), escape from shame.
But this—that I might speak. If some bereft
And grieving heart find solace—some young breast
Know faith and truth divine—some soul, oppressed
By thankless duties done in lowly ways,
Learn patience—if some fainting spirit gain
Courage afresh to bear with earth’s long pain,
Or wage its warfare without meed of praise
From word of ours, that higher grace were left?
Who shall so speak shall not have lived in vain.

MEMORY.

We sound, for youth’s exultant tune
The sad key-note, “Remember;”
And know, for all our pride of June,
The pathos of September.

—September.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN, of Scotch-English descent, the son of Rev. Andrew and Lois Eames Rankin, was born in Thornton, N. H., Jan. 2, 1828. He fitted for college at South Berwick, Me., Concord, N. H., and Chester, Vt., and was graduated at Middlebury in 1848. Taught successively in New London, Ct., Warren Co., Ky., and in his Alma Mater. Was pastor in Potsdam, N. Y., St. Albans, Vt., Lowell and Boston, Mass., Orange, N. J., and for fifteen years in Washington, D. C. Received degree of D. D. in 1869, and of LL. D., in 1889. Has published sermons, poems in the Scottish dialect, "Hymns Pro Patria," contributed to the religious press, and to reviews. Frances E. Willard has given him the title, "The Poet-Laureate of Reform." Prof. Austin Phelps of Andover said of his ministry in Washington, "It was the coronation of us all;" Hon. Fred. Douglass, "Dr. Rankin in the pulpit has helped us more than all the legislation of Congress." Dr. Rankin resides at present in Washington, D. C. He is president of Howard University. J. C.

GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels, guide, uphold you;
With His sheep, securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting, hide you;
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again,

God be with you till we meet again,
With the oil of joy anoint you;
Sacred ministries appoint you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Of His promises remind you,
For Life's upper garner bind you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Sicknesses and sorrows taking,
Never leaving, nor forsaking;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Ended when for you earth's story,
Israel's chariot sweep to glory;
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again.

THEM BABIES.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips, and baumy mou,'
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face,
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel:
Twad be na blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

MITHER TAUGHT.

AT mither's knee I waitin' stood,
Wi' fingers link'd behin' me,
The bauldest o' the bairnheid brood:—
That hour they seldom tined me;

My mither's weel-arch'd bree aboon,
Wi' lo'e-lit e'e a droopin':—
The deid, the gaun, they gather roun',
In memory's halie groupin'!

Her han' she placed upon my heid;
Hoo aften I've caressed it!
An' syne it moulder'd wi' the deid,
Hoo aft wi' tears ha'e blessed it!
Hoo sweet she tauld us o' Christ's lo'e,
Hoo He lay in the manger:
Hoo, then, she leuked our hale life thro',
An' mapped out ilka danger.

A roguish, rompin' bairn was I,
Wi' een deep-set, blue-blinkin',
Who speir'd o' things baith laigh and high,
An' had a way o' thinkin':
Her leuk o' lo'e could mak' the tears,
Adoon my cheek fast trickle:—
But, ah, nae bairn lang face lang wears,
He has o' joys sic mickle.

She never thought her wark was gran',
Nor bruided it, not tauld it:
But, kept at it, wi' silent han',
Our bairnheid life to mould it;
Contentit wi' the halie sphere,
Ower whilk she stretch'd lo'e's sceptre:
The harvest o' life's comin' year,
Hopefu' through a', this kept her.

For, like the sources o' the burn,
Frae rocks an' trees doon-drappin',
Those deft-hid things that first we learn,
Still oot they maun be crappin';
I've lang forgot the beuks I read,
The wise things taught i' college:
But, time 'll na dri'e frae oot my head
That ither bairnheid knowledge!

WE HA'E NAE BAIRNS.

We ha'e nae bairns, our hame within,
Wi' ootspread arms to meet us;
To fill the door wi' fun and din,
As they rush forth to greet us.

We ha'e nae cherry mou's to feed;
We buy nae toys to please them;
Nae boots, nae dolls, nae skates we need;—
Nae eager wee-things seize them.

We ha'e nae sturdy stock to raise
O' men, o' wives, beginning!

To teach them warldly arts and ways,
Of bread and butter winning.

We ha'e nae tempted ones to guide
The path that leads to glory;
To tell them of the Crucified:
The pith o' Bible story.

We ha'e nae bairns, when we are dead
To shed lo'e's tears aboun' us,
To soothe for us the lanely bed,
And sprinkle flowers aroun' us.

We ha'e nae bairns, to keep our name,
When we are gane, frae dying;
To build agen anither hame,
The stock still multiplying:

A barren pair, we look around,
Not mither and not father;
Like water spilled upon the ground,
Whilk nae man's art can gather.

DINNA COME COURTIN' TILL ME.

Dinna come courtin' till me, young man,
Dinna come courtin' till me!
Ye'er a rake I can see, wi' the hauf o' an' 'ee,
An' ye lo'e Scotch drink, an' the barley bree;
Sae dinna come courtin' till me young man,
Dinna come courtin' till me.

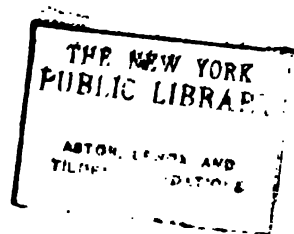
Dinna come courtin' till me, young man,
Dinna come courtin' till me!
Tho' ye're supple an' ta', an' briskit sae braw,
An' can loup an' prance in the harvest dance;
Ye needna come courtin' till me, young man,
Ye needna come courtin' till me!

Ah! then, come courtin' till me, young man,
Ah, then, come courtin' till me;
Wi' drink, if ye're dune, by a' that's aboon;
I'll gi'e ye my han', as a prince o' the lan',
An' let ye come courtin' till me, young man,
An' let ye come courtin' till me.

INHUMANITY.

This warl's a cauld, cauld warl' thou'lt find it,
For fragile flowers and weans to glint here;
It's fu' of snaws as ony winter;
An' to the helpless, unco' blind it;

—To a Mitherless Wean.





Julie Hethcote Baker

JULIE WETHERILL BAKER.

JULIE WETHERILL BAKER, author, was born in Woodville, Mississippi, in 1858, in a spacious country house, whose old-time soberness shows here and there a touch of modern coquetry in the shape of a gracefully constructed wing, an airy trellised porch, or a bow-window. It was the home of her distinguished grandfather, Cotesworth Pinckney Smith, Chief Justice of the state of Mississippi, and many remember his royal hospitality. Mrs. Baker writes over the unassuming disguise of three initials, "J. K. W." Julie K. Wetherill was her maiden name. She writes mainly for the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, in its Sunday issue, and is one of the keenest, most cultured critics in this country. The "Bric-a-Brac" department of the *Times-Democrat* is an authority in the South on all matters of current literature. Every Sunday this is a symposium of discussions of the latest periodicals and freshest book, and it is safe to trust to the experience, tastes and critical judgment of the reviewer, "J. K. W." She is the wife of Marion A. Baker, literary editor of the paper, has been married for five years, and has no children. Mrs. Baker is an ideal critic. She is no respecter of persons. Famous names do not impose on her, nor does she ignore the most obscure writer if she discovers the germ of real value in his work. She is one of the most utterly unbiased reviewers who writes for the daily press, and she is as lavish with her praise as she is unsparing in her adverse criticisms. In addition to her department of literary comment, which, though struck off in the white heat of rapid execution, never fails to be finished and polished, she contributes each week a column or more of scholarly criticism to the editorial page of the paper. Born in Mississippi and reared partly in that state and partly in Philadelphia, the home of her eminent Quaker ancestor, Samuel Wetherill, she shows in her writings the dual influence of her early surroundings.

In physical appearance Mrs. Baker is just what her writings would indicate, slender, with lustrous brown hair and glorious dark eyes. Her manner is exquisitely modest and winning, and she is not only literary authority in New Orleans, but a general favorite in its most cultured circles. M. R. C.

A DAY OF JOY.

THOU canst not rob me of that happy day,
Though joy from out earth's choral song has ceased
And all things pass, the greatest as the least.

So may the red rose weep its leaves away,
And summer from her sumptuous prime decay,
And silence fall upon the season's feast,
And darkness on the dawn-enkindled east,
Whence the sun leaps with bright and beckoning
ray;
That day was mine. And as the lonely years
Wind downward toward death's door that gloom
afar,
One memory shall banish all my fears,—
A talisman that naught can dull or mar,—
And I shall see it, from the way of tears,
Thine 'mid the grave-dust like a fallen star.

MAY MEMORIES.

Lo! I thought, when spring is nigh,
And the young leaves everywhere
Make a darkness in the air
'Gainst the blue and shining sky,
Joy must surely hither fly.

Yet where now my feet would pass
Stands a spectre veiled and mute;
Love's clear voice, with pipe and lute,
Calls o'er fields of budding grass;
But the way is barred—alas!

Unforgotten, stern and strong,
Knowing all things, answering not,
For thy sad, sequestered lot,
For thy vigils drear and long,
Sorrow! I will give thee song.

Give thee laughter for thy tears,
Buds of May for funeral flowers,
Revels wild for mournful hours;
Happy days of happy years,
Void of cares or haunting fears.

Feast and mirth of Arcady
Shall be thine, and music soft
Round thy shrine shall echo oft
When the night's last shadows flee.
Sorrow! turn thy face from me.

Breathe not of the long ago.
Let me follow, far and fleet,
Where the jasmine bowers are sweet,
And the reddest roses blow,—
Love hath called me!—let me go.

YOURS IN HASTE.

I LOVED that dainty monogram,
With three slim letters interlaced,
Above the notes she used to write,
Signing them ever, "Yours in haste."

The world was young, and so was I;
How sweet to think that in the whirl
She kept one moment all for me,
To glad my heart—my radiant girl!

The world is old, and so am I;
And since my love became my wife,
It seems to me I've somehow been,
Too late for everything in life.

With ribbons flying, gown awry,
With panting breath and boots unlaced,
True to her vows of yore, she's been,
Both now and ever—mine "in haste."

THE DESIRE OF THE STAR FOR THE MOTH.

I AM lonely, I call thee, misprising
The might of the heavens above;
On the wings of the whirlwind arising,
Oh, come to me, thou whom I love!
Would I scorch thee as earth lights that beckon
From flowers and perfumes and dew?
Come upward, thou dear one, and reckon
The old by the new.

The North Star shines cold in its splendor,
The comet in glory sweeps past;
They are splendid and strange and untender,
And heaven seems lonely and vast;
For I long with a passion supernal,
A yearning no spell can remove,
To clasp thee in rapture eternal,
O, thou whom I love!

Through the dark that presages the morning,
Ere dawn springs in joy from the sea,
Unheeding of silence or scorning,
My voice cries aloud unto thee.
In my heart will I hold thee, and never
Our love shall pass out from the sky,
Though the spheres, fixed and mighty forever,
Should crumble, should die.

WHEN ALL IS SAID.

WHEN all is said—when all our words
Of love and pleasure, one by one,

Have taken wing and flown like birds
That seek the southern sun—

Naught will be changed. The sweet delay
Of April dusks, the rapturous dawn,
The golden height of glowing day,
Will all go on and on.

The birds will shake the rosy bough
With ecstasy of Springtide song,
And in the meadows, then as now,
The grass will crowd and throng.

There will be flowers and flowers!—to waste
Along the paths where victors tread
Or where the feasters singing haste,—
And wreaths to deck the dead.

And not the less cool streams shall run
Through secret haunts of woodland gloom;
And I shall smile, as smiles the sun
On cradle and on tomb.

When all is said . . . soul of my soul!
Could all be said of love's delight
'Twixt thee and me, though time should roll
Beyond earth's day and night?

A METEOR AT DUSK.

BEHOLD! one turns, with wind-blown golden head,
A backward glance to where the feasters stand,
Where songs arise, where bloom of wine is shed;
And so the lamp from out her slackened hand
Falls, and the darkness falls; and the day is dead.

FRANCESCA TO PAOLO.

I KNOW the Spring makes merry far and wide,
And birds are building nests with songful cheer,
In yon green world, lovely and love-denied:
Lo! this is hell . . . but thou art with me here.

TIME.

What wilt thou give to me,—oh, say,
Thou gray old man with restless wings!—
For love's entrancing morn of May,
For dawn and freshness of the day,
And life that leaps and clings?
Lo! I will make thy footsteps slow
Across the flowers that bend and wave,
And for thy gold will give thee snow,
And silence for thy laughter low.

—Barter.

BELA CHAPIN.

BELA CHAPIN was born February 19, 1829, on his father's farm in Newport, N. H. He is a descendant in the sixth generation from Deacon Samuel Chapin, who came to this country from Wales, and settled in Springfield, Mass., in 1642.

Bela Chapin attended the public schools in his neighborhood, and at an early age entered the office of the *National Eagle*, at Claremont, N. H., and learned the art of printing. While an apprentice he wrote several short poems, which were published and commended without the author of them being known. After completing his apprenticeship he worked in various printing offices at Concord and Keene, N. H. Having by industry and frugality saved some money, he used it to gratify a thirst for a more exact education. He entered Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, N. H., where he fitted for college. After this he returned to his trade, which he pursued for a few years, then bought a farm in his native town, carried it on for a time, sold it, and bought the Dartmouth *Press* printing establishment and a book bindery at Hanover, N. H., which business he continued until 1870, when he came to Claremont, N. H., bought a farm a short distance from the village, where he has since lived, devoting his time to the cultivation of fruits and flowers; raising of thoroughbred cattle, and general farming; in his large and well-selected library studying the Latin and Greek languages and in writing. His productions have been published anonymously or over his initials. He has been an extensive and discriminating reader and most industrious student.

In 1881 Mr. Chapin collected the material and compiled a book of 784 pages, entitled "The New Hampshire Poets," containing some of the more meritorious productions of New Hampshire poets, with brief biographical sketches of the authors.

O. F. R. W.

ON SOWING SEED.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At noon thy toil pursue,
At evening be thine earnest heed
The Master's will to do.

Sow with unsparing hand,
With what of strength is thine,
In desert or in fertile land
The seed of truth divine.

Sow seed of righteousness
That bringeth joy and peace;
The Spirit may thy labor bless
And cause a large increase.

In service of the Lord
Toil on from day to day,
And He will grant a great reward
That passeth not away.

The world is His own field,
He bids us go and sow,
And He will make it richly yield,
And fruit immortal grow.

Still sow the precious seed
The human heart within,
And pluck away each baneful weed
Of discord, strife and sin.

But most in thine own heart
Seek wisdom to enjoy;
And choose for aye the better part
That nothing can destroy.

Although we toil and sow,
And water what is sown,
Yet He from whom all blessings flow
Doth give increase alone.

IN MAY.

THE charming days of lovely May,
With all the groves in green array,
Are come new joy to yield;
The sunshine and descending rain
Hastens the growth of rising grain
In every farmer's field.

How blissful now the sweet perfume,
Pervading all the orchard bloom,
Of many an opening flower;
From apple, cherry, plum and pear
There comes a fragrance on the air
To bless the springtime hour.

IN DECEMBER.

How quick the seasons come and go!
The summer hurried through the sky,
The autumn tints were all aglow;
Now dreary prospects meet my eye;
Now winter freezes every scene
Where lately all was summer green.

The frost, the snow, the raging blast,
 The sad and short December day,
 The brook now held in fetters fast,
 The icy hilltops far away,
 The naked trees, such gloomy things
 Are but the objects winter brings.

ADOWN THE VALE.

ADOWN the vale, in summer time,
 How pleasing all things seem;
 There spreading elm trees stand sublime
 Beside the meadow stream.

Thick woods of green, deciduous trees
 Upon the right descend;
 And on the left, declivities
 Of tillage land extend.

Adown the vale rich is the bloom
 Of buttercups and daisies white,
 And clover red, of sweet perfume,
 Breathes ecstasy and rare delight.

Adown the vale the sumacs grow,
 The willows by the stream;
 And there 'tis pleasant oft to go
 When fields with beauty teem.

And while adown the vale I look,
 In memory back I stray;
 I see as in an open book
 Things long since passed away.

Sometime, how soon I cannot tell,
 My days will all be o'er;
 And down the vale I love so well
 I then shall walk no more.

THE SYLPH OF SUMMER.

FROM regions of ethereal blue
 The summer sylph descends,
 Arrayed in robes of every hue
 That in the rainbow blends.

She wears a semblance ever bright
 Not of telluric birth,
 And she descends on wings of light
 To bless the scenes of earth.

Through portals of the eastern sky
 She glides on dewy wings

She comes when leafy June is nigh
 And joy and gladness brings.

And through the months of summer time
 She walks the earth the while,
 And vales and plains and hills sublime
 Perceive her lovely smile.

But when the summer days are o'er
 And autumn time begun,
 She wings her way to that fair shore
 Beyond the setting sun.

A HYMN.

O LAMB of God, who died for all,
 Thou who didst die for me,
 In penitence on thee I call,—
 Give me a hope in thee.

Amid the vanities of life,
 Oh, keep my spirit free
 From sin's allurements and from strife,
 And give me peace in thee.

And may I oft in worship sweet
 Before thee bend the knee;
 And do thou guide my wayward feet
 And grant me faith in thee.

Forgive the wrong that I have done,
 Of whatsoe'er degree;
 And give me grace, thou Holy One,
 To spend my days for thee.

Whatever ills my life betide,
 Whate'er is mine to see,
 Oh, may I still in hope abide,
 And rest secure in thee.

When my departing hour is near,
 Oh, joyful may it be
 To cross death's stream devoid of fear,
 Upheld dear Lord, by thee.

TWILIGHT.

The great round sun has wheeled adown the sky,
 And angry clouds float heavily and vast;
 The day is ending and the night is nigh,
 And with increasing chillness comes the blast.
 —*Security*

THE NEW YORK
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Edith Willis Linn

EDITH WILLIS LINN.

EDITH WILLIS, daughter of Frederic L. H. and Love M. Willis, was born in New York City, February 19, 1865. Her father is a physician and her mother has some reputation as a writer, principally for the young. At the age of six years the young girl's home was changed from New York to Boston for the winter months, and to Glenora, Seneca Lake, in summer. Miss Willis was educated in private schools until she was eighteen; thereafter under the tutelage of private teachers. In 1886 she was married, to Dr. S. H. Linn. Her home life before and since her marriage has been one conducive to culture. At the age of ten she began writing verse, but no manuscript was preserved until a year later. Since that time writing has been a pastime. With her sons, Mrs. Linn is a companion and friend, and in her home a faithful care-taker. Since her marriage she has traveled quite extensively, and many of her poems were written during her stay abroad. Perhaps the best evidence of her true womanliness is the love and devotion lavished upon her at home, and by her friends—for there must be love in the heart, truth, warmth and sincerity in order to win love. She possesses great moral and physical courage. In person she is tall and slight, with brown hair, gray eyes and a brunette skin. In temperament she is neither morbid or bookish, but is fond of fun and frolic and all out-of-door exercise. J. W.

CONSUMMATION.

WHY did I weep o'er flowers of the May?
I, who hold fast the shocks of garnered grain,
The ripe corn's yield, the purple grapes' rich store,
The harvest wealth of orchard, wood, and plain?

Before such splendors those sweet blossoms seem
So pale and colorless, I wonder how
I ever wept because they faded fast;
I did not dream I would be rich as now.

O, kindly Fate that takes, although we weep,
Sweet flowers of spring, to give us larger store!
That piles life's treasures high until our hearts
Are satisfied, and we can ask no more.

But, garnered grain, purpose and end of bloom,
Treasures of heart that shall not fade away,
Ye had not been, had I not known and loved,
And lost in tears, those flowers of the May.

A BAS-RELIEF.

Cut out against the gray of winter's sky,
In bas-relief, great Titian's head in stone.
The winds about the cornice sob and moan,
And men below in shivering groups go by.
The snows like pure white mantles outspread lie.
The head of Titian watches there alone
Scenes from the great life-drama once his own;
Thither for rest the storm-worn sparrows fly.

A nook for sparrows in a stormy day!
A name men seldom speak their whole lives long!
Is this what comes of honor, glory, fame?
Is this the end? Who wise enough to say?
These the fair laurels that to fame belong—
A rest for storm-tired birds, a hollow name?

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

FAIR Atlantis, peerless country,
Lulled within the ocean's arms,
Lying beautiful and shining
In the tranquil zone of calms;
Never war or plague came near thee,
In thy halls were love and ease.
Now above thee, lost Atlantis,
Roll the ever restless seas.

In those histories, half tradition
With their romance thread of gold,
We will find the name and story
Of thy cities fair and old.
Dreaming poet has told the fancy,
Wandering minstrel sung of thee,
Now above thee, lost Atlantis,
Rolls the ever restless sea.

Every heart has such a country,
Some Atlantis loved and lost,
Where upon the gleaming sand bars
Once life's fitful ocean tossed;
Mighty cities rose in splendor,
Love was monarch of that clime;
Now above this lost Atlantis
Roll the restless seas of Time.

Happy he who looking backward
From a life of larger scope,
Deems a youthful, idle fancy,
His lost continent of hope.
Or by light of love and gladness
Finds his present all sublime,
Glad that o'er his lost Atlantis
Roll the restless seas of Time.

BABY'S EYES.

My baby's eyes! What lights they hold;
 What wonderful hints of wealth untold;
 Of lands where the flowers never die;
 Of tropic lands, where the sunbeams lie
 On diamond fields and hills of gold.

My baby's eyes! There are hints in these
 Of wonder-land's glory, of sunny seas;
 Of ice-capped mountains and fields of snow;
 Of twilight shadows and moonlight glow,
 And the hidden springs of mysteries.

There is hope and faith and glad surprise,
 And deep, dark wells where passion lies;
 There are infinite mountains of peace and calm,
 And rushing rivers of wild alarm,
 And God and heaven, in baby's eyes.

PSYCHE.

Ah! Psyche, you were right;
 Love never should be blind,
 It was no lack of love to light
 Your torch, his face to find.

And you were glad, I know,
 Through all your toil and pain,
 That you had seen your love, although
 You should not see again.

Yours was a soul so true
 That, had he not been fair,
 But some dark, ugly monster, you
 Had loved too well to care.

And so I claim your love
 Was wise, and I would choose
 To know, however hard it prove,
 The worth of what I lose.

THE KNIGHT AND THE MAID.

THERE was a knight of noble mien
 Who loved a lady fair,
 A valiant knight in war was he,
 A braver heart in love had she,
 This maid with sunny hair.

The land had need of men like him,
 He drew the maiden near;

"I can not, will not leave your side!
 Let duty call! I here abide,
 My world, my all is here."

The maiden kissed her lover's brow,
 Then put him from her breast;
 "I can not love you if you stay,
 Away where duty calls! Away!
 Though death should do his best."

She clasped the sword about his waist,
 She held his gleaming spear,
 She watched him through the postern gate,
 His duty action, hers to wait
 In agony and fear.

The knight won honors on the field
 And laurels for his brow,
 He gained a noble, deathless name,
 He wears the envied wreath of fame,—
 The maid forgotten now.

LOVE'S DAWN.

LAST night,—all night sweet slumber fled my eyes
 I watched the stars climb up the eastern steep,
 And sink down, down into the western deep
 In glittering groups. I heard the soft wind rise
 And gently sing, as mothers croon a song
 Above their babes. I heard the waters moan
 Upon the shore, like an old love outgrown
 And left behind, weeping above its wrong.
 Then through the stillness of the cool, sweet night,
 Burst a full flood of song from some glad bird,
 Who waking thought of love, or dreaming heard
 His mate's voice calling,—slowly broke the light
 Over the hills. Thus with a burst of song,
 Comes love's dawn to the heart that's waited long.

IN AUTUMN.

WHO has not seen on a dull autumn day
 The sun burst forth from some o'erhanging cloud,
 And noted how the gray world doffed its shroud
 And laughed like a young bride? How madly gay
 The maples and the stunted sumachs burned,
 And some late robin, dreaming of the spring,
 Forgot his southern home and stopped to sing.
 So to the heart came love; its splendor turned
 The world to glory. Hearts were glad before
 And life was beautiful,—but now is thrown
 Love's golden glow on the old world we've known
 Making it brighter than it was of yore.
 And old-time memories that once were sad
 Burst into song and make the heart more glad.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, a writer of verse and short stories, was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, July 10, 1861. At the age of twenty he was a paid contributor to a number of Eastern periodicals. For four years he discontinued writing, but has in the past two years resumed, and is doing considerable literary work. His work finds sale with *Harper's*, *Belford's Monthly*, *Frank Leslie's*, Kate Field's *Washington*, *Epoch*, and others. His "Dream of the Sea," first published in the *Kansas City Star*, has been reprinted by almost every newspaper in the land, and a recent dialect poem in *The Epoch*, entitled, "Concernin' Some Folks," is having a run nearly as great.

Mr. Paine's home is in Fort Scott, Kan. M. H.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

A FARMER lad in his prairie home
Lay dreaming of the sea;
He ne'er had seen it, but well he knew
Its pictured image and heavenly hue;
And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters blue,
With the winds a-blowing free,
With the winds so fresh and free.

He woke, and he said "The day will come
When that shall be truth to me;"
But as years swept by him he always found
That his feet were clogged and his hands were bound,
Till at last he lay in a narrow mound,
Afar from the sobbing sea,
The sorrowing, sobbing sea.

Oh, many there are on the plains to-night,
That dream of a voyage to be—
And have said in their souls, "The day will come
When my bark shall sweep through the drifts of foam."
But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow dumb
Afar from the tossing sea,
The turbulent, tossing sea.

THE GATES AJAR.

EVENING.

I HAVE seen a Kansas sunset like a vision in a dream
When a halo was about me and a glory on the stream.

Those prismatic exhalations that came drifting from
the sun
When the birds had ceased their music and the
summer day was done.

And those purple, sunlit vapors on the peaceful valley lay
Like the silent benediction of the dying summer day.
And I've gazed upon that atmospheric splendor of
the west
Till it seemed to me a gateway to the region of the blest.

MORNING.

I have seen a Kansas sunrise like the *waking* of a dream
When every dewy blade of grass caught up the golden gleam;
When every bird renews the song it sang the night before
And all the silent slumbering world returned to life once more.

When every burst of radiance called up a throng of life
And all the living, waking world with melody was rife.
And as that flood of light and song came floating down the plain
It seemed to me those golden gates were open wide again.

PEACE.

THEY have buried me here beneath the sod,
And heaped a grave up over my head.
The preacher commended my soul to God,
And they said that I was dead.

They did not know that lying so still
I could hear all the better the words that they said.
They did not know that I felt a thrill
Of pleasure at knowing that I was dead.

For resting so peacefully here I know
That the struggle is over and I am free;
And I need not care for the debts that I owe
Or the debts that are owing to me.

And a sense of rest has entered my breast
That to me, is sweet and new;
For the final strife that ended my life
Has ended its trials, too.

Truly the bed they made me is small,
But I find it amply wide;

For I never have tossed about at all
Since the blessed day I died.

Sweetly, so sweetly I rest and dream
With all the old aching gone out of my head.
How strange it is that it used to seem
Sad to hear that a friend was dead.

For a wonderful rest has entered my breast,
That is perfect and sweet and new;
And the final strife that ended my life
Has lifted its burdens, too.

A BURIED LOVE.

WHEN I was told that you were wed,
And lost to my poor heart for aye,
Although my love was not yet dead,
I prayed that it might quickly die.
But still it lingered on and on,
An invalid for days and days,
And one fair morning, just at dawn,
I sought the leafy forest ways,

And passed into an open space
Where grass below and sky above
Made bright the spot, and in this place
I thought to hide my living love.
I scooped a grave beneath the skies,
And thrust therein the struggling god,
And, heedless of its wailing cries,
I crushed it down beneath the sod.

Then heaped the earth upon its head,
And rolled a heavy stone above;
And now, I thought, 'tis surely dead—
My first, my last, my only love!
And then I turned me to be gone,
And through the forest quickly hied,
But found that I was not alone—
A phantom followed by my side.

At first I knew it not, and strove
To flee, then saw it was the ghost—
The shadow of my buried love—
That now my gloomy pathway crossed.
It followed me where'er I fled,
And though its form I often spurned,
'Twas but an effort idly made;
The haunting shape as oft returned.

At last I grew to scarcely heed
What I beheld so ceaselessly,

Until I learned that you were freed
From that which held your love from me.
And then once more its presence seemed
To ever live before my sight;
Of you it spoke, of you I dreamed,
All night and day, all day and night.

We met, I gazed into your eyes,
And something there I did behold
That bade the living form arise
That I had laid beneath the mold.
And when at last we stood alone
Above the spot on yesterday,
With one accord we rolled the stone
Forever from its grave away.

VANISHED FRIENDS.

THREE gold friends have been given to me—
Friends that I prized most dear—
But none of their faces I ever see;
Alone they have left me here.

One was taken when life was young—
His grave is far from me;
And one I lost by a slanderer's tongue,
And one has crossed over the sea.

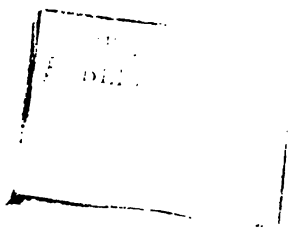
And oft, as I sit in my room alone,
They live in my memory,
And I wonder if any that I have known
Do ever remember me.

One has passed over the river of death,
And one has crossed over the sea,
And one I lost by a venomous breath—
And all have forgotten me.

SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES I have dreams of a far-off time
When the busy world shall a moment cease
Its headlong rush for some bit of rhyme,
Some newly awakened chord or chime
That I may find in that far-off time
While groping among the keys.

Sometimes I think that I yet may sing
A song that never was sung before,
That I yet may touch some quivering string,
Till its slumbering soul shall awake and fling
A song into mine that I shall sing,
And men will echo forevermore.





O. E. Young

OSCAR E. YOUNG.

OSCAR EMERY YOUNG was born in East Livermore, Maine, January 6, 1861. His father, Chandler W. Young, was descended from the hardy pioneers and first settlers of the town of Livermore; his mother, Villa Tobin, from early residents of Buckfield and other towns of Oxford county. Oscar's parents removed to Fayette, Kennebec county, when he was seven years of age, and his home has ever since been in that town. He early developed an inclination for poetry. His first verses were composed on the Christmas morn before he was ten years old. At the age of twelve he wrote a piece of poetry which was published in the *Lewiston Journal*. This was first scribbled upon a paper collar, which queer manuscript is still preserved in the family. His education was obtained in the schools of Fayette and at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, where he took a four years' scientific course and a post-graduate course of one year. Mr. Young belonged to the Literati at Kent's Hill, and during his whole career has been an active worker and a prominent leader in many literary societies and other organizations. He commenced teaching at the age of eighteen, and has since made it his business until recently. Besides teaching common and high schools in his own and neighboring towns, Mr. Young was principal of a graded school at Port Republic, N. J., for eighteen months, and was one of the corps of teachers employed in the schools of Portland, Maine, much of the time for eight years. Since the death of his father, which occurred April 5, 1890, he has resided in Fayette with his mother and sister, and has been engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was married August 25, 1891, to Eva J. Dorsey, of Portland.

Two prizes offered for best poems contributed to newspapers have been awarded Mr. Young. He has published a volume of poems entitled "Seaside Songs and Woodland Whispers." For two years he has been a regularly engaged weekly contributor to the columns of the *Chicago Sun*, writing both prose and poetry, humorous and pathetic. Mr. Young's life has been a busy one and his literary labors have been arduous. Comparatively young, as yet, a long career of usefulness in his chosen profession seems to lie open before him. Among the poets of Maine he has received favorable recognition and his productions are well appreciated and perused with interest and pleasure by many readers.

A. F. W.

WOODLAND WHISPERS.

THE boughs of the woodland arches thrill at the touch of the unseen breeze,
And a whisper runs through the cool arcades of the verdant and murmuring trees,
And the trembling spruce, and the hemlock dark, and the slim fir's tapering spire
Join in the song of the beech and birch to the white pine's quivering lyre.

Perchance there are souls in the woodland kings rooted deep in the mouldering ground,
And the ancient monarchs, chained fast so long, sigh softly their woes profound;
Sad histories of a past long dead, vainly striving men's hearts to teach,
Breathing thoughts and feelings of other days in a half-articulate speech.

Or the fairies and dryads may haunt them still, as they did in the years of old,
Their voices blending in low, sad chime as they sighed for those moments told,
And the golden days when they reigned alone in the leafy, bewildering ways,
Ere Mammon-worship and skeptic doubt invaded their ancient maze.

But the woodland whispers, those forest hymns, are thrilling with mystic speech,
Unknown, unnoticed by sordid hearts; the poet's alone they reach;
And even he with the tuneful lips, with his dreaming and fine-strung soul,
Comprehends but part of the wondrous tale; no mortal may know the whole.

'Tis a privilege to the Muses' sons to visit the sacred ground,
Where, leaf-crowned monuments of the past, the great trees tower around.
With their murmuring echoes a peace profound will enter the restless mind,
And the soothing voices, half-understood, their tenderness leave behind.

And a sweet and a holy task it is grand symphonies to translate
From the forest language to mortal speech; how pleasing, and yet how great!
For the thoughts half caught, and the songs half heard, and the mysteries half made plain
By the woodland whispers half-understood, fairy voices repeat in vain.

Nature, grand, inspired, poetic source, blame not if
 the strain be weak,
 For even poets can catch but part that her nymphs
 of the woodland speak.
 Beauty, grandeur, tenderness, all are there, go listen
 and you will hear
 What human language and human bards are
 powerless to render clear.

BUTTERCUPS.

THE buttercups nodded in sunshine
 As their buds to the light unrolled,
 The wandering breezes kissed them
 On their trembling crowns of gold;
 The green leaves rustled above them
 And dappled the grass with shade,
 On that day of a vanished summer
 As with them a fair child played.

The buttercups nod in the sunshine
 The same as a year ago;
 They have slept through the long, cold winter,
 To wake when the soft winds blow;
 Birds sing and leaves shake above them,
 And the green earth where they wave,
 But their playmate will never waken;
 They bloom on the fair child's grave.

SEASIDE SONGS.

THERE'S a voice comes up from the sounding sea
 With its pulsing bosom that throbs and swells.
 As I sit and listen, it sings to me
 A wild and wonderful harmony,
 And I half interpret the tale it tells.

Down under the ocean's heaving breast
 The heart of Nature beats evermore,
 And the thoughts there throbbing are half expressed
 In the song it sings in its long unrest,
 As the waves sonorous roll on the shore.

In glittering sunlight, serenely fair,
 As the shining ripples caress the beach,
 It sings of love and its raptures rare,
 And murmurs a melody soft as prayer,
 A melody sweeter by far than speech.

When the stars look down through the shades of
 night
 With pitying eyes on the scene below,
 Where their calm reflections are wavering bright,
 Then the seaside song through the dusky light
 Thrills with tender sorrow and wordless woe.

But the howling storm-wind in tempest might
 Bears a battle-hymn on the ocean's breath,
 And it chants of crimes and of deeds of night,
 Of the nameless horrors ne'er brought to light,
 Of mortal danger, despair and death.

The songs of the seaside reveal to me
 Strange, awful things in their mystic speech;
 Quaint tales, wild stories of mystery,
 Fresh fancies, gleams of sublimity—
 All these, and more, to my soul they teach.

I have taken a point of the shining steel
 And dipped it deep in a dye of night,
 And the wordless music, whose sense I feel,
 That the ocean chants with its sounding peal,
 As my soul interprets it, so I write.

LONGINGS.

I SIGH for the sight of a wild-rose face,
 And faint for the touch of a fair white hand,
 As I dream of a figure of lightsome grace,
 With a yearning lovers can understand.
 I long for a look from the love-lit eyes
 That can not conceal what within them lies,
 For the lips whose sweetness I learned to prize,
 And I see but the empty space.

For the face like a primrose, to me so dear,
 Has fled forever from out my way,
 And the tender touch of a vanished year
 And the fairy figure are gone for aye.
 I shall only see in the world above
 Those starry eyes with their looks of love,
 But the ripe lips' sweetness I there may prove,
 That on earth nevermore I may.

Though my aching heart in the darkness call,
 It is all in vain for no answers come;
 And darker and deeper the shadows fall,
 For the lips I list for on earth are dumb.
 Nevermore will my own cling quivering there;
 My arms are empty, my life is bare;
 What years are bringing I scarcely care,
 For my future is wrapped in gloom.

LIFE.

Streaming onward over the pave they go,
 The ceaseless drops of the tide of life;
 Weary with pleasure or worn with woe,
 The maid, the mother, the child, the wife,
 And jostling ever as on they pour
 With husbands, lovers, and brothers too,
 The good, the bad, and the rich and poor
 In long succession the street go through.
 — *Through the Streets.*

ANNIE E. TYNAN.

THIS young poetess was born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1870 about the time that that flourishing city began to be conscious of municipal greatness. She is the daughter of Joseph C. Tynan, inventor and silk manufacturer in this Lyons of America. Entering the Paterson High School in 1884, she became the class poet of the graduating class of '87, delivering the Salutatory Poem at the Commencement. She was a member of the High School Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle during the best of its days, and by her talent as an elocutionist often added to the enjoyableness of its meetings.

J. A. R.

RETURNED.

Down in the orchard
'Neath the gnarlèd trees,
Sunshine is streaming,
Soft is the breeze;
Gently the clovertops
Nod to and fro,
Casting their sweetness
Abroad as they go.

Softly the butterfly
Sails on the breeze,
Over, then under,
The old apple trees,
Till, with a flutter,
She deigns to alight
On a white bordered daisy,
Or buttercup bright.

Down in the orchard
Under the trees,
Wrapped in the fragrance
Borne on the breeze,
Watching the blossoms
Nod to and fro,
Sweet little Bertha
And Isabel go.

What is your errand,
Dear little lasses,
Down in the orchard
'Mongst the long grasses?
Why do you hasten
So swiftly away
From the boys and the girls
In the meadow at play?

Seek you the berries
That grow on the hill?

Seek you the brook
By the side of the mill?
Or, dear little maids,
Do you wander so far
To gather clematis
For Nannie's blue jar?

Onward they haste,
Nor pay heed to my call;
Onward they haste
To the old orchard wall,
And something between them
They carefully hold,
In a handkerchief blue
With a border of gold.

Bertha now climbs
To the top of the wall
Reaching for branches
That over her fall,
While with the treasure
Held in her hands,
Close at her side
Little Isabel stands

Now they have found
That for which they have searched,—
A little brown nest
'Mongst the green branches perched,
And now, from the handkerchief
Bordered with gold,
A wee robin redbreast
They slowly unfold.

Ah! this is your errand,
Kind little lasses,
Down in the orchard
'Mongst the long grasses—
To bring back the bird
Which your too thoughtless brother,
Had taken away
From its home and its mother.

Two little maidens,
Hand clasped in hand,
Watching the robin's nest
Thoughtfully stand,
Then through the orchard
They scamper away,
And join, in the meadow
Their comrades at play.

* * * * *

Down in the orchard
'Neath the gnarlèd trees,
Moonlight is streaming,
Soft is the breeze;
Four little robins
Peacefully rest,

Under a mother's wing,
In 'a' brown nest.

GOLDEN-ROD.

FAIR Golden-rod, that decks the field,
And ornaments the grove,
Thou art the summer's parting gift,
The autumn's treasure-trove.

Thy blossoms turn toward the sky,
When fall just tints the trees;
Thy bloom is in the gentle sigh
Of the September breeze.

Though last of all the dainty flowers
That grace the smiling lea,
Thy coming, lovely Golden-rod,
Will ever welcome be.

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

THE spring, with budding flowers and leaves,
Has passed away;
The summer, with its harvest sheaves,
Has passed away;
The autumn, all its beauties sped,
With all its charms and grandeur fled,
Gives place to winter, dull and drear—
Yes, darksome winter now is here.

Life's spring, with budding hope and joy,
Has passed away;
Life's summer, sweet without alloy,
Has passed away;
Life's autumn, filled with gentle peace,
To chilly winter gives release,
And all my way seems dull and drear—
Yes, darksome winter now is here!

But soon the winter, dull and drear,
Will pass away;
And spring once more, with blithesome cheer,
Will hold her sway;
My pains and cares are fading fast,
My woes and ills will cease at last,
No more my ways are dull and drear,
For life's eternal spring is near.

Yes, Death come nigh
And grasp me by the hand!
The sunset sky tells of a fairer land;
Thy name is joy,
Thou bring'st with thee no fear—
Yea, death is nigh,
Eternal spring is here.

MARGARET E. O'BRIEN.

MARGARET E. O'BRIEN was born in Montgomery, Alabama, November 19, 1870. Her love of and her capability for the practice of literature as an art and life-work is in great part, we must believe, an inheritance. Her father, Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, is the well-known, influential, eager, warm-hearted and enthusiastic editor of one of Alabama's great dailies, the *Age-Herald*, of Birmingham. Her paternal ancestor was Michael Andrew O'Brien, editor of *Dublin Nation*. Miss O'Brien was educated at Loretto Convent, Kentucky. From this convent-school she was graduated in 1888. It was in the year of her graduation that Miss O'Brien first gave her literary work to the public. Much of her work has been done for the *Age-Herald*. To this she contributes, and has contributed for two years or more, many noteworthy sketches and stories, and poems full of sweet accord. Miss O'Brien has also done good work for *The American*, the *New York Journal*, and the *New York Review*, and other periodicals. The chief work from her pen, "Judith, the Daughter of Judas," has just been issued. It was written when its author was barely eighteen years of age.

Miss O'Brien is a devout Roman Catholic, and many of her poems are flavored with her religious beliefs. In person she is of medium height, slender and girlish. She has dark wavy hair, and eyes of a changeable gray.

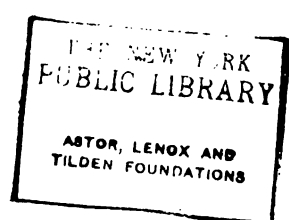
M. Y.

'NEATH THE GLORY VINES.

THE west wind told the south wind, to-day, a
strange, strange story,
And told it as a secret, that was ne'er to be
betrayed;

But I, there at my casement, hid 'neath vines of
morning glory,
Caught each word and sigh and whisper that
confiding Zeph'rus made;
And my face was all a glowing, as I slyly hidden
staid.

I had noticed that the roses had seemed just a trifle
redder;
That the pansies were a whispering in a tone of
shocked surprise;
That the bluebells were all ringing as they clustered
close together,
And the Marguerites glanced at me with a sly
look in their eyes,
And the dripping lily teased me with a nod so
very wise.





Sincerely Yours -
Margaret E.'Brien

Now, I never dreamed they saw me, when so early
 this bright morning,
 I stood ankle deep in fragrance ere the glories
 were awake,
 And I never dreamed they listened—for they gave
 no word of warning
 And I never thought they saw the hand that did
 my own hand take;
 But it seems they but pretended; they were every
 one awake.

When I heard the west winds tell it, my face grew
 all a-burning,
 And I gasped in fear lest passers by should catch
 the tell-tale words,
 But it seemed that none was near me, my sweet
 secret to be learning,
 Save the south wind and the flowers, and the
 shaming, teasing birds.

My heart it must be guilty, for each note the robin
 twitters,
 Though another hears but twit'ring, sounds to
 me like "Shame! oh shame!"
 And the songs that leave the throats of all the tiny
 little flitters
 Seem to say "Oh fie! you kissed him!" till my
 cheeks are all aflame,
 But unless they saw, I cannot guess from whence
 their wisdom came.

But the west wind told the south wind, of that I'm
 surely certain;
 For I heard it as I stood there with the morning
 vines
 A making all about me such a rich and emerald
 curtain,
 And I saw the sun a winking as he drew his golden
 lines,
 Sure, they must have seen us kissing, though we
 stood 'neath glory vines.

BEYOND RECALL.

A DAY—a sunny, cheerful day it was,
 Smiled on me once, and said: "To thee I bring
 A golden chance to twine a crown of lays,
 Of which the coming bards will love to sing."
 But I was weary of the sun's bright rays,
 And longed to rest on night's star-bordered gown,
 And so, with petulance, I bade "begone"
 The day and chance—in silence, sat me down;
 But when, for both, my heart would peril all,
 The wind complained and sighed—"beyond recall."

A day—a gloomy, misty day it was,
 Moaned to me once, and wailed—"Go forth
 And cheer thy friends who sorrow know and feel,
 The wind will sing thy deed thro' west and north."
 But I was weary and my heart was cold,
 And so, I stayed and nursed my grief all day
 And friends in heavier woe their burden bore
 Unshared, nor brightened by a cheering ray,
 And when night came, remorse hung like a pall
 On one more day that was "beyond recall."

Another day came slyly to my heart,
 And knocked for entrance to its sacred room;
 And when it entered in it said "Atone
 For all those days thou passed in silent gloom."
 I stole me out into the soft sweet day,
 And scattered deeds of kindness here and there,
 And thought that never day was born and lived
 With sun more bright, or flowers half so fair.
 Night, smiling, came—peace o'er my heart did fall,
 But still I sighed—for days "beyond recall."

PERHAPS.

PERHAPS, beyond that blue mount far away,
 There lies a vale where man has never trod;
 Where sunbeams play at "hide and seek" all day,
 And feathered songsters carol praise to God;
 Where silvery brooks o'er pebbly beds soft glide,
 And croon a slumber song to sweet wild flow'rs,
 Which nod and now float sleeping on the tide,
 Now wake to shed their fragrance thro' long
 hours.

Perhaps, beyond the ken of man, there waits
 A vale of rest, where strife to peace gives way;
 Where soul meets soul, and joy each heart elates,
 And night ne'er comes to shade eternal day.
 "Perhaps," said I! A voice within me cries,
 "Thou Didymus!"—my wayward doubting
 chides,
 I almost see the veil that hidden lies,
 And thus, my heart content, believes and bides.

MY HEART AND I.

I SAID to my heart one summer day,
 (The morn was bright and fair.)
 "To-day, my heart, we will be gay,
 And as free and light as air."
 But the sun grew dim, and the storm-clouds came,
 And the winds did so moan and sigh,
 That my soul grew faint with an unknown dread
 And we sighed—my heart and I.

I said to my heart one wintry day,
 (The air was white with snow,)
 "To-day, my heart, a mournful lay,
 Will we together know."
 But the sun with a saucy cheerful smile,
 Peeped thro' the dull gray sky;
 I forgot the words erewhile I had said,
 And we smiled—my heart and I.

I said to my heart one blithe spring day;
 (All nature anew was arrayed;)
 "To-day, my heart, we'll be sad or gay,
 By each mood stirred and swayed."
 But a sorrow came and crushed us down
 And a storm of grief was nigh;
 Too bruised to weep, too proud to plead,
 We but moaned—my heart and I.

I said to my heart one autumn day,
 (The leaves swept by in a blast,)
 "To-day, my heart, thyself must say
 What shadow we two must cast."
 But tho' the hours in their leaden flight
 Seemed waiting its mood to descry,
 The fickle thing held back the word,
 And we slept—my heart and I.

I said to my heart at dead of night,
 (Not a sound came in on the air,)
 "To-morrow my heart, we'll seek the right
 Be the sky storm-cast or fair."
 The morrow came, with smile and song,
 With a blue and cloudless sky,
 And in working for others, forgetting self,
 We were happy—my heart and I.

We cannot control them, they're wayward things!
 These hearts that all discipline scorn;
 They are swayed by each varying mood or word,
 First gay—in a flash, forlorn;
 They're happiest, when doing another good,
 But the heart in each one's breast,
 Will range and rove till at length it finds
 In another heart—its rest.

INFELICITY.

And so we find it all thro' life;
 In joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
 It seems decreed by Fate,
 That if love leaves a heart once won,
 Before there sinks another sun
 That heart's the home of Hate.
 —The Home of Hate.

ISAAC H. JULIAN.

AMONG the earlier Western poets, the name of Isaac H. Julian was once familiar, and is still remembered. He began writing in boyhood, and his articles appeared in various publications. The Julian family is of French extraction in the paternal line, and dates two hundred years in America. Prior to the Revolution the progenitors resided in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Isaac Julian, father of the poet, and the third of that name in regular succession, was a native of the state last named, and removed in 1808 to that part of Indiana territory now known as Wayne county. The year following he was married to Rebecca, a daughter of Andrew Hoover, a member of the Society of Friends, also from North Carolina.

Isaac and Rebecca Julian settled on a farm near Centreville, the county-seat, and endured all the privations of pioneer life during the war of 1812, when Indians and wild beasts were among their frequent visitors. In 1822 Mr. Julian was a member of the Indiana legislature, which then convened at Corydon. The subject of this sketch was born July 19, 1823. In the fall the father removed his family to what is now the county of Tippecanoe, where he died in December following, and his widow and young family returned to their relatives in Wayne county. In consequence of their disaster their subsequent lot was a hard one. The opportunities for obtaining an education were limited to the log school-houses, and a few sessions in these comprised the school attendance of Isaac Julian, Jr. But this was fairly supplemented by self-education. In the intervals from farm labor, he early accomplished quite an extensive course of reading, in the departments of history and general literature. Mr. Julian resided in Iowa from the spring of 1846 to the fall of 1850. Heretofore his poetic effusions had been rather casual and desultory. But in 1848 he became deeply interested in the great political and social upheavals of that period, more especially in the anti-slavery cause. These gave inspiration to many of his subsequent poems. Later he studied law, and in 1851 was admitted to the bar, but found the practice so distasteful that he did not long engage in it. In 1854 he went to Fort Wayne, and for a short time edited the *Standard* of that city. In 1857 he prepared and published an interesting pamphlet on the "Early History of the Whitewater Valley." In 1858 he bought the *True Republican* newspaper, at Centreville, and removed it to Richmond in 1865, afterwards changing the name to the *Radical*, and continuing its publication to the fall of 1872. He was postmaster at Centre-

ville during Lincoln's first term, and at Richmond from May 1869 to July 1871. He was married in 1859 to Miss Virginia M. Spillard, of College Hill, Ohio, by whom he had five children, three of whom survive. Because of his wife's failing health, he removed, in the summer of 1873, to San Marcos, Texas, and began the publication of the *Free Press*, from which he retired in August, 1890. His wife died a few months after their arrival in Texas, leaving a family of young children to his care. Thus engrossed with an exacting business, and severe domestic cares and trials, Mr. Julian has for many years had very small opportunity for the gratification of his literary tastes. In consequence of these hindrances he has never published a selection from his writings in permanent form. G. J. C.

NO MORE.

No more! O melancholy tone,
When hope and happiness are flown;
When early joys have passed away,
Like fairy dreams at dawn of day;
The present yielding no delight,
The future wrapt in clouds and night,
How sad to count past pleasures o'er
And feel they can return no more.

No more! O sweet and soothing sound,
When sunk in sorrow's vale profound;
When every earthly hope has fled,
And passion's baffled crew lie dead;
To feel all doubt, temptation past,
A home in Heaven is won at last,
The wounded spirit to restore,
To suffer and to sin no more.

TRUE LOVE.

WHENCE is the magic tie which binds,
Spontaneously, congenial minds,
Although they never met before,
Although they may meet nevermore?
Why swells unconsciously the sigh?
Why, with sweet prescience, eye meets eye?
Why instant speeds the electric thrill
In spite of logic or free will?
'Tis Satan's passion, oldest born;
True love! too oft on earth forsworn;
Too oft by woman put to shame,
He strives to vindicate his claim,
Rising above the things of sense,
A pure and mild intelligence.

TO THE GENIUS OF THE WEST.

O GENIUS of "my own, my native land!"
Majestic, glorious presence of my dreams!
I own the impulse of thy guiding hand,
I hail the light upon thy brow that gleams,
Dear and familiar as the sun's bright beams!
For thou didst smile upon my life's first dawn,
A child, lone-wandering by thy woodland streams,
Far from the vain and noisy crowd withdrawn,
Thy favoring glance didst mark and seal me as
thine own.

Thou bad'st me tune with joy my rustic reed,
While smiling Love and Fancy led the strain;
And first my willing voice, as thou decreed,
Essayed to sing the glories of thy reign.
Since, wandering wide out o'er thy broad domain,
Thy presence still has cheered me in the way,
And 'mid those vaster scenes, didst thou again
Inspire a higher and a sadder lay
Than that of sportive Love, to crown my manhood's
day,—

A lay of Truth, inscribed unto my kind,
Their joys and griefs, their liberties and wrongs;
The spirit that would every chain unbind,
By thee invoked, inspired my later songs
With stern rebuke of lying pens and tongues.
O still be with me, Genius of the West!
And grant the boon for which my spirit longs—
To weave the verse which *thou* shall deem the best,
Ere 'neath my natal soil, I peaceful pass to rest!

"THE CHOICEST BOON OF HEAVEN."

O, LIFE has hopes and joys,
And life has griefs and fears,
Which gild or cloud our sky,
Thro' distant coming years,

One shrinks aghast, bowed down
At the slightest touch of woe;
If a cloud obscure the sun,
He sinks to shades below!

In an atmosphere of grief
He shrouds his morbid soul—
As the sottish drunkard quaffs
The poison of the bowl.

Another breasts the wave
When tempests loudest roar,
He laughs at woe and death
As he tells his dangers o'er.

To the vengeful darts of fate
He bares his dauntless breast;
As the mighty mammoth shook
The lightnings from his crest!

It is the mind alone
 Which gilds the deary night,
 Or veils in deepest gloom,
 The cheerful morning light.

O, be it mine to boast
 The best gift to mankind,
 The choicest boon of Heaven—
 INTEGRITY OF MIND;

To see things as they are,
 Unappall'd by shadows vain,
 To act a manly part
 Despite of woe and pain;

To strive while hope extends
 A solitary ray;
 To be resigned when fate
 Shall close life's transient day!

THE PASSING RACE.

MUSING on scenes of faded grandeur past,
 Who hath not mournful retrospection cast
 On mighty nations, passed from earth away,
 Their prowess half forgot in long decay?
 Or wandering, haply, on some foreign strand—
 A strange, inhospitable, desert land—
 If chance some monument of ancient art
 With wonder fix the eye or move the heart—
 Like those which cumber lone Palmyra's breast—
 What troops of fancies startle from their rest,
 While toil and learning hasten to convey
 The doubtful moral, ere it pass away?

Not such the wonders of Columbia's coast;
 No classic, mouldering ruins can she boast;
 Yet still a more impressive monument
 Her fading Aborigines present;
 While *savants* throng to con the uncouth lore
 Of tribes unknown—their records to explore—
 A living branch of poor humanity
 Is perishing beneath their very eye;
 The manners, habits of earth's infant stage,
 Are present with us in our later age;
 The earliest features of the human race
 Yet, for a season, meet us face to face.
 Soon must that stage—those features—pass away
 Before Art's bright but uncongenial sway,
 And sages then may seek in vain to find
 The model Nature left us of our kind.

O thou, (whoe'er thou art,) thy nature's friend,
 This fleeting human monument attend;
 For Learning's barren triumphs cease to roam,
 While Nature, Sympathly, invite thee home!

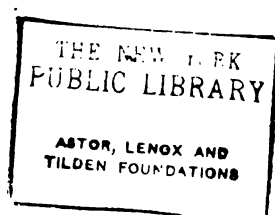
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, who may be said to share with Longfellow the first place in the list of American poets, was born in Cummington, Mass., in 1797, and died in New York City in 1878, from the effects of a sun-stroke. His precocity was remarkable. At the age of ten he made translations from the Latin poets, which were published, and three years later wrote "The Embargo," a satirical poem of great merit. He studied law, and practiced that profession for some time in Great Barrington, Mass. His early productions were regarded as the work of a precocious genius which would surely spend itself in these premature efforts; but the appearance of "Thanatopsis," which was written in his nineteenth year, and was published in the *North American Review*, proved conclusively that he was not a mere youthful prodigy. In 1825 he removed to New York, and, with a partner, established the *New York Review* and *Athenæum Magazine*, to which he contributed some of his best poems. The next year he became editor of the *Evening Post*, which place he held at the time of his death. While he is best known by his poems, Mr. Bryant is considered by the best authorities one of the finest prose writers in the country. In England his poetry is held in high esteem. "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "Green River," etc., have received earnest praise from the leading English critics. Mr. Bryant was distinctively a student and interpreter of Nature; all her aspects and voices were familiar to him, and are reproduced in his poetry with a solemn and ennobling beauty which has never been attained by any other American poet. In many respects his verse resembles Wordsworth's; but its spirit is less introspective, and appeals more directly to the common understanding. Another striking characteristic of Mr. Bryant's poetry is its lofty moral tone, which is the eloquence of a great intellect warmed and controlled by high and pure impulses.

G. R. C.

WHEN.

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
 Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
 Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
 His silver temples in their last repose;
 When o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows
 And blights the fairest; when our bitter tears
 Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
 We think on what they were, with many fears
 Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming
 years.
 —*The Ages*





Yours very truly
W. C. Bryant.

AMERICA.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
 Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
 Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
 These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
 Are the wide barriers of thy borders, where,
 Among thy gallant sons who guard thee well,
 Thou laugh'st at enemies, who shall then declare
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
 How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?
—Ibid.

PEACE.

Peace was on the earth and in the air.
—Ibid.

NATURE.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language.
—Thanatopsis.

HILLS.

The hills,
 Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun.
—Ibid.

DEAD.

The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.
—Ibid.

FORESTS.

Hence, these shades
 Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while below,
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
 Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky,
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
—Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.

RIVULET.

The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being.
—Ibid.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the wingèd plunderer
 That sucks its sweets.
—Ibid.

TIMIDITY.

Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water.
—Ibid.

ARCADY.

Yet pure its nature—its shallows are bright
 With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
 And clear the depths where its eddies play,
 And dimples deepen and whirl away,
 And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'er shoot
 The swifter current that mines its root,
 Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
 The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
 With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
 Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
 Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
 With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees hum;
 The flowers of summer are fairest there,
 And freshest the breath of the summer air;
 And sweetest the golden autumn day
 In silence and sunshine glides away.
—Green River.

WINTER.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
 Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;
 Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
 All flushed with many hues.
—A Winter Piece.

AFTERNOON.

The sun has drunk
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
 And interrupted murmur of the bee
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
 Instantly on the wing.
—Summer Wind.

CLOUDS.

Bright clouds,
 Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
 Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
 Shining in the far ether—fire the air
 With a reflected radiance, and make turn
 The gazer's eye away.
—Ibid.

AUTUMN.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.

—*Death of the Flowers.*

FLOWERS.

The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed.

—*Ibid.*

BREEZES.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the overhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant steam.

—*The Wind and Stream.*

BROOKS.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

—*The Unknown Way.*

OCEAN.

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I knew the voice of the mighty sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.
Dost thou, oh, path of the woodland
End where those waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless sea before?

—*Ibid.*

CHANGE.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 'twere
Cause indeed to weep.

—*Mutation.*

COMPENSATION.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror, comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace.

—*Ibid.*

CHRISTMAS.

No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;

But, o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

—*Christmas in 1875.*

COMPENSATION.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

—*Blessed are they that Mourn.*

CONTENTMENT.

Come, for the soft low sunlight calls,
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer,
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made, for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

—*Song of Pitcairn's Island.*

EYES.

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen.
—*Oh! Fairest of the Rural Maids.*

FLOWERS.

Flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered.
—*Antiquity of Freedom.*

FREEDOM.

Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded Man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy
brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars.

—*Ibid.*

HURRICANE.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skie
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.

ye vainly, and see in your place
shadowy tempest that sweeps through space.

—*The Hurricane.*

HURRICANE.

ye no sadness when the hurricane
wept the woods and snapped its sturdy stems
der, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
nightiest with their circle of strong roots,
oiled the ruin all along his path?

—*Among the Trees.*

JUNE.

Flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound.

—*June.*

LOVE.

Love that lived through all the stormy past.

—*Future Life.*

MARCH.

he stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

—*March.*

MORNING.

ummer morn is bright and fresh, the birds are
darting by,
they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the
cool clear sky.

—*The Strange Lady.*

MOUNTAINS.

ir peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines!
he soft light of these serenest skies;
m the broad highland region, black with pines,
r as the hills of Paradise they rise,
hed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
osy flushes on the virgin gold.

—*To the Apennines.*

NATURE.

For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile.

—*Song.*

ORATORY.

Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
he cry of an applauding multitude,
wayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
he living mass as if he were its soul!

—*Flood of Years.*

REASON.

I would make
Reason my guide.
—*Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus.*

RIVERS.

Oh, River, gentle River! gliding on,
In silence underneath this starless sky!
Thine is a ministry that never rests
• Even while the living slumber.

* * * * *

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
Oh, darkling River!

—*Night Journey of a River.*

PROVIDENCE.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way.

—*To a Waterfowl.*

RAIN.

The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.

—*A Rain Dream.*

PEACE.

The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.
There comes no voice from the great woodland
round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs the ground
Is not more still than they.

—*The Tides.*

OCTOBER.

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.

—*October, 1866.*

NOVEMBER.

On my cornice linger the ripe, black grapes un-
gathered;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their
glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when be-
side them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut
tree.

* * * * *

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are
withered.

—*The Third of November.*

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

WELLINGTON.

NOT only that thy puissant arm could bind
 The tyrant of a world, and, conquering Fate,
 Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
 But that in all thy actions I do find
 Exact propriety; no gusts of mind
 Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
 Of ordered impulse mariners await
 In some benignant and enriching wind,—

The breath ordained of Nature. Thy calm mien
 Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
 Duty thine only idol, and serene
 When all are troubled; in the utmost need
 Prescient; thy country's servant ever seen,
 Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed.
 BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

THE PAST, ASLEEP.

WHEN I look back upon my naked past,
 In its hushed slumber like a sleeping snake,
 I shudder—lest the weary coil should wake,
 And wound me with its subtle pain, and cast
 Its barbed stings in my face. It hath me fast;
 I cannot from this secret chain outbreak;
 Nor would I; for its burden doth not ache,
 Save when I gaze too near, then shrink, aghast.

Nay, it hath beauty, when it lies in peace,
 But bitter is the poison of its fangs,
 And the barbed arrows wound, as wounds a knife.
 Yet sweeter far to bear the pricks and pangs,
 Than with a deaf heart let those coils increase,
 Till at the last they crush me, and my life.

ROBERT LAWRENCE BINYON.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE is delight in singing, tho' none hear
 Beside the singer; and there is delight
 In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
 And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
 Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
 Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
 Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
 No man hath walkt along our roads with step

So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
 So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
 Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze
 Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
 Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
 The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN A GRAVEYARD.

NOVEMBER 12, 1874.

FAREWELL to thee and to our dreams farewell—
 Dreams of high deeds and golden days of thine,
 Where once again should Art's twin powers combine—
 The painter's wizard-wand, the poet's spell!
 Though Death strikes free, careless of heaven and hell—
 Careless of Man—of Love's most lovely shrine—
 Yet must Man speak—must ask of heaven a sign—
 That this wild world is God's and all is well.

Last night we mourned thee, cursing eyeless Death,
 Who, sparing sons of Baal and Ashtoreth,
 Must needs slay thee, with all the world to slay;—
 But round this grave the winds of winter say
 "On earth what hath the poet? An alien breath.
 Night holds the keys that ope the doors of day."

THEODORE WATTS.

DON QUIXOTE.

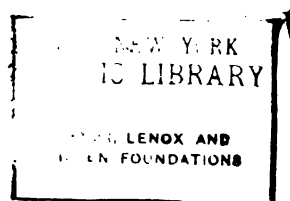
BEHIND thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
 Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
 Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
 And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
 Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
 To make wiseacredom, both high and low,
 Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)
 Despatch its Dodberries upon thy track.

Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possesst!
 Yet would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,
 And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
 Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
 Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
 And charge in earnest—were it but a mill.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

AD MATREM.

OFt in the after days, when thou and I
 Have fallen from the scope of human view,





Yours Sincerely
Annie E. Tynan

When, both together, under the sweet sky
 We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
 Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
 Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face;
 Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
 And vaunt thy skill and tell thy deeds of grace.

Oh, may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
 Saying, "What love unto her son she bore!"
 Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
 "Nor ever yet was mother worshiped more!"
 So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
 Shall link my love unto thine honored name.

JULIAN FANE.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

SWEET mavis! at this cool delicious hour
 Of gloaming, when a pensive quietness
 Hushes the odorous air,—with what a power
 Of impulse unsubdued dost thou express
 Thyself a spirit! While the silver dew
 Holy as manna on the meadow falls,
 Thy song's impassioned clarity, trembling through
 This omnipresent stillness, disenthalls

The soul to adoration. First I heard
 A low, thick, lubric gurgle, soft as love,
 Yet sad as memory, through the silence poured
 Like starlight. But the mood intenser grows,
 Precipitate rapture quickens, move on move
 Lucidly linked together, till the close.

DAVID GRAY.

THE DEAD.

THE dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
 Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still.
 They have forged our chains of being for good
 or ill;
 And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
 Our perishable bodies are the mould
 In which their strong, imperishable will—
 Mortality's deep yearning to fulfill—
 Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
 As a star's traveling light survives its star!
 So may we hold our lives, that when we are
 The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
 They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,
 And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

MATHILDE BLIND.

CLEOPATRA.

Lo! this is she that ruled the world. Draw near:
 Over her lowers the shadow of sudden death,
 To-morrow, without heart-beat, pulse or breath,
 Octavian's band shall find her lying here.
 There, at her side, among the fig-leaves sere,
 Coils the cerastes hid, unseen by us;
 Yet is, within those great eyes luminous,
 No fear, nor any moment's touch of fear.

Let be. She is but tracing back the path
 Trod through the life that is to end this night,
 Thinking of all the dead days' dear delight,
 Lute-music, wine-cup, dance and revelry.
 The sensuous stillness of the scented bath,
 Lip-touch, and clasp, and arms of Antony.

BESSIE CRAIGMYLE.

GOD AND WOMAN.

GOD made a woman,—and he stood aghast
 For very wonder. There she stood quite white,
 Naked and perfect. In the golden light
 Before him like a carven dream she passed.
 Her black hair gleamed against her shoulder
 bright;
 Backward (as ever!) one quick look she cast
 And then God watched her vanish, till at last
 The soft, superb shape glimmered out of sight.

"Now do I envy man," the Lord God said;
 "The woman I have made can ne'er be mine.
 For man the starlight of her eyes shall shine;
 The roses of her lips, till time be dead,
 On man's lips all their tenderest scent shall shed;
 Man's hand shall hold her, not the hand divine."

GEORGE BARLOW.

THE CHILDREN BAND.

THE CRUSADERS. NO. V.

ALL holy influences dwell within
 The breast of Childhood; instincts fresh from God
 Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
 Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
 How mighty was that fervor which could win
 Its way to infant souls! and was the sod
 Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?
 Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,

In all their touching beauty, to redeem?
 And did their soft lips kiss the sepulchre?

Alas! the lovely pageant, as a dream,
Faded! they sank not through ignoble fear;
They felt not Moslem steel! By mountain, stream,
In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!
SIR AUBREY DEVERE.

HUMANITY.

THERE is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul which yet to each belongs;
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs;
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall forever last.

And thus forever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man,
And live in life that ends not with his breath;
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.
RICHARD WATSON DIXON.

A SUNSET THOUGHT.

THE sun is burning with intensest light
Behind yon grove; and in the golden glow
Of unconsuming fire, it doth show
Like to the Bush, in which to Moses' sight
The Lord appeared! and O, am I not right
In thinking that He reappears e'en now
To me, in the old Glory? and I bow
My head, in wonder hush'd, before His might!

Yea! this whole world so vast, to Faith's clear eye,
Is but that burning Bush full of His power,
His Light, and Glory; not consumed thereby,
But made transparent; till in each least flower,
Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
His Spirit shining through it visibly!

HENRY ELLISON.

THE POETIC LAND.

THE bubble of the silver-springing waves,
Castalian music, and that flattering sound,
Low rustling of the loved Apollian leaves,
With which my youthful hair was to be crowned,
Grow dimmer in my ears; while Beauty grieves
Over her votary, less frequent found;

And, not untouched by storms, my life-boat heaves
Through the splashed ocean-waters, outward
bound.

And as the leaning mariner, his hand
Clasped on his oar, strives trembling to reclaim
Some loved lost echo from the fleeting strand,
So lean I back to the poetic land;
And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name
Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring
flame.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

THE HAUNTED SHORE.

I WALK'D at sunset by the lonely waves,
When Autumn stood about me, gold and brown;
I watch'd the great red sun, in clouds, go down,
An orient king, that 'mid his bronzed slaves
Dies, leaning on his sceptre, with his crown.
A hollow moaning from innumerable caves,
In green and glassy darkness sunk below,
Told of some grand and ancient deed of woe,

Of murdered kings that sleep in weltering graves.
Still thro' the sunshine wavering to and fro,
With sails all set, the little vessels glide;
Mild is the eve and mild the ebbing tide,
And yet that hollow moaning will not go,
Nor the old fears that with the sea abide.

WILLIAM M. W. CALL.

PHANTASMION'S QUEST OF IARINE.

YON changeful cloud will soon thy aspect wear,
So bright it grows:—and now, by light winds
shaken,—
O, ever seen, yet ne'er to be o'ertaken!
Those waving branches seem thy billowy hair.
The cypress glades recall thy pensive air;
Slow rills that wind like snakes amid the grass,
Thine eyes' mild sparkle fling me as they pass,
Yet murmuring cry, "This fruitless quest forbear!"

Nay e'en amid the cataract's loud storm,
Where foamy torrents from the crags are leaping.
Methinks I catch swift glimpses of thy form,
Thy robe's light folds in airy tumult sweeping;
Then silent are the falls; 'mid colors warm
Gleams the bright maze beneath their splendor
sweeping.

SARA COLERIDGE.

QUOTATIONS ON THE DRAMA.

Look to the players: see them well bestowed;
They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the
times.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

IBID.

I have heard, that guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

IBID.

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd.

IBID.

The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

IBID.

A strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage.

IBID, *Troil. and Cress.*

A beggarly account of empty boxes.

IBID, *Romeo and Juliet*.

Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

IBID, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse
your parts.

IBID.

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious.

IBID.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion.

IBID, *Richard III.*

In a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

IBID.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgotten my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.

IBID, *Coriolanus*.

They say we live by vice; indeed 'tis true;
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them.

RANDOLPH.

When, with mock majesty and fancied power,
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour;
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart;
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pains of death.

TICKELL.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slowly falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

THACKERAY, *The End of the Play*.

Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.
WENTWORTH DILLON (EARL OF ROSCOMMON),
Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.

Lo, when the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warp'd mirror to a gaping age;
There, where to raise the Drama's moral tone,
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne.

SPRAGUE'S *Curiosity*.

Where mincing dancers sport tight pantalets,
And turn fop's heads while turning pirouettes.

IBID.

And turn from gentle Juliet's woe,
To count the twirls of Fanny Elssler's toe.

IBID.

Where one base scene shall turn more souls to
shame,

Than ten of Channing's Lectures can reclaim.

IBID.

The strolling tribe: a despicable race.

CHURCHILL, *Apology*.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart.
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.

POPE, *Prologue to Addison's Cato*.

Our scene precariously exists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.

IBID.

A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.

IBID, *Epistle to Miss Blount*.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
DR. JOHNSON, *Prologue on Opening Drury Lane Theatre*.

Some force whole regions in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

Farce followed comedy, and reach'd her prime
In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time;
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best,
And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now forever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.
We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die,"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

BYRON, *Hints from Horace*.

Boldly I dare say

There has been more by us in some one play
Laughed into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,
And foppish humor; hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' ears, so well as eyes.

IBID.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*.

Like hungry guests, a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.
The founder's you; the table is this place;
The carver's me; the prologue is the grace.
Each act, a course, each scene, a different dish;
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp and rough.
Kind marks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof?
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin;
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
Are water-gruel without salt or taste.

GEORGE FARQUHAR, *The Way to Win Him*.

What we hear
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the past.

FRANCIS' *Horace*.

Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and shouting crowds,
And made even thick-lipp'd, musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware.

BLAIR'S *Grave*.

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PERSONAL QUOTATIONS.

SHAKESPEARE.

This was Shakespeare's form;
 o walked in every path of human life,
 : every passion; and to all mankind,
 h now, will ever, that experience yield,
 ich his own genius only could acquire.

DE, *Inscription for a Monument of Shakes-*

eds my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
 or of an age in piled stones?
 his hallowed relics should be hid
 star-y pointing pyramid?
 n of memory, great heir of fame.

MILTON, *Epitaph on Shakespeare.*

Soul of the age!
 clause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 eakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 , or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 urther, to make thee room;
 t a monument without a tomb,
 alive still, while thy book doth live,
 have wits to read, and praise to give.

NSON — *Underwoods. To the Memory of*
speare.

e was not of an age but for all time.

IBID.

Sweet Swan of Avon!

IBID.

akespeare's magic could not copied be;
 hin that circle none durst walk but he.

DRYDEN, *The Tempest.*

istening stood, whilst Shakespeare play'd,
 ndered at the work herself had made.

CHURCHILL, *Author.*

rst seat, in robe of various dyes,
 mildness flashing from his eyes,
 eakespeare; in one hand a wand he bore,
 hty wonders form'd in days of yore;

The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and owned the master's skill;
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd through nature at a single view;
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before
 And passing nature's bounds, was something more.

IBID, *Rosciad.*

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face; the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
 Richly paint the vernal year;
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of joy;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

GRAY, *Progress of Poesy.*

GARRICK.

If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
 If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd;
 If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
 If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
 Within the magic circle of the eye;
 If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 And which no face so well as his can show
 Deserve the preference; Garrick! take the chair,
 Nor quit it till thou place an equal there.

CHURCHILL, *Rosciad.*

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar and saltness agree.

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation.*

Here lies David Garrick—describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

IBID, *Retaliation.*

HOMER.

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.

DENHAM, *Progress of Learning*.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse may seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *Essay on Poetry*.

CHATHAM.

His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.

COWPER, *Table Talk*.

CHATTERTON.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plow along the mountain side.

WORDSWORTH, *Respect and Independence*.

COTTLE.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!

BYRON, *English Bards*.

DRYDEN.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

POPE, *Satire*.

LINCOLN.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;

Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen with large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,—
The burden of the Commonwealth,—was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give
place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

R. H. STODDARD, *Abraham Lincoln*.

MILTON.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

DRYDEN, *Lines Under Milton's Picture*.

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan Swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, asked ages more.

COWPER, *Table Talk*.

NEWTON.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

POPE, *Epitaph Intended for Sir Isaac Newton*.

Have ye not listened while he bound the suns
And planets to their spheres? the unequal task
Of humankind till then.

THOMSON, *To Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*.

Newton (that proverb of the mind,) alas!
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only "like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth."

BYRON, *Don Juan*.

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape.
POPE, *Essay on Man*.

RAPHAEL.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labors in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and
light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow.

ADDISON, *Italy*.

ROUSSEAU.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction—he, who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*.

NAPOLEON.

Where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones,
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones.
BYRON, *Age of Bronze*.

SHERIDAN.

Long shall we seek this likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature found but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.
BYRON, *Monody on the Death of Sheridan*.

SPENSER.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song,
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners—painting verse,
Well moralized, shine through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
THOMSON, *Seasons. Summer*.

SINGLE POEMS.

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

"THE moon shines out, with here and there a star,
But furious cloud-ranks storm both stars and
moon.
The mad sea drums upon the harbor-bar.
Will the tide slacken soon?
O Sea, that took'st my youngest, wilt thou spare?"
—And the Sea answered through the black night air.
"I took thy youngest. Shall I spare to-night?"
"The thundering breakers sweep and slash the
sands;
To westward, lo! one line of cream-white foam;
I raise to darkling heaven my helpless hands;
I watch within the home.
O Sea, that took'st my eldest, wilt thou save?"
—And the Sea answered as from out a grave,
"I slew thine eldest son for my delight."

"The giant waves plunge o'er the shingly beach,
The tawny mane! great lions of the sea,
With pitiless roar howl down all human speech.
Is God far off from me?
O Sea, that slewest my sons, mine husband spare!"
The Sea's wild laughter shook and rent the air!
Lo! on the beach a drown'd face deadly white.
GEORGE BARLOW.

EMMA LAZARUS.

(From a Portrait.)

FAIR Bard! with sweetness lined on lip and brow
'Neath veil of sadness,—in thy darkling eyes
Dilate with thought, like orbs in twilight skies
Enhanced and dreamful seen through mists aglow,
Dwells soul unfathomable; a meaning fraught
More deep with shadowings of the things to be,
And subtle draughts from fount of mystery
Than e'en thy lettered-page hath tuneful taught.
For right, for kindred, for humanity
Thy heart-felt notes were sounded, fresh and clear.
Thou'rt passed—a gleam athwart our mental sky
By motion swift consumed, ere midday hour
Could round to full its pure effulgent power;
And Israel drops anew the burning tear
Where dumb in trance of death thy song-lips lie.
MRS. EDWARD MCCARTHY.

SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!

SWEETHEART good-bye! that flut'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon, before the fath'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all des'late and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
Oh cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place,
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever.
And still shall recollection trace,
In Fancy's mirror ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

RUTHVEN JENKINS.

THE INEVITABLE.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

THE FUNERAL.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed
and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a
plaintive funeral hymn,
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly
grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow nearly
wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.

I could picture him when living—curly hair, pro-
truding lip—
And perhaps had seen a thousand in my hurried
Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of
Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his
little fluttering breath,
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy
profound,
Than was in the chain of tear drops that enclasped
those mourners round.

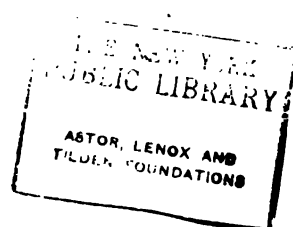
Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden
desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a counte-
nance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian
face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, un-
dying race.

And he said: "Now don' be weepin' for dis pretty
bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an'
run away!
He was doin' very fine here, an' he 'preciate your
love;
But his sure 'nuff F'ather want him in de large
house up above.

"Now he didn't give you dat baby, by a hundred
t'ousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine; an' He lend
it for a while!
An' He let you keep an' love it, till your hearts was
bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's just de inter-
est on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty chilrun!—don't be makin' it
appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little
fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little
mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no ac-
count demselves!

"Jest you t'ink, you poor deah mounahs, creepin'
'long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-
day!
His gran'faders an' gran'moders crowd de little
fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation
Ground.





"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE."

and dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take
off his little shoes,
'dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say,
'Now what's de news?'
'de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de
little fellow say,
ll our folks down in de valley tries to keep de
hebbenly way.'

an' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty
t'ings he view;
n a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I want my
payrents, too!'
'de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little
song;
as, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin'
'long.'

an' he'll get an edication dat will proberbly be
worf
xeral times as much as any you could buy for him
on yearf;
ll be in de Lawd's big school-house, widout no
contempt or fear,
nile dere's no end to de bad t'ings might have
happened to him here.

o, my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts
wid Jesus rest,
'don' go to critercisin' dat ar' One w'at knows
de best!
have sent us many comforts—He have right to
take away—
de Lawd be praise an' glory now an' ever! Let
us pray."

WILL CARLETON.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Genesis xxviii. 10-22.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine;
Joint-heir He maketh me,
Of the Divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

THE REASON WHY.

I.

I LOVE thee and I love thee not,
I love thee, yet I'd rather not,
All of thee, yet I know not what.
A flowery eye as tender,
A swan-like neck as slender,
And on it a brown little spot
For tears to fall afraid on,
And kisses to be paid on,
Have other maidens too.
Then why love I, love, none but you?
If I could find the reason why,
Methinks my love would quickly die.

II.

Aye, knew I how to hate thee, maid,
I'd hate thee for I knew not what,
Excepting that I'd rather not
Be thy friend or foeman;
For thou'rt the only woman,

On whom to think my heart's afraid;
 For, if I would abhor thee,
 The more must I long for thee,
 What others force me to,
 I turn me from: why not from you?
 If I could find the reason why,
 My disenchanted love would die.

III.

But should'st thou cease my heart to move
 To longings, that I'd rather not,
 And tried I hate, I know not what
 My heart would do for mourning;
 Love I,—it bursts, love scorning.
 O loveliest hate, most hateful love.
 This combat and endeavor
 Is what enslaves me ever,
 I'll neither of the two,
 Or hate or love the love of you.
 And now I've found the reason why,
 Know my love can never die.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day:
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And decked with flowers of spring,
 No flower was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-backed car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubbed his owld poll,
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes
 Of death, in warlike cars;
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye,
 That knock men down in the market town,
 As right and left they fly;
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 Than battle more dangerous far;—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart,
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,

But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these;
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle-dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of Love!
 While she sits in her low-backed car,
 The lovers come near and far;
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin',
 As she sits in her low-backed car.

Oh! I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach and four and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride;
 For a lady would sit forminst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist,—
 While we drove in the low-backed car,
 To be married by Father Mahar;
 Oh! my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,—
 Though it beat in a low-backed car.

SAMUEL LOVER.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain
 Where Rappahannock's waters
 Run deeply crimsoned with the stain
 Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
 In meads of heavenly azure,
 And each dread gun of the elements
 Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
 No forest leaf to quiver,
 And the smoke of the random cannonade
 Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
 With cannon grimly planted,
 O'er listless camp and silent town
 The golden sunset slanted,—

When on the fervid air there came
 A strain, now rich, now tender:
 The music seemed itself aflame
 With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
 Played measures brave and nimble,
 Had just struck up with flute and horn,
 And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
 Till, margined by its pebbles,
 One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
 And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
 With movement light and tricky,
 Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
 Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
 Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
 But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
 With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
 The trumpet pealed sonorous,
 And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
 To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
 To kiss the shining pebbles;
 Loud shrieked the swarming "Boys in Blue"
 Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
 Above the stormy riot;
 No shout upon the evening rang,
 There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
 Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
 All silent now the Yankees stood,
 All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
 The plaintive note's appealing,
 So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
 The hidden founts of feeling.

Of blue or gray, the soldier sees,
 As by the wand of fairy,
 The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
 The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
 Bend in their beauty o'er him;

Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
 His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
 In April's tearful weather,
 The vision vanished, as the strain
 And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by Music's art,
 Expressed in simplest numbers,
 Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
 Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
 That bright, celestial creature,
 Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
 Gave this one touch of nature.

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat;
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the roses, the Blue;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,

With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE LAST INVOCATION.

"At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortified house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep
of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a
whisper,
Set ope the doors, O soul!

Tenderly, be not impatient.
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love!)"

WALT WHITMAN.

CURRENT POEMS.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

O MIGHTY mind, O sweet poetic pen!
What noble thoughts your lofty strains inspire,
To glow within the soul like living fire.
Things long unseen, undreamed by meaner men,
Stand forth unveiled to Arnold's Keener Ken.
His graceful words express the heart's desire,
And when his cunning hand doth touch the lyre,
All, all is harmony and sweetness then.

His song fills every soul with pure delight,
Raising each grovelling thought from earth away,
Far from the shadowy regions of the night,
Up to the radiance of celestial day,
Where all is pure, and beautiful and bright,
And Heaven's unchanging light shine on for aye.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

WINTER'S COMING.

No skylark sings on high his merry lay.
Now in the woods, on meadow and on lea,
The leaves fall thick at touch of frost or breeze.
Through the long night or with the dawn of day,
Nor thrush nor blackbird pipe amid the trees,
Tinged with the sunset glory of the West,
Yellow or brown, or ruddier than the breast
Of the lone bird, that sings so cheerily
Of gray old winter's coming o'er the land,
From frozen regions, holding in his hand
Those chains that bind the rivers, lakes, and streams,
Till the keen curler, nightly in his dreams
With sure foot, sends his "stane" straight to the tee,
Or "soops" the slippery ice right gleefully.—

JOHN FULLERTON.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

THE POET'S HEART.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

'Tis true, "there is ever a song somewhere,"
Yes, somewhere beneath the skies;
But what does it matter and who will care
If none in the heart arise?

The trilling and cooing of wild-wood nooks
Though sweet as a Seraph's hymn,—

The tenderest strain of the mountain brooks
Are distant too far and dim.

No music for such hath the moaning sea,
No anthem the wind-swept pine,
'Tis only the poet and none but he
Is blessed by these chords divine.

The "Psalm of Life," its low, sad symphonies
Enwrought in each undertone,
That swells and rolls from the hidden keys
Are heard by his heart alone.

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

AUGUST 6, 1891.

I.

Love and praise, and a length of days whose shadow
cast upon time is light,
Days whose sound was a spell shed round from
wheeling wings as of doves in flight,
Meet in one that the mounting sun to-day may tri-
umph and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay hallow-
ing hands on a sacred head—
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned of
fame as they smiled and fled;
Still and soft and alive aloft their sunlight stays
though the suns be dead.

Ere we were, or were thought on, ere the love that
gave us to life began,
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet
the goal of the race they ran,
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with years
whose changes acclaimed the man.

II.

Soon ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral sea-
sons had hailed us men,
We, too, heard and acclaimed the word whose
breath was life upon England then—
Life more bright than the breathless light of sound-
less noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear was
opened of love to hear!

Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and spirit,
the mounting cheer

Lit with fire of divine desire and love that knew not
if love were fear!

Fear and love, as of heaven above and earth en-
kindled of heaven were one:

One white flame, that round his name grew keen
and strong as the world-wide sun;

Awe made bright with implied delight, as weft with
weft of the rainbow spun.

III.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves shall
never have heart to sing;

All the grace of the sun god's face that bids the soul
as a fountain spring,

Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail his like-
ness on earth as king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew, beheld and
worshiped, adored and heard:

Light rang round it of shining sound, whence all
men's hearts were subdued and stirred;

Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took life
upon them in one man's word.

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward
swerve on a darkening way;

Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as
lightens the front of May:

Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame
that we hail to-day.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

—*Athenæum*, 1891.

AN ANTIQUE.

QUEER sort of theme for a poet's rhyme,
Warped and worn by its hundred years,
Besprinkled over with stains of tears
From waxen tapers of olden time,
Walnut well carved by a master's hand,
My great-great-grandmother's candle-stand.

Gloss all gone, like the days now dead,
The polish dimmed, like the lustrous eyes
That once looked merry, or sad, or wise,
As this by the huge four-posted bed
Stood bearing the light in stick japanned,
My great-great-grandmother's candle-stand.

Shaky somewhat on its griffin feet,
Spindled decidedly as to its legs,—
The funniest set of twisted pegs,—
Parted at center, in base to meet,
Like a sort of Hermes' snaky wand,
My great-great-grandmother's candle-stand.

Lights it held for a dauntless race,
To deck for the duel, dance or ball,
And maidens merry and gay withal,

Slender-waisted and fair of face,
For mirror's aid, would its help demand,
My great-great-grandmother's candle-stand.

Dreams of the years long past and flown,
When hood and hoop and painted fan
Were snares to allure the heart of man,
Just as to-day is the tennis gown,
All flit around, from the shadow-land,
My great-great-grandmother's candle-stand.

• And clothed in a robe of spotless white,
Bonny and blithe as the bloom of haw,
The dame's great-great-grand-daughter-in-law
Stands by it now,—a winsome sight
What sweet surprise has my lady planned
With great-great-grandmother's candle-stand?

And why from its cherished pride of place,
The chimney-nook, has it sought the hall?
Alas! Pride goeth before the fall:
To an antique-dealer, for Duchesse lace,
She's bartered it straightway out of hand,
My great-great-grandmother's candle-stand.

R T W DUKE, JR.

—*Lippincott's*, December, 1891.

A COMPLAINT.

I THINK it really mean—don't you?—
To leave us nothing at all to do!
In a world all made to order so
A modern boy has no earthly show
Columbus sailed across the sea,
Which might have been done by you or me,
And now they call him great and wise,
They praise his genius and enterprise,
Although when he found our native land
He took it for India's coral strand!

There's Newton, too, saw an apple fall
Down from the branch, and that was all—
Yet they talk of his great imagination
And say he discovered gravitation.
Goodness me!—why, I could have told
Him all about it; at ten years old
I knew why things fell, and I studied the rule
For "falling bodies," in grammar school!
There's noble George, who wouldn't lie—
Perhaps he couldn't. He didn't try.
But if I should cut down a cherry-tree
My father would only laugh at me.

Benjamin Franklin—what did *he* do?
Flew a big kite; on Sunday, too,

Standing out in a heavy shower
Getting soaked for half an hour,
Fishing for lightning with a string
To see if he couldn't bottle the thing.
Suppose I should fly my kite in the rain?
People would say that I wasn't sane.
Why should there such a difference be
Between Ben Franklin, Esq. and me?

I can see steam move a kettle-lid
Quite as well as James Watt did,
And I can explain about engines, too,
Bigger and better than Watt ever knew;
But somehow he took all the praise,
And I'm neglected nowadays.
Then there's Napoleon First, of France,—
Suppose that we had had his chance,
No doubt we'd have been Emperors too;
But we'd have conquered at Waterloo
I would n't have had old Grouchy make
Such a stupid and grave mistake;
I should have sent him the proper way
To arrive in time to save the day!

Still, what makes me feel the worst
Is Adam's renown for being first.
That was easy enough, you know;
It was just a thing that happened so.
And my sister says, "If it had been *me*,
I wouldn't have touched the apple-tree."
That's so. If she sees a snake to-day
She gives a scream and she scoots away.

To write such things as Shakespeare's plays
Was not so hard in Queen Bess's days,
But now, when everything has been done,
I cannot think of a single one,
To bring a boy to wealth and fame,
It's a regular, downright, burning shame!

P. S. When it's fine, I shall play base-ball;
For you know it never would do at all
To forget about "Jack" who becomes they say,
A very dull boy, without plenty of play.
But wait!—when a rainy Saturday comes,
As soon as I've finished Monday's sums
I'm going to build a great flying-machine
That will make T. Edison look pea-green!

TUDOR JENKS.

—*St. Nicholas*, December, 1891.

STRIVING.

THE tide had turned; along the rock-strewn beach
The spent waves faltered, lapsed and wailing fled,
Their vantage lost,—a barren waste instead.
The tide returned; again they strove to reach

The far-off hights,—and lo, a wondrous speech
 Bade striving waves take heart, believe, and dare
 Again, and yet again, for victory there:
 And all the silence heard the voice beseech.

Thus, ages long, they falter and respond!—
 Despairing waves!—yet baffled hope survives,
 Fresh courage comes, and trembling faith revives;
 Still pleads the voice: "Be steadfast, nor despond
 The beckoning shore beyond, and still beyond,—
 The mighty sea within, and for thee, strives."

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.

—*Springfield Sunday Republican, Sept., 1891.*

LITTLE NUT PEOPLE.

OLD Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr
 Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
 Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
 And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain,
 Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.
 He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner,
 When both come together we shout, "Philopena."

This is Sir Walnut; he's English, you know,
 A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-So.
 Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,
 Be sure you have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut, from North Carolina.
 She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.
 Sometimes she is roasted and burnt to a cinder.
 In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or Pinder.

Little Miss Hazlenut, in her best bonnet,
 Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet;
 And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent,
 To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is old Hickory; look at him well;
 A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.
 Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits
 back!
 This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
 Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;
 But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
 His covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim,
 In flavor no nut is quite equal to him.

Ha, Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
 To be served with black coffee in French New
 Orleans.

Dear little Chinkapin, modest and neat,
 Is n't she cunning and is n't she sweet?
 Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
 And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinkapin.

And now my dear children, I'm sure I have told
 All the queer rhymes that a nutshell can hold.

PEARL RIVERS.

—*St. Nicholas, January, 1892.*

MEMORIES.

WITH APOLOGIES TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,
 EUGENE FIELD, CARL SMITH, AND OTHER
 WESTERN DIALECTICIANS.

SAY, Pete, do you remember, in them happy days
 of yore,

When me and you was workin' in ole Stubbs's
 gros'ry store,

A-chewin' Stubbs's apples, nuts, 'n' raisins all the
 day,

An' kep' poor Bill a-wonderin' why the bizness
 didn't pay?

'N' how our dads they lectered us for perpetratin'
 crime,

A-playin' penny ante in th' church at sermon-time?

'N' how we loved Sal Peterby, as lived ter Hickory-
 ville.

'N' how we punched each other's heads, 'n' fit as
 tho' ter kill,

Becuz Sal bowed to me one day, 'n' wouldn't bow
 ter you,

'N' nex' day smiled so sweet on you, 'n' cut me
 dead in two?

'N' how she jilted both on us, 'n' married Silas
 Prime,

Becuz we penny-anted in the church at sermon-time?

Haw, haw! Ye do? Yer got it all stored deep
 down in yer heart,

'N' from no single mem'ry of them days gone by
 ye'd part?

Waal, Pete, I'm glad ter hear ye say those words
 what you has spoke,

'N' jest ter prove yer mem'ry's good, 'n' yain't a-
 tryin' ter joke,

Jest shell out that there dollar, Pete, 'n' likewise
 that there dime,

Ye've owed me since we played that last small game
 at sermon-time!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

—*Harper's Weekly, Nov. 11, 1891.*

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NOTES.

DAVIS. "A Song of Sunrise." This is the last poem written by Slack Davis, and was found by his daughter, among his papers, after his death. It was written only a week before his death, and it is believed the poem was not finished.

MCAULEY. "Decoration Day" was prompted by Mrs. McAuley's own experience as a soldier's widow.

COLBY. "Pygmalion and Galatea." Pygmalion, a celebrated Greek sculptor, became enamored of a beautiful statue of ivory which he had made. According to the story Zeus was so affected by his passion that he endued it with life.

D'ISRAELI. "Wellington" Lord Beaconsfield, even his most ardent admirers would admit, gave no evidence that he was possessed of the creative faculty in verse; an ardent imagination he undoubtedly had. He wrote, so far as is known, only two sonnets.

BINYON. "The Past, Asleep." This sonnet was written when the author was in his sixteenth year.

LANDOR. "To Robert Browning." It is well known that not only did Landor never write a sonnet, but that he expressed his determination never to do so. But he came very near to inconsistency when he addressed to Robert Browning this beautiful fourteen line poem in blank verse.

WATTS. "In a Graveyard." This poem was called forth by the death of the novelist and poet, Oliver Madox Brown. Mr. Watts and Rossetti had spent the night previous to Oliver Brown's funeral in Rossetti's studio in talk upon the sad mystery of the young novelist's early death, and on the drive back from the "place of sleep" this sonnet was composed by Mr. Watts.

DOBSON. "Don Quixote." Mr. Dobson has not written many sonnets, but judging by the one given it is not for lack of ability.

FANE. "Ad Matrem." It was the custom of the Hon. Julian Fane to address a sonnet to his mother on each successive birthday. He had a very reverent love for his mother, and "Ad Matrem" was one of those birthday greetings. Mr. Fane was born in 1827 and died in 1870.

GRAY. "The Thrush's Song." David Gray was born in 1838 and died in 1861. His sonnets, as sonnets, are generally unsatisfactory. They are full of morbid sensibility, with a keen note of pain from a bitterly disappointed heart.

BLIND. "The Dead." This sonnet has an interesting history. Shortly after the death of the Bishop of Manchester, it was reprinted without the author's knowledge and sent in the name of one thousand operatives to Mrs. Frazer, the much-esteemed Bishop's widow. It is the lot of few authors to have so genuine, unsolicited, and unexpected a compliment paid to them, in this case all the more remarkable from the fact of Miss Blind having been quite unknown to those who paid the compliment. W. S.

CRAIGMYLE. "Cleopatra." The author of this poem was quite young when the sonnet was written. It is taken from "Poems and Translations," a volume of verse written in early youth.

BARLOW. "God and Woman." This poem, as it was originally written, was published in Vol. III, No. 4, THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, page 411. In its original form the author felt that the idea he meant to convey had not been fully wrought out,—the omnipotence of God and the loveliness of woman. In one or two instances exception has been taken to this sonnet, and with a view of justifying not only the editor, but the author, the editor wrote Mr. Barlow concerning it, and appended hereto is a letter received from Mr. Barlow in reply:

28 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, W. 1.
DECEMBER 8, 1891.

DEAR MADAM: I am sorry that the "Philistines" have taken hold of you in respect to my sonnet! I will write a few words about it, leaving it to you to use any part of my letter which you may please.

Firstly. The sonnet endeavored to convey the idea you speak of in your letter—God is represented as Himself "astonished" at the final result of His evolutionary method, pursued by Him patiently through ceaseless centuries, till at last the long, strange process culminated in the appearance on the planet of man and woman. "God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good," says the Book of Genesis. I only add to this as regards the loveliest portion of creation, "not only good, but *surprisingly* good."

Secondly. It must be remembered that the current orthodox conception of God as a Being "without body, parts or passions," (see Article I.), reduces Him to a cipher—He becomes a mere bundle of negatives. The sonnet in question assails this foolish and inartistic conception of God. The Greeks have been attacked for their passionate and hot-blooded theology, but, speaking poetically, they were nearer the truth than we are. If they degraded the gods by attributing human passions to them, a point which admits of argument, we have, on the other hand, degraded both man and God. When a portion of the human race came to the conclusion embodied in the First Article of the Christian Creed—that God must be a Being "without body, parts or passions," an enormous step was taken towards

the degradation of that race, and of woman. Underneath the metaphysical phraseology of that article lurks, only thinly veiled, the idea that passion as such, is wrong, and that woman is impure. All the impurity and coarseness of thought belong to the impugnors of my sonnet, and to those who think as they do.

Thirdly. I hold that the result of immense and far-reaching evolutionary processes, which we call LOVE, is so wonderful, so significant, so invaluable a result, that it is perfectly justifiable, as a poetical figure of speech, to represent God as "envying" man the possession and enjoyment of the fruits of that result. More—if God be indeed the bloodless phantom the churches represent Him to be, I think that He would, literally, "envy man." But of course the probability is that that metaphysical conception of God is wholly erroneous.

Fourthly. I intend in the sonnet to bring out the idea—a true idea I think—that in the long historic struggle, if we may so depict the process, between God and man for the possession of woman, it is always man who is really the victor. And to the end of time it will be the same. Appearances sometimes seem for a moment to point the other way—but they are deceptive. To man woman has given, and will always give, her youth, her beauty, her infinite sweetness, and, above all, her passionate love. To heaven woman gives not a passionate love, but the ghost of a passion; not her youth, but her widowhood; not the glory of her beauty, but the dim religious sentiment of her old age. If God and man could be conceived as rival beings standing opposite to one another in the conflict, which would they rather choose; sunlight or moonlight, woman or the ghost of woman; June or December? Can there be a moment's doubt?

All this, and a great deal more, I meant to suggest by the sonnet of which we are speaking. But probably the critics to whom you refer, being wholly superficial beings "without body, parts or passions," have taken a wholly superficial view.

Curiously enough I have been lately rewriting and remodeling the very sonnet in question, and I have embodied the same idea in a somewhat less crude form. I enclose the newer version. If you could kindly find space to print it, it might interest those of your readers whom the original version has interested. If any "Philistines" can be found to object to the idea in its later form, all I can say of them is that they had better be left to their own devices, and allowed to wither away in loveless solitude! I am, dear madam, very gratefully,

GEORGE BARLOW.

DE VÈRE. "The Children Band." The subject chosen by its author for this pathetic sonnet is one that has been little handled by writers. In all, some 30,000 children (ranging in age from twelve to sixteen) from France—crying aloud on their march, "Rendez-vous, Seigneur Jésus, votre Croix sainte!"—and about 20,000 from Germany, followed the lead of the fanatic apostate monk Jacob, or, as he was more widely known, Job. Misery and fatigue, hunger and exposure, robbers and brutalities, caused the deaths of many hundreds of the poor children who had been the first to respond to the appeal for a new crusade made by Pope Innocent III. early in the thirteenth century. A great number reached Marseilles, and were there inveigled on board seven large ships by two scoundrels, Hugues Lefer and Guillaume Leporc; two of these vessels were wrecked, but the remaining five reached Egypt, where the unfortunate children were sold into Saracenic slavery. The youthful

martyrs were avenged by the new general crusade that shortly followed, inaugurated at the Council of Latian, convoked by Innocent III. ● W. S.

DIXON. "Humanity." Mr. Hall Caine, a generous and discriminating critic, says: "Canon Dixon affords probably by far the most striking instance of a living poet deserving the highest recognition yet completely unrecognized."

ELLISON. "A Sunset Thought." In 1833 there were published at Malta two eccentrically worded and still more eccentrically printed volumes of verse, entitled "Madmoments: a First-Verse Attempt by a Bornnatural." To this strange heading was appended the following: "Addressed respectfully to the lightheaded of society at large; but intended more particularly for the use of that world's madhouse, London. By Henry Ellison, of Christ Church, Oxford." But the poems in these two volumes are very far from being incoherent or inartistically *outrés*. The printing and general arrangement are so far out of the common that a certain artificial air of strangeness does certainly seem to characterize the poems; but the strangeness is only superficial. I have seen but one copy of this strange book—that in the British Museum Library—to which my attention was called by Dr. Garnett. Some years later the same author published his "Touches on the Harp of Nature," and, in 1884, "Poems of Real Life," the last-named containing many of the sonnets which appeared in "Madmoments." Perhaps no writer of genuine capacity has ever written so much or lived so long and attracted so little attention. W. S.

ROSCOE. "The Poetic Land." Mr. Roscoe was born in 1823 and died in 1859. Had he lived a few years longer he would almost certainly have ensured for himself an abiding reputation as a master of the sonnet.

CALL. "The Haunted Shore." This impressive, if structurally unsatisfactory sonnet, is from Mr. Call's "Golden Histories." He has written much, but has not succeeded in attracting wide notice.

COLERIDGE. "Phantasmion's Quest of Iarine." This sonnet is from the author's fairy romance, "Phantasmion," published in 1887. It loses much by separation from the context, but not so much as to render its appearance here inappropriate.

JENKINS. In "Prize Selections," by Charles W. Moulton, Quotation 546 is credited to George Sinley, as occurring in a song entitled, "Though

Lost to Sight," etc. We are willing to concede to Mr. Sinley, who has produced some very beautiful songs, the authorship of the second line in the quotation, "Thou ever wilt remain;" but inasmuch as the other line, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," was first published nearly two hundred years ago, we must decline to believe that he could have written a line which appeared in print more than a century before Mr. Sinley was born. And, inasmuch as the poem of which the first line in the quotation was originally a part, contains only two stanzas, we give it entire, feeling well assured that its touching beauty and tender pathos will meet the warmest admiration of the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY. This poem was written by Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in England in the *Greenwich Magazine for Mariners* in the year 1701—one hundred and ninety years ago.

G. I. E.

ADAMS. "Nearer My God to Thee." Sarah Flower Adams was the second daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor and proprietor of the Cambridge (England) *Intelligencer*. She was born February 22, 1805, and died in 1849. "Nearer My God to Thee" founded on Jacob's dream, recorded in Genesis, and in 1841 was contributed to a Unitarian collection of "Hymns and Anthems," edited by William J. Fox. Few hymns have such general approval, yet so severely criticised as the work of a Unitarian. The compilers of the Baptist Hymn-Book (England), were so ill pleased with the omission of the name of Christ, that they secured the services of Rev. Arthur T. Russell to make, according to their idea, the verses perfect by the addition of the last verse. Others, with the same intent, changed "a cross" to "the cross." It has been adopted by all Christian sects, and translated into various languages. Adapted to the tune of "Bethany," Prof. Hitchcock relates that as he and his traveling companions rounded their way down the foot-hills of Mount Lebanon in 1870, they came upon a group of fifty Syrian students who were singing in Arabic this beautiful hymn to this familiar tune.

THOMPSON. "Music in Camp." John Randolph Thompson was a native of Richmond, Va., having been born there in 1823. He died in 1872. He was educated at the University of Virginia, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1845, but forsook it for the more congenial pursuit of literature. He contributed largely to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which he edited from 1847 to 1861. During the Civil War he went to England, where he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* and other

periodicals. He was afterward engaged on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*.

E. S.

FINCH. "The Blue and the Gray." This poem, which appeared originally in the New York *Tribune*, is founded upon an incident that occurred at Columbus, Miss., on Decoration Day, 1867, when flowers were strewn upon the graves of Confederate and Federal soldiers alike. This poem has often given rise to dispute, it having been frequently confounded with J. H. McNaughton's "The Blue and the Gray." In the spring of 1866 Mr. McNaughton wrote a song which he called "The Blue and the Gray," a title he took pains to have copyrighted. This song was set to music and became popular. In September, 1867, a spirited poem with the same title, "The Blue and the Gray," by Judge Francis M. Finch, was published in *The Atlantic*. The two poems, with a single title, were frequently confounded, and in self-defense Mr. McNaughton prepared to bring suit against Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for infringement of copyright. In a letter to Mr. McNaughton the publishers of *The Atlantic* declared the two poems resembled one another only in title and general idea. The outcome of the controversy was friendly; but it should be remembered, in fairness to Mr. McNaughton, that his "The Blue and the Gray" was printed first.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR engravings in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, the Publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Mackenzie Davis & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jacob Leonard & Son, Albany, N. Y.; Buffalo Electrotype and Engraving Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR copyright poems and other selections, the Publisher returns thanks to The D. Lothrop Co., Boston, Mass.; Lakeside Press, Chicago, Ill.; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Chatto & Windus, London, England; Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.; Elliot Stock, London, England; John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.; J. R. Weldin & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Pawson & Brailsford, London, England; John B. Alden, New York; Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.; D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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THE NEW
PUBLISHED
BY



*A. Cleveland Love,
Bishop of Western-New-York,
March, 8. 1892.*

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. IV.

No. 2.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE is the son of the late Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and his wife, Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham. He was born in Pimlico in 1837, and in 1857 entered as a Commoner at Balliol College, Oxford. He took no degree, but he was a distinguished student, if not in the sense of success in ordinary work, certainly in the position he took, and the influence he exerted, on the more thoughtful of his fellow students. He was one of the small band who wrote, and under the editorship of John Nichol (now professor of English Literature in Glasgow University), published a periodical entitled *Undergraduate Papers*. Most of those who were connected with that venture have since become more or less distinguished. In 1860 he published two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," which, for one so young, are remarkable at once for their dramatic spirit and the force and fervor of their verse and skill in metrical resources. They show immaturity, but they also show unmistakable genius. In 1865 he made his mark by the issue of "Atlanta in Calydon," which is one of the most finished and powerful works of its class—Greek in spirit, clear and masterly in its unimpeded movement and graces. His fame was rapidly growing when in 1866 was issued the volume, "Poems and Ballads," composed of pieces many of which had been long written, and the storm which arose over this work threatened to make him notorious as well as famous. He was called prurient, sensual, indecent, and so forth. Mr. Moxon almost unjustifiably withdrew the work from circulation, and it was speedily re-issued by another publisher. Mr. Swinburne replied to his accusers—critics they could scarcely be called—in a scathing pamphlet entitled "Notes on Poems and Reviews." Since then Mr. Swinburne's course has been a highly successful and industrious one. He has contributed largely to the *Fortnightly Review* and to the *Nineteenth Century*, essays on

old English dramatists and other literary subjects, which for sympathy, discernment, glow and grace of style, stand almost by themselves. Nor should we forget the service done by his "Study of Victor Hugo," and by his volume on Charlotte Brontë. Essays on George Chapman and on William Blake have varied the list of his works which have since appeared; and we do not need to enter into details regarding his more recent works, which are well known. Over and above the writings to which we have referred, we cannot but make mention of the work he has done in the way of annotation and commentary on Shakespeare and on the poet Shelley, with which students of literature should on no account fail to make themselves acquainted. It should be added that Mr. Swinburne is one of the few men who can write in French as fluently and correctly as in English—some of his poems in that tongue having won the warmest praise from distinguished French critics. Mr. Swinburne's rare resources of language no poet of our time has surpassed, any more than his wealth of fancy, and his power of metrical arrangement. As a metrist, indeed, he is more original and inventive than any of our English poets; he scarcely ever writes a great lyric but he invents a measure for it—often of the most striking and effective kind, as witness "The Hymn to Man." As a lyrical poet Mr. Swinburne is original, sweet, piercing, penetrating and possessing. There is no half-way house of admiration possible with him. You must either surrender yourself to his fascinations or leave him alone. His range is not so wide as that of some poets, who possess but little of his intensity; but he walks alone in his own field. Some of the specimens we shall extract will do something to attest this, we hope, in the minds of our readers.

A. H. J.

ROCOCO.

TAKE hands, and part with laughter,
Touch lips, and part with tears;

Once more and no more after,
 Whatever comes with years.
 We twain shall not re-measure
 The ways that left us twain,
 Nor crush the lees of pleasure
 From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,
 What will the mad gods do
 For hate with me, I wonder,
 Or what for love with you?
 Forget them till November,
 And dream there's April yet;
 Forget that I remember,
 And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,
 And kissed away his breath;
 But what should we do weeping,
 Though light love sleep to death?
 We have drained his lips at leisure,
 Till there's not left to drain
 A single sob of pleasure,
 A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless
 Might quicken if they would;
 Say that the soul is deathless;
 Dream that the gods are good;
 Say March may wed September,
 And time divorce regret;
 But not that you remember,
 And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places
 What love scarce lives and hears;
 We have seen on fervent faces
 The pallor of strange tears;
 We have trod the wine-vat's treasure,
 Whence, ripe to steam and strain,
 Foams round the feet of pleasure
 The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover,
 And time bring back to time
 The name of your first lover,
 The ring of my first rhyme;
 But rose-leaves of December
 The frosts of June shall fret,
 The day that you remember,
 The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses
 In heaven, we twain have known
 The grief of cruel kisses,
 The joy whose mouth makes moan;

The pulse's pause and measure,
 Where in one furtive vein
 Throbs through the heart of pleasure
 The purpler blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons,
 And love for treason's sake;
 Room for the swift new seasons,
 The years that burn and break.
 Dismantle and dismember
 Men's days and dreams, Juliette;
 For love may not remember,
 But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,
 Time withers him at root;
 Bring all dead things and dying,
 Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
 Where, crushed by three days' pressure,
 Our three days' love lies slain;
 And earlier leaf of pleasure,
 And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,
 It may be flame will leap;
 Unclose the soft close lashes,
 Lift up the lids, and weep.
 Light love's extinguished ember,
 Let one tear leave it wet,
 For one that you remember,
 And ten that you forget.

AUGUST.

THERE were four apples on the bough,
 Half gold, half red, that one might know
 The blood was ripe inside the core;
 The color of the leaves was more
 Like stems of yellow corn that grow
 Through all the gold June meadow's floor.

The warm smell of the fruit was good
 To feed on, and the split green wood,
 With all its bearded lips and stains
 Of mosses in the cloven veins,
 Most pleasant, if one lay or stood
 In sunshine or in happy rains.

There were four apples on the tree,
 Red stained through gold, that all might see
 The sun went warm from core to rind;
 The green leaves made the summer blind
 In that soft place they kept for me
 With golden apples shut behind.

The leaves caught gold across the sun,
And where the bluest air begun,
Thirsted for song to help the heat;
As I to feel my lady's feet
Draw close before the day were done;
Both lips grew dry with dreams of it.

In the mute August afternoon
They trembled to some undertune
Of music in the silver air;
Great pleasure was it to be there
Till green turned duskiest, and the moon
Colored the corn-sheaves like gold hair.

That August time it was delight
To watch the red moons wane to white
'Twixt gray seamed stems of apple-trees;
A sense of heavy harmonies
Grew on the growth of patient night,
More sweet than shapen music is.

But some three hours before the moon
The air, still eager from the noon,
Flagged after heat, not wholly dead;
Against the stem I leant my head;
The color soothed me like a tune,
Green leaves all round the gold and red.

I lay there till the warm smell grew
More sharp, when flecks of yellow dew
Between the round ripe leaves had blurred
The rind with stain and wet; I heard
A wind that blew and breathed and blew,
Too weak to alter its one word.

The wet leaves next the gentle fruit
Felt smoother, and the brown tree-root
Felt the mould warmer; I too, felt
(As water feels the slow gold melt
Right through it when the day burns mute)
The peace of time wherein love dwelt.

There were four apples on the tree,
Gold stained on red, that all might see
The sweet blood filled them to the core;
The color of her hair is more
Like stems of fair faint gold, that be
Mown from the harvest's middle floor.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.

SEVEN white roses on one tree,
Seven white loves of blameless leaven,
Seven white sails on one soft sea,
Seven white swans on one lake's lee,
Seven white flower-like stars in heaven,

All are types unmeet to be
For a birthday's crown of seven.

Not the radiance of the roses,
Not the blessing of the bread,
Not the breeze that ere day grow is
Fresh for sails and swans, and closes
Wings above the sun's great spread,
When the starshine on the snow is
Sweet as sleep on sorrow shed.

Nothing sweetest, nothing best,
Holds so good and sweet a treasure
As the love wherewith once blest
Joy grows holy, grief takes rest,
Life, half tired with hours to measure,
Fills his eyes and lips and breast
With most light and breath of pleasure.

As the rapture unpolluted,
As the passion undefiled,
By whose force all pains heart-rooted
Are transfigured and transmuted,
Recompensed and reconciled,
Through the imperial, undisputed,
Present godhead of a child.

Brown, bright eyes and fair, bright head,
Worth a worthier crown than this is,
Worth a worthier song instead;
Sweet, grave, wise, round mouth, full fed
With the joy of love, whose bliss is
More than mortal wine and bread,
Lips whose words are sweet as kisses.

Little hands so glad of giving,
Little heart so glad of love,
Little soul so glad of living,
While the strong, swift hours are weaving
Light with darkness woven above,
Time for mirth and time for grieving,
Plume of raven and plume of dove.

I can give you but a word,
Warm with love therein for leaven,
But a song that falls unheard,
Yet on ears of sense unstirred,
Yet by song so far from heaven,
Whence you came, the brightest bird,
Seven years since, of seven times seven.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,
In sad or singing weather,

Brown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pleasures or gray grief,
 If love were what the rose is
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are
 And love were like the tune,
 With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon,
 If I were what the words are
 And love were like the tune.

If you were April's lady
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day and night were shady
 And night were bright like day,
 If you were April's lady
 And I were lord in May.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

I.

WHITE rose in red rose-garden
 Is not so white;
 Snowdrops that plead for pardon
 And pine for fright
 Because the hard East blows
 Over their maiden rows
 Grow not as this face grows from pale to bright.

Behind the veil, forbidden,
 Shut up from sight,
 Love, is there sorrow hidden,
 Is there delight?
 Is joy thy dower or grief,
 White rose of weary leaf,
 Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light?

Soft snows, that hard winds harden
 Till each flake bite,
 Fill all the flowerless garden
 Whose flowers took flight
 Long since when summer ceased,
 And men rose up from feast,
 And warm west wind grew east, and warm day
 night.

II.

"Come snow, come wind or thunder
 High up in air,
 I watch my face, and wonder
 At my bright hair;
 Naught else exalts or grieves
 The rose at heart, that heaves
 With love of her own leaves and lips that pair.

"She knows not loves that kissed her
 She knows not where:
 Art thou the ghost, my sister,
 White sister there,
 Am I the ghost, who knows?
 My hand, a fallen rose,
 Lies snow-white on the white snows, and takes
 no care.

"I cannot see what pleasures
 Or what pains were;
 What pale new loves and treasures
 New years will bear;
 What beam will fall, what shower,
 What grief or joy for dower:
 But one thing knows the flower,—the flower is
 fair."

III.

Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
 Since joys go by;
 Sad, but not bent with sadness,
 Since sorrows die;
 Deep in the gleaming glass
 She sees all past things pass,
 And all sweet life that was lie down and lie.

There glowing ghosts of flowers
 Draw down, draw nigh;
 And wings of swift spent hours
 Take flight and fly;
 She sees by formless gleams,
 She hears across cold streams,
 Dead mouths of many dreams that sing and sigh.

Face fallen and white throat lifted,
 With sleepless eye
 She sees old loves that drifted,
 She knew not why,—
 Old loves and faded fears
 Float down a stream that hears
 The flowing of all men's tears beneath the sky.

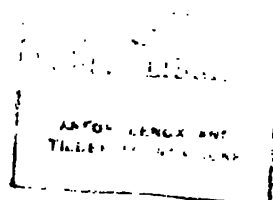
SUNSET.

—Here, where light and darkness reconciled
 Hold earth between them as a weanling child
 Between the balanced hands of death and birth,
 Even as they held the new-born shape of earth
 When first life trembled in her limbs and smiled,
 Here hope might think to find what hope were
 worth.

—*In the Bay.*

HATE.

Who cannot hate, can love not; if he grieve,
 His tears are barren as the unfruitful rain
 That rears no harvest from the green sea's plain,
 And as thorns crackling this man's laugh is vain.





A. L. Swinburne

Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprieve
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

—*Ibid.*

MARLOWE.

Like sunrise never wholly risen, nor yet
Quenched; or like sunset never wholly set,
A light to lighten as from living eyes
The cold unlit close lids of one that lies
Dead, or a ray returned from death's far skies
To fire us living lest our lives forget.

—*Ibid.*

SHELLEY.

Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet
Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,
And walk with him apart till Shelley came
To make the heaven of heavens more heavenly
sweet

And mix with yours a third incorporate name.

—*For the Feast of Giordano Bruno.*

DREAMS.

Dreams pursue death as winds a flying fire,
Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.

—*Ave Atque Vale.*

VILLOU.

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire,
A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled thy
shame.

But from thy feet now death has washed the mire,
Love reads out first at head of all our quire,

Villou, our sad, bad, glad, mad brother's name.

—*A Ballad of Francois Villou.*

SUNRISE.

The sundawn fills the land
Full as a feaster's hand
Fills full with bloom of bland
Bright wine his cup;
Flows full to blood that fills
From the arch of air it thrills
Those rust-red iron hills
With morning up.

—*Four Songs of Four Seasons.*

AUTUMN.

The year has fallen and faded
On cliffs by clouds invaded,
With tongues of storms upbraided,
With wrath of waves bedimmed
And inland, wild with warning,
As in deaf ears of scorning,
The clarion even and morning
Rings of the south-west wind.

—*Ibid.*

KOSSUTH.

Light of our father's eyes, and in our own
Star of the unsetting sunset! for thy name,
That on the front of noon was as a flame
In the great year nigh twenty years ago,
When all the heavens of Europe shook and shone
With stormy wind and lightning, keeps its fame
And bears its witness all day through the same;
Not for past days and great deeds past alone,
Kossuth, we praise thee as our Landor praised;
But that now too we know thy voice upraised,
Thy voice, the trumpet of the truth of God,
Thine hand, the thunder-bearer's, raised to smite
As with heaven's lightning for a sword and rod
Men's heads abased before the Muscovite.

—*To Louis Kossuth.*

AGE.

In vain men tell us time can alter

Old loves or make old memories falter,

That with the old year the old year's life closes.

The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,

The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,

The old summer rears the new-born roses.

—*Age and Song.*

LOVE.

The time of lovers is brief;

From the fair first joy to the grief

That tells when love is grown old,

From the warm wild kiss to the cold,

From the red to the white-rose leaf,

They have but a season to seem

As rose-leaves lost on a stream

That part not and pass not apart

As a spirit from dream to dream,

As a sorrow from heart to heart.

—*The Tear of the Rose.*

HASTE.

Too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses!

—*At a Month's End.*

LIBERTY.

One fairer thing he shewed him, and in might

More strong than day and night

Whose strengths build up time's towering period:

Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,

Which if man had not, then should God not be;

And that was Liberty.

And gladly should man die to gain, he said,

Freedom; and gladlier, having lost, lie dead.

For man's earth was not, nor the sweet sea-waves

His, nor his own land, nor its very graves,

Except they bred not, bore not, hid not slaves;

But all of all that is,

Were one man free in body and soul, were his.

—*Thalassius.*

HARRIET M. S. LOTHROP.

(MARGARET SIDNEY.)

IF Margaret Sidney's claim to a place among the "poets" rested upon the number or diversity of her published verses, it would be a claim perhaps difficult to establish. Upon any ground this most modest of writers would be the last to make any claim whatever. But the readers, and to say readers is to say friends, of Margaret Sidney's writings, esteem her title as a poet has been earned by the sincerity and value of the poems, sweet and true in their music as in their purpose, with which she has permitted her quiet pathway among the book-makers to blossom too seldom. Harriet Mulford Stone, now Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, of Boston, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and lived there until her marriage. Born to the writer's purple, with a scholarly father, drawing her first breath in the classic atmosphere of the old college town, she grew up imbibing constant encouragement from the rare volumes of a library gathered by generations of cultured ancestors, and listened "seen but unheard" while dons and scholars ventilated their enthusiasms. To this exceptional and grateful stimulus Miss Stone's quick intellect responded while her moral nature expanded proportionately, in the house life of a large family, under a gentle and judicious mother's influence. There are no hardships to record in the even tenor of Margaret Sidney's youth and young womanhood. The wonder is in reading the fruitful wisdom of her pen, that one whose personal experience of hardship must be nil should possess such penetration into the innermost recesses of a wretched soul; together with the infinite humanity, which for lack of a better word we must call tact, that teaches her to touch the wretchedness only with healing fingers. If she opens the wound, she pours in oil and balm. Margaret Sidney's ballad of "The Minute Man," that ringing echo of "The Shot Heard Round the World," is perhaps the most widely known of her poems, but to all of them may be applied that descriptive adjective, dear to each writer's hearing—"much-quoted." "The Pettibone Name," "Through the Golden West" and "Concord and its Byways," are the best of Margaret Sidney's writings for older folk, while her fame among the children and youth began with "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." The clamor for more led the writer to continue their history in "Five Little Peppers Midway," which again grew into "The Peppers Farther On," which later ran as a serial in *The Wide-Awake*. Margaret Sidney's summer home is in historic Concord, in Bronson Alcott's former home; and still richer memory,

where Nathaniel Hawthorne, that moody but incomparable genius, dreamed and wrote. His tower study now echoes to the baby prattle of a tiny "Margaret," and the same spicy breath of pines and the shadowy watch of sentinel larches that wrought their influence into the tragedy of Helen Prynne's story, inspire the wholesome, everyday sunshine of Margaret Sidney's helpful prose and poetry. In the winter time, Mrs. Lothrop lives in Boston, surrounded by all those social duties which unliterary women feel leaves no room for anything else. But to this generous and healthful nature there seems no limit to her capacity for doing and being.

C. S. W.

THE MINUTE MAN.

FOR more than a hundred years
In history, legend and rhyme,
Has the old story been told anew
Of the Century's deed sublime.

On this Memorial Day,
When the grateful hearts of all,
Recounting the struggle for Liberty,
The Nation's birth recall,

We tell the story once more
Of that brave and early fight,
When young America stood to her guns,
With trust in the God of right.

We sing the old, old story
To the children of our time,
Of the Minute Man at Concord Bridge—
Again in simple rhyme.

I.

The scattered hamlet, listening
To the river's melody,
Slow-pulsing, even, sweet,
Like dream of heaven, fair paradise,
With forests grand, and fertile fields,
Is blessed, safe retreat.

To weary pilgrims, tossed upon
A sea of conflict, stormy, rough,
Who waves of trouble breast,
Musket-a-quad seems fair indeed.
They bare the brow, and fervently
Thank God that here they rest.

They settle here, and honestly
They purchase land by river,
Requiting Indian toil.
And peacefully, 'neath Jethro's Oak,
So runs the legend, springs the name
Which blesses all the soil.

Fair Concord! fitting spot to be
The Nation's birthplace, lovingly
Is given to thee the fame
Of leading in the Right, that long
As Liberty has voice to speak,
Shall halo thy dear name.

II.

cloud descends the vale,
he pine-crowned crests
repeat an echo warningly;
cry, that were not God their God,
ould make those settlers quail.
he hurrying, threatening cloud scarce waits
or prayers ascending to the God who led the Pil-
grims forth.
To arms! To arms! They come! They come!"
heard the cry,
nd quick as lightning on his smoking steed
messenger must fly
o waken all that valley sweet
ying in blessed, cool retreat.

III.

Over the highway old,
With banner and song and jest,
In uniform gay, eight hundred strong
Are marching out toward the West.

Beaming is now the sun
With healing in each bright ray,
The earth is waking to life anew
This beautiful April day.

Nature is smiling sweet
From meadow and wood and hill
And a simple task it seems to be
To conquer this hamlet still.

Passing the jest along,
The jubilant host march on
To the easy honor of victory
Like that of Lexington.

Swiftly the message ran
Through villages on its way,
Bringing the minute men instantly,
To hold the town that day.

Quietly on the hill,
Drawn back from river and road,
These yeomen gather from plow and field,
To wait alone with God.

Bravely the words that come,
Peeling down these hundred years,
Voicing their trust in the God of might,
And ringing into our ears.

Fearless and faithful words,
Hear them so martial and clear:
"Let us stand our ground, and if we die,
Praise God, we will die right here."

Fiercely rages beneath
Destruction and pillage dire;
Liberty's signal crashes and falls,
Destroyed in the vandal's fire.

Waiting, the minute men
"In the fear of God" on the hill
Calming the hot blood patiently,
Are holding their rifles still.

Hardest of all to wait,
To say coolly, one by one,
"We will never fire a single shot
Unless first fired upon."

Listen! sharp the command!
Bayonet and gun in place,
The rallying-point of the Nation's war,
The old North Bridge, they face.

Holding war-council there,
On God they trustingly wait;
Sublimely the Century keeps for them
A grand and glorious fate.

Single the shot—a volley!
Two minute men fall—are dead;
Now speaks America in her guns,
The waiting-time is fled!

Faithfully now they fight,
Freedom is theirs at last,
The tyrant's hold is loosening now,
The die of war is cast!

Clinching the trusty gun,
Keenly sighting the foe,
With muscles unbound from the long restraint
They lay the enemy low.

Sharply rings the battle,
While the river rolls between,
Hushing its gentle murmuring as
It plays over banks of green.

Quickly give o'er—'tis done,
Provincials are masters of war;
Flee while you may, O brilliant foe,
Report to your King afar!

Hurried now the retreat,
Scarce hoping a life to save,
While two dead faces by river's brim
Wait for a nameless grave.

Sacred the victory
Here won for liberty;
Ages shall sound,
Concord, thy patriot blood
Baptizing river sod
Holiest ground.

Here stands the Minute Man,
As from his plow he ran,
Calm and unflinching,
Yet meek in his glory,
Granite and bronze
Tell again the grand story:
So shall he ever be
Herald of Liberty!

CHRISTMAS.

How shall I tell of the ages,
When Christmas was never kept;
When the earth, in dark revolution,
Bided her time—and slept?
How speak of the tardy unfolding
Of morn in the crimson East—
When lo! for the Heavenly Infant
There waited the solemn feast?
The shepherds sing
In slow accord:
“Is born our King,
The blessed Lord.”
A quiver—as if down the ages
Mortality's cry echoed still;
So long had it voiced every heart-beat,
It lingered the daybreak to fill;
Each bitter, discordant, low earth-wail
Shocked Heavenly air as it rang;
The Babe breathed; Divinity woke,
And the angels in rapture sang.
The shepherds say,
“We seek Him, all,
Look at the Star
O'er Bethlehem's stall.

The Babe enwrapped in the manger,
His tiny hand folded soft;
That hand, to be put forth for others
In loving strength, so oft;
To be, even in willing submission,
Extended from Calvary,
Now rests on the Mother's bosom,
In beautiful infancy.
The shepherds whisper,
On each knee,
“We bring our gifts,
O Lord, to Thee.”

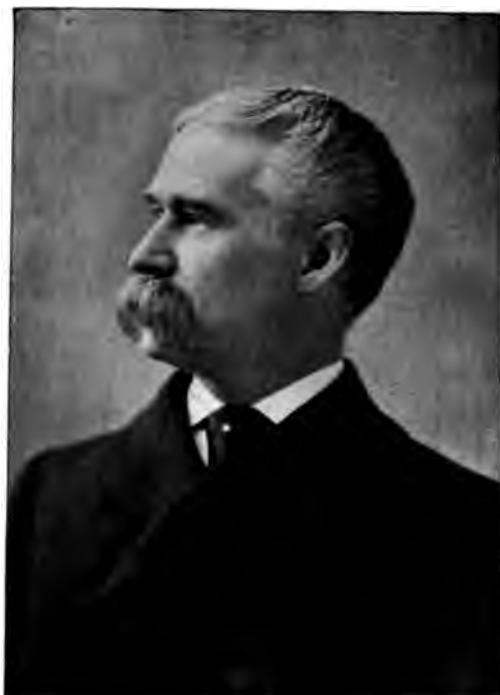
That head, on its pillow so tender,
Must wear a thorny crown,
Before, the earth-life ended,
Its sacrifice lays down;
But now, oh! gracious promise
Of kingly power and might,
It sends out from the little brow
Rays of divinest light.
The shepherds vail,
Their faces now;
“To Thee, O Lord,
We humbly bow.”

Oh! now the pæans rolling,
The anthems meet and blend;
“Give praises, oh! give praises,
Forever, without end.”
“The Christchild ne'er shall leave us,”
The angels soft do sing;
“But always folded in our hearts,
The Christmas joy shall bring.”
The shepherds then
Stole soft away,
“The night has flown,
Look! break of day.”

What does it mean, this Christmas,
Down from the ages sent?
Out of the lips of a little Child,
What is the message meant?
Into one word it is prisoned,
Struck into life and light;
Love is the Christmas-tide message
Of Heavenly power and might.
The shepherds far
Upon the plain,
Adore the Lord
Of Love again.

Sing it in Heavenly chorus,
Sing it in earthly strain,
Wake the dark places with music,
To call down the Lord again.
Sing it 'mid Christmas jangle
Of bell and childish voice,
And sweet confusion, sing it,
“Our Lord is come! Rejoice!”
The Christmas bells
O'er hill and plain
Take up the shepherds'
Sweet refrain:
“The Child is born
To bring us Love
And Light and Peace
From God above.”

1000



Chas. T. Adams



W. D. Griffin

WHY POLLY DON'T LOVE CAKE.

THEY all said "No!"
 As they stood in a row—
 The poodle and the parrot and the little yellow cat.
 This straight, indignant column
 Looked very, very solemn,
 And rolled their eyes and shook their heads,
 a-standing on the mat.

Then I took a little stick,
 Very short and very thick,
 And I said: "Dear friends, you surely now shall
 rue it!
 For one of you did take
 That bit of wedding cake:
 So now I'm going to whip you all. I certainly will
 do it!"

Then Polly raised her claw:
 "I never, never saw
 That stuff. I'd rather have a cracker!
 And so it would be folly,"
 Said this naughty, naughty Polly,
 "To punish me. But Pussy—you can whack her."

The cat rolled up her eyes,
 In innocent surprise,
 And waved each trembling whisker-end.
 "A crumb I have not taken;
 But Bose ought to be shaken,
 And then perhaps his thieving, awful ways he'll
 mend."

"I'll begin right here,
 With you, Polly, dear!"
 And my stick I raised with righteous, good intent.
 Oh, dear! and oh, dear!
 The groans that filled my ear,
 As overhead and heels the frightened column went.

The cat flew out of window
 The dog rushed under bed,
 And Polly flapped and beat the air,
 Then settled on my head;
 When, underneath her wing,
 From a feathered corner deep,
 A bit of wedding-cake fell down,
 That made poor Polly weep!

For the cat raced off to Cat-land, and was never
 seen again;
 And the dog sneaked out beneath the bed, and scud
 with might and main;
 And Polly sits and rolls her eyes upon her roost in
 fear,
 And when she sees a bit of cake she always says,
 "Oh, dear!"

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

(YACOB STRAUSS.)

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS has as distinct a place in the field of American humor as has Oliver Wendell Holmes, Samuel L. Clemens, Henry W. Shaw, Charles F. Browne, Robert J. Burdette, or any of the several others who have raised a laugh and the spirits of their readers. It is scarcely twenty years since "Leedle Yacob Strauss" appeared in print in the *Detroit Free Press*, from which it was copied instantly and almost universally by the press of the country, and its success gave him a hint as to his future line of work. It was afterwards published, with his other poems, in book form, with a series of fine illustrations, which added still more to its popularity. Mr. Adams has been a business man all his life, and his humorous writings have been the result of his hours of recreation and the natural bent of the professional part of his nature trying to get away from and outside of the business part. He is a descendant of the old Revolutionary patriot, Samuel Adams, his grandfather, Stephen Adams, having been one of the first settlers of Meredith Village, N. H. His mother was a Senter, of the Senters who originally settled at Centre Harbor, at the head of Lake Winipisiogee, and a lineal descendant of Hannah Dustin, of Haverhill, Mass., whose thrilling history among the Indians is so well known.

Mr. Adams was born in Dorchester, (Boston), Massachusetts, April 21, 1842. After receiving a common-school education, he entered a mercantile house at the age of fifteen, where he remained for five years, at which time (in August, 1862), he enlisted in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, and with it participated in the battles of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, in which latter engagement he was wounded and taken prisoner, and afterward removed to hospitals in New York and Rhode Island, and still later taken to the Convalescent Hospital in Washington, where he remained till the expiration of his term of service in August, 1864, when he was mustered out and returned home to take up his business life again. As suggested above, the literary portion of his life is really his diversion, his days being thus divided into work-days and play-days. Possibly this freedom of his literary longings from the worry of being associated with the means of bread-and-butter-getting, the curse of so many literary careers, had a great deal to do with making his work of such uniform sweetness, as well as excellence. Who shall say? This would seem to be one of the unsolved problems of a literary career. His first

effort at rhyme appeared in 1870, and his first Dutch dialect piece was printed in *Our Young Folks*, J. T. Trowbridge, editor, in 1872. During the next four years an occasional bit of verse appeared in the Boston papers, *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, *Scribner's Monthly*, and others. For some years after 1876, all that he wrote appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*, with the exception of "Hans und Fritz," which was first printed in *Appleton's Journal*. "Dialect Ballads," his second published volume, appeared in 1888. Since the latter date he has composed several individual poems, among the more important of these poems being, "Vas Marriage a Failure?" "He Gets There Shust der Same," "Yawcob's Dribulations," and "Der Coming Man." One or two of his bits of verse have been parodied in London *Punch*, and an English edition of "Leedle Yacob Strauss, and Other Poems," was published some time ago. Mr. Adams occasionally appears upon the platform in and about Boston in "Authors' Readings," in which he has had marked success, expression of Dutch peculiarities being as clearly done by manner and voice as by pen. It may not be out of place to remark that the dialect verse of Mr. Adams consists not alone of studies in humor. It contains an undercurrent of sympathy with human nature, which occasionally awakens a bit of pathos as delightful as it is unexpected, and which sounds the keynote of its great popular success in the fact that it touches the beating, pulsing heart of humanity. Touches of manly tenderness throughout all of his dialect verse, taken in connection with the general simplicity and truthfulness, answer the question as to why it has attained such great popularity. E. M.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
 Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
 As efer you dit see;
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts off der house—
 But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
 Dot vos der roughest chouse;

I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der sticks to beat it mit—
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse—
 But nefer mind, der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dose:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair upon my hed?
 Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse—
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes ensшой;
 But ven he vas asleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

"AH-GOO!"

VOT vas it mine baby vas trying to say,
 Ven I goes to hees crib at der preak of der day?
 Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
 So pink und so shweet as der fresh blooming rose,
 Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboutt,
 Shust like dhey vas saying: "Ve vant to get oudt!"
 Vhile dot baby looks oup, mit dhose bright eyes so
 plue,
 Und don'd could say nodings; shust only:
 "Ah-Goo!"

Vot vas id mine baby vas dinking aboutt,
 Vhen dot thumb goes so quick in hees shveet leedk
 mout',
 Und he looks right avay like he no undershtandt
 Der reason he don'd could quite shvallow hee
 handt;
 Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt into hees eyes
 Vhich fills hees oldt fader mit fear and surbrise;
 Und vhen mit dhose shimnassic dricks he vas droo
 He lay back und crow, und say nix budt:
 "Ah-Goo!"

Vot makes dot shmalle baby shmile, when he's
ashleep;
Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von, "bo-
peep!"
Der nurse say dhose shmiles vas der sign he haf
colic—
More like dot he dhreams he vos hafing some frolic;
I feed dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles some day,
Und dhen eef *she* shmiles, I pelief vot she say;
Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
Oxcept shmile, und blay, und keep oup hees
"Ah-Goo!"

I ask me, somedimes, when I looks in dot crib:
"Vill der shirdt-frondt, von day, dake der blace off
dot bib?
Vill dot plue eyed baby, dot's pooling mine hair,
Know all vot I knows aboutt drouble and care?"
Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its pride und its sins,
Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas twins,
Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
Budt shust laugh und crow, und keep saying:
"Ah-Goo!"

HANS UND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side
by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer their spare moments
were spent,
And the fruits of their labors were peace and con-
tent.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say,—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking,—his own simple language to quote,—
"Berhaps it vas better ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;"
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geepts dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill
know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot
ish so;
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some
day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,
"Yaw,
Now who dakes dot baber accordings by law."

"I geepts dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den,
you see,
I always remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so; it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vat to do ven I porrows again."

MINE VAMILY.

DIMBLED scheeks mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly hed, und full off glee,
Drowers all oudt at der knee—
He vas been blayin' horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hundord seexy in der shade,
Der oder day vhen she vas veighed—
She beats me soon I vas afraid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed head, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs, dat vill bend oudt,
Fond off his bier und *sauer kraut*—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,
Von leedle pright-eyed, roguish son,
Von *frau* to greet vhen vork vas done—
Dot's mine vamily.

MINE SCHILDHOOD.

DER schiltren dhey vas poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der nighdt;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside pright
I dinks aboutt vhen I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at nighdt—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off mine fader too,
Und how he yoost to say,

"Poor poy, you haf a hardt old row
 To hoe, und leedle blay!"
 I find me oudt dot it vas dhru
 Vat mine oldt fader said,
 While smooding down mine flaxen hair
 Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
 To shpeak off dem like dot.
 Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
 Und has two schiltren got.
 Ve lofes dhem more as never vas,
 Each leedle curly head,
 Und efry nightd ve dakes dhem oup
 Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, somedimes, when I feels plue,
 Undt all dings lonesome seem,
 I vish I vas dot poy again,
 Und dis vas all a dhream.
 I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
 Und vhen mine brayer vas said,
 To haf mine fader take me oup
 Und tuck me in mine ped.

DOT SCHMALL LEETLE BABY.

DRUE as I leev, most efery day
 I laugh me vild to saw der vay
 My schmall young baby drie to play—
 Dot funny leetle baby.

Ven I look off dem leetle toes,
 Und see dot funny leetle nose,
 Und hear der way dot rooster crows,
 I schmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes der comes a leetle schquall,
 Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill crawl
 Right in his leetle stchomack schmall,
 Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet
 Und gorry barric he must ead,
 Und I must chump sphry on my feet
 To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
 Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,
 Und shlobbers me—but vot I care?
 Dot vos my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
 Vos schquozin me so nize and varm—
 Oh! may dere never come some harm
 To dot schmall leetle baby.

AMÉLIE RIVES CHANLER.

MRS. CHANLER has enjoyed the distinction of creating the greatest *furor* in the literary world, of any young author of this century. From her first appearance in print, with "A Brother to Dragons," to the present time, each and every article has called forth widespread comment, with this difference, that each has in its turn been more commented upon than its predecessor.

Amélie Rives is the granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, the Congressman, Senator, and Minister-Plenipotentiary to France in the earlier half of the present century. During the reign of Louis Philippe, Mr. Rives' eldest daughter, Amélie, named for the French queen, was born. She was drowned, with her family, in 1874, on the steamer Ville du Havre. Her name was afterwards bestowed on the little daughter of Colonel Alfred Landon Rives. He also was born in Paris, and was educated chiefly in that city, being graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique, and adopting the profession of civil engineering. In 1861 he was married to Miss Macmurdo, of Virginia, a granddaughter of Bishop Moore, and a noted beauty. In 1863, in the town of Richmond, Va., was born their to be famous daughter, Amélie. Colonel Rives' profession being of an itinerant character, the early childhood of his daughter was passed mainly at the home of her grandfather at Castle Hill, Albemarle county, Va. When Amélie was six years of age, Col. Rives located his family at Mobile, Ala. Biographers of Mrs. Chanler write that this was a sad blow to her childish heart, as she had become passionately attached to her Virginian home. Amélie Rives' unfolding genius asserted itself much in the manner of other geniuses. Before she could write, she could draw, and at an early age she developed a fondness for reading, choosing Shakespeare as her standard. Writing followed reading in quick succession, though she made no hurried attempts at publication, preferring to await the more perfect development of her talents. Mrs. Chanler's characteristics are a morbid sensitiveness peculiar to highly imaginative minds, a fund of humor, passionate love of out-of-door life, and more particularly for the sea, and an unquestioning belief in, and love for her Creator. Like all artists she loves a lavish display of color, bric-a-brac and drapery, and we are told her home abounds in these. She is a fine horse-woman, and enjoys nothing better than a canter among the low-lying hills of her beloved Virginia.

About four years ago Amélie Rives was joined in wedlock to John Armstrong Chanler, a descendant

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Amélie Rives

of the Astor family. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Chanler have lived abroad for a considerable portion of the time in order to give Mrs. Chanler more opportunity for study, especially painting. She contracted an illness while abroad that came near proving fatal, but faithful care and nursing has about restored her to her wonted vigor and strength.

She resides at Castle Hill, Virginia, where so many happy hours were passed in childhood, and which are so full of romance and tender associations.

N. L. M.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

O CHILDREN'S eyes unchildlike! Children's eyes
That make pure, hallowed age seem young indeed—
Wan eyes that on drear horrors daily feed;
Learned deep in all that leaves us most unwise!
Poor wells, beneath whose troubled depths Truth
lies,
Drowned, drowned, alas! So does my sad heart
bleed

When I remember you; so does it plead
And strive within my breast—as one who cries
The torture of her first-born—that the day,
The long, bright day, seems thicker sown for me
With eyes of children than the heavens at night
With stars on stars. To watch you is to pray
That you may some day see as children see
When man, like God, hath said, "Let there be
light."

Dear Christ, Thou hadst Thy childhood ere Thy
cross:

These, bearing first their cross, no childhood know,
But, aged with toil, through countless horrors grow
To age more horrible. Rough locks atoss
Above drink-reddened eyes, like Southern moss
That drops its tangles to the marsh below;
No standard dreamed or real by which to show
The piteous completeness of their loss;
No rest, no hope, no Christ; the cross alone
Borne on their backs by day, their bed by night,
Their ghastly plaything when they pause to weep,
Their threat of torture do they dare to moan:
A darkness ever dark across their light,
A weight that makes a waking of their sleep.

Father, who countest such poor birds as fall,
Count Thou these children fallen from their place;
Lift and console them of Thy pity's grace,
And teach them that to suffer is not all;
Hedge them about with love as with a wall,
Give them in dreams the knowledge of Thy face,
And wipe away such stains as sin doth trace,

Sending deliverance when brave souls call.

Deliver them, O Lord, deliver them!—

These children—as Thy Son was once a child!

Make them even purer than before they fell,

Radiant in raiment clean from throat to hem;

For, Lord, till Thou hast cleansed these sin-defiled,
Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell.

A WINTER ELF.

Too cold it was to ride or walk;
A little elf swung on the marigold stalk,
The marigold flowers were fallen and dead,
The marigold flowers were shrouded in snow,
A bitter wind rushed to and fro,
And all the violets were a-bed.

The little elf's nose was sorry and blue,
But the little elf's self was jolly all through;
And as he swung from side to side,
He sang this song with an air of pride:

"Out o' the wool o' the chestnut-buds
My Minnie spun my hose and jerkin;
Of a bat's wing made my cloak,
Warm enough to wrap a Turk in;
Lined them all with thistle-down,
Gathered when the pods were brown;
Trimmed them with a rabbit's fur,
Left upon a cockle-bur;

"Yet, in spite o' everything,
Much I fear that cold I be.
Ha! ha! the Spring! Ho! ho! the Spring!
The merry, merry Spring for me!"

GRIEF AND FAITH.

FOLD back the sun-bright hair; kiss the meek lids,
That lie like flowers above the flower-blue eyes;
Grieve not, to grieve her with thy anguished sighs;
Such peace as Christ has given her forbids
Even the storm of woe to rage, and rids
Fierce Death of half his terrors. In such wise
Sleep doth appear ere Love hath said, "Arise!"
Or Love lies quiet while that fair Joy bids.
Sweet Soul, praised by thy God that I am left
To bear this anguish in thy dear heart's stead;
That thou art happy, while I am bereft;
That I, not thou, kneel by our desolate bed,
And know Life's sword hath stabbed me to the hilt,
Knowing that I do live, while thou art dead.

Ah me! thy child! How can I love thy child,
Which hath begun its life by taking thine?
And yet it was thine own, and thine is mine;
Therefore it is mine too. Oh God! the wild,
Mad, helpless yearning to lay down this mild,
Pale, winter flower among the flowers that shine
Like stars above thee, while Love, grown divine,
Omnipotent, unquestioned, undefiled,
Bids Death exchange, and let thee live again!
Nay I want not thy child; I thirst for thee,
As thirst the summer meadows for the rain,
As longs the mainland for the tarrying sea,
As stricken souls do yearn for bodily pain.
Oh, God in heaven! must such anguish be?

Alas! alas! God will not let thee hear,
To grieve in heaven for my bitterness;
Nor would I have thee listen, to confess
God loves thee more than I. Ah, have no fear;
My sorrow cannot touch thee. I am here,
And thou art where no love can harm, or bless,
Or reach, or move thee. Let me keep one tress,
To rest where thy head rested one fair year.
It is not much to ask of thee, O sweet,
Who hast for love of me given thy bright life.
Such kisses as had made thy pure heart beat
But yesterday, still leave thee stone, my wife.
Farewell, dear brow, dear mouth, dear hands, dear
feet!
Thine is the freedom; mine, the fire, the knife.

Yet was it wonderful, when all is said,
Heaven should desire thee? Nay; for thou wert far
Above most women as God's handmaids are;
Thy soul as flowers that bloom when day is fled;
Thy purity as crown upon thy head;
In all things lovely. There was naught to mar
The jewel of thy nature, while a star
Seemed thy sweet, steadfast love. Now, being dead,
Thou, star-like, love-like, seekest heaven, while I
Seem cast from heaven, like Satan, into hell.
O darling, ask thy God to let me die—
Thou who canst plead so nobly and so well.
It shall be borne, so rest come by-and-by.
Thou canst not answer? Then, once more, fare-
well!

Sweet eyes, farewell; cold bosom, fare thee well;
Farewell all joy, all love, all hope, all peace.
Welcome, fierce pain, till Death do bid ye cease,
Farewell, content. My bride, my wife, farewell.
The mother of my child! Oh hell in hell,
For which High God Himself hath no surcease,
No straws of comfort such as gleaners lease
From fields already harvested! This knell

Rings ever in my ears: "She gave her life
In giving thee thy child." What care had I,
So that my rose bloomed on, if that Death's knife
Pruned each bud as it blossomed? Is to die
To love no more, O exquisite, pale wife,
Or only to be deaf unto Love's cry?

ABANDONMENT.

SOMETIMES when walls seem enemies, and sleep
Given to others like a cruel jest
Sent for my mocking, I, being mad for rest,
Creep out all lonely past the huddled sheep,—
Stirring with drowsy tang of bells that keep
Soft iterance through the whispery night, where
nest
And nestling sway, by winnowing wind
caressed.—
There fling myself along the grass to weep,
Sobs gathering, hands gripped hard into the earth,—
The blessed earth that takes us back at last!—
And think, "Ah, could this knowledge now
befall
Some woman who for long hath thought me worth
Only her hatred, she would hold me fast
And strive to comfort me, forgetting all."

SURRENDER.

TAKE all of me,—I am thine own, heart, soul—
Brain, body—all; all that I am or dream
Is thine forever; yea, though space should teem
With thy conditions, I'd fulfill the whole,
Were to fulfill them to be loved of thee.
Oh, love me!—were to love me but a way
To kill me—love me; so to die would be
To live forever. Let me hear thee say
Once only, "Dear, I love thee"—then all life
Would be one sweet remembrance,—thou its king:
Nay, thou art that already, and the strife
Of twenty worlds could not uncrown thee. Bring,
O Time! my monarch to possess his throne,
Which is my heart and for himself alone.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

THE wall-flowers to the frolic wind
Do dance their golden aigulets,
And elf-maids steal the hawthorn beads
To wear for fairy amulets.
The spring is here, the spring is here—
The love-time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,
 Weighed down by balls of yellow gold;
 The poppy cups, so fiery bright,
 Meseems would burn the hearts they hold.
 The summer's here, the summer's here—
 The kiss-time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the south,
 The elf-maids haste them to their bowers,
 And dandelion balls do float
 Like silver ghosts of golden flowers.
 The autumn's here, the autumn's here—
 The wife-time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray
 Than are the eyes of her I love;
 More dainty-white than her sweet breast
 The snow lies not the earth above.
 The winter's here, the winter's here;
 But love-time lasts the year, my dear!

LOVE.

Love cannot utter blasphemy, for Love
 Is his own god and king of his own heaven.
 —*Herod and Mariamne.*

LOVE.

It means to put myself beyond myself,
 To think of him I love in that self's stead,
 To be sleep's enemy because of him,
 Because of him to be the friend of pain,
 To have no thought, no wish, no dream, no memory,
 That is not servant to him; to forget
 All earlier loves in his,—all hates, all wrongs;
 Being meek unto him, though proud unto all others;
 Gentle to him, though to all others harsh;
 To him submissive, though unto high heaven
 Something rebellious. Last, to keep my patience
 And bear his doubts, who have his children borne.
 —*Ibid.*

DOUBT.

Doubt is the shaft wherewith Love wounds himself.
 —*Ibid.*

REASON.

One grain of reason leavens a huge mass
 Of inconsistency.
 —*Ibid.*

FLOWERS.

Perfume's the soul of flowers.
 —*Ibid.*

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS is a native of Maryland, and was born in that part of Worcester now included in Wicomico county, near the village of Powellville, Md., but she now resides at Berlin, Md. Her father possessed wide information and was a man of influence in his county; her mother was a woman of gentle breeding and noble character. Her paternal grandfather came to this country from England when a boy, and her maternal great-grandmother was a Custis of Virginia, one of the historical family of that name.

Miss Dennis was educated in Baltimore city, but all of her life, except her school days, has been spent in the place of her birth—a section of lonely roads and silent forests which have left their impress upon her active and creative fancy. As a child she was shy and reticent. Her first published poem appeared in the Baltimore *Weekly Sun* in 186-, just when she stood at that period of life where girlhood and womanhood meet; and in the earliest, as in all her writings, a vein of sadness is noticeable, tinging her sunniest moods and merriest fancies. This disposition to "sing of the shadow rather than the sun," her friends attribute to her environments, the haunting of lonely and weird places and the brooding over the mysteries of life, not to her temperament, for she has a nimbleness of wit and a generous heart which make her a delightful companion and a lovable friend. Always fond of little children, and thoughtful and tender of the aged, much of her life has been devoted to them. She was a successful and beloved teacher, until failing health compelled her to retire from the profession. In the waning autumn of 1890 a great sorrow came into her life—the death of her mother. As the mother's years and infirmities increased, the daughter's devotion grew till her life seemed absorbed in that of her mother, and the loss was a severe one.

A few years ago, Miss Dennis gathered her poems and published them in book form under the title of "Asphodels and Pansies." Unheralded by advertisement and unaided by special effort, her book met with favor. C. F. H.

A FRAGMENT.

THE days are all wet with the damp of the sea;
 The nights are all cold with the breath of the spray;
 But the wild winds' song is as music to me,
 And the days are as sweet as the heart of May.

I know I am cheating myself with wild dreams;
 They'll crumble to dust 'neath my pitiful gaze;
 But my heart is glad for the tiniest gleams
 It can hoard away for the sorrowful days.

Then sing on, oh! winds, ye are stormy and cold!
 And days, ye are wet with the damp of the sea!
 But I can array ye in vestments of gold,
 And crown ye with gems that are priceless to me.

ST. ELVO.

SUMMER stands where the sweet Year slopes
 Toward the plains of the Sunset Land;
 I gather the gleams of its flickering hopes,
 And hold them back with a wistful hand.
 Beautiful hopes, must ye drift away?
 Beautiful dream-lights, must ye fade?
 Over the hills of the bliss-crowned day
 Lingered footsteps gather the shade,
 Lingered voices, tender and low,
 Render the sweet Year doubly fair;
 Why should the sweetness of beauty grow
 Ten-fold sweeter beneath despair?
 Across the Summer's vanished smiles
 I lean my wistful heart to-night,
 And out of all its scented aisles
 I hold one doubly sweet and bright,
 I hold one doubly dear and fair.
 Come life or death, I hold it aye,
 My treasure-trove, my jewel rare,
 My crown of faith, my wreath of bay;
 Come life or death, it matters not,
 God's love is surer than our tears;
 To wait is but our common lot,
 However long the wistful years.
 And so I hold it doubly dear,
 This sweet, sad Summer of delight;
 The years may drift to shadows drear,
 They cannot blur its treasured light!

THE FAIR SWEET ISLE.

SOFTLY the wind of the far-away sea
 Tapped at my window last night, and sighed,—
 "Far away there's a fair, sweet isle
 Where the sky bends low and clear and wide;
 And the sun-bright days are full of peace;
 And the restful nights are long and calm;
 And softly the breath of its beautiful bloom
 Fills all the air with a pulsing balm.
 "And the flowers thou lovest are blooming there,
 The fairest of all sweet Flora's band,

And the velvet touch of their fragrant lips
 Is like the touch of a loved one's hand.
 And the wistful winds thou lovest so well
 Have found a home in the fair, sweet isle;
 And the sun's bright glow on the rippling waves
 Is soft as the light of love's own smile.

"Then come with me, thou'rt weary and worn;
 Thy feet are burnt by the arid plain;
 And the wistful years have brought to thee,
 Filled to the brim, life's chalice of pain.
 But the island fields are green and cool,
 And the island founts are clear and sweet;
 Come, cool thy lips at the sparkling fount,
 And rest on the grass thy tired feet!"

I turned in my sleep, and woke with a sigh
 Answering the sigh of the soft, sweet wind;
 I looked from the window, but the voice was gone,
 And only the moonlight trailed behind.
 But I lay awake with the echoing sigh
 Whispering still of the fair, sweet isle
 Nestling amid the opaline waves,
 The pictured dream of an Angel's smile!

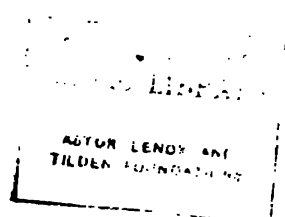
And I thought, ah me! could I only find
 This beautiful isle of peace and calm!
 Could rest in its pastures green and cool,
 And breathe the breath of its fragrant balm!
 For I am tired, as the sweet wind said;
 And the softest night and the brightest day
 Are not so fair as the dear wind's dream
 Of the fair, sweet island far away!

A SUMMER STORM.

THE solemn pines, in their stately way,
 Gather the flush of the dying day,
 And hold it a moment, still and warm,
 Despite the wrath of the muttering storm,
 Whose flying couriers, through the air,
 Leap from the gloom of their unseen lair
 To herald the coming fray.

And over the West, still warm and bright
 With the last fond kiss of the Sun's good-night,
 Rises a column, majestic and grand
 The wild-wrought dream of an unseen hand,
 Riven and burnished, with here and there
 The gleaming trail of the lightning's glare
 Turning the gloom to lurid day.

Along the West, in shadowy lines,
 I catch a glimpse of the solemn pines
 Swaying despondently to and fro,
 Ablaze in the lightning's vivid glow,





MAUDE ANDREWS OHL.



FLORENCE AUGUSTA JONES.

Answering the Storm-King's battle-song
With shivering threnodes, wild and long,
Like haunting voices from the sea.

Tempest and darkness!—furious and high
The bannered winds go clamoring by!
The lightnings flash, the thunder-bursts roar!
The wild rain beats at the panelled door!
And I sit here, thinking how still and bright
The morn will wake from the stormy night,
Radiant, gladsome, and free!

And it minds me so of the Dream called Life,
Tempest-tossed often, and full of strife;
Wounded with loss, and hurt with dismay;
Crowded with toil, and worn with delay;
Body and soul would fain be at rest,
Glad to relinquish Life's sorrowful quest
For Lethe, and dreamless sleep.

But after the night and tempest are past,
Life will be joyous and sweet at the last;
Sunshine and flowers will crowd with perfume
The storm-drenched pathways of sorrow and gloom;
Over the hills shines the brightness of day,
Tempest and darkness have all passed away!
Why should we sorrow and weep?

AMID THE CORN.

I STOOD, last eve, 'mid the whispering corn,
While the soft wind-voices rose and fell;
And the starlight hush of the night new-born
Enwrapped my heart with its witching spell.
And the toilsome day, and its gairish light,
Like a troubled thought went softly by,
And left me alone with the tender night,
The whispering corn and the wind's soft sigh.

And I knelt in the dusk of the tasseled grain,
With never a thought of passing time;
With only the sound of an old refrain
Filling my heart with its broken rhyme;
With only a dream that was born of a dream
And died with the death of the fair, sweet thing,
And left but the glint of a golden gleam
Like the vanishing flash of an angel's wing.

And the whispering corn-tops softly swayed
Back and forth in voluptuous ease;
And a hundred viewless fingers played
Sweet madrigals upon the breeze.
And I knelt me there, in the tasseled grain,
With never a thought of passing time;
With only the sound of an old refrain
Filling my heart with its broken rhyme.

MAUDE ANDREWS OHL.

THE brilliant young woman who signs her writings Maude Andrews, was born December 29, 1862, at the home of her great-grandfather, Joshua Morgan, in Taliaferro county, Georgia, but she was so small when she left there that she has no associations with it, and her most loving and sacred memories cluster about the old home in Washington, Ga., where she spent her early days. There, in the grand old home of her grandfather, Judge Andrews, she passed her childhood. It was a lordly place, sweet with old orchards and terraced gardens, surrounded by a forest of giant trees. In those enchanted shades the future writer dreamed many of the beautiful thoughts that have since sung themselves into the minds and hearts of a loving public. Mrs. Ohl won her earliest reputation in a series of letters from New York to the *Atlanta Constitution*, they were marked by a wonderful degree of freshness and independence. She is one of the foremost newspaper women in the South, and a favorite poet. She comes of a family noted for its intellectual strength. Her grandfather, Judge Andrews, was one of the most distinguished jurists the state ever produced; Miss Fanny Andrews, her cousin, is a popular novelist, and Miss Eliza A. Bowen, the eminent astronomer, is also her cousin.

Maude Andrews has many gifts. As a critic she is outspoken and appreciative. She discusses art and the drama with ability, and her society sketches are equally characterized by novelty and vigorous treatment. She writes on all social matters, reforms, public charities, entertainments, with uniform excellence. She has a broad and liberal mind, a tender heart open to the woes and weaknesses of her sex, and a soul breathing aspiration.

Mrs. Ohl and her husband, the talented "J. K. O.," are both members of the *Atlanta Constitution* staff, and contribute largely to the force and popularity of that paper. Unlike many literary women, she is a thorough and skilled housekeeper, and many distinguished people are entertained in her artistic little home. Personally she is very attractive, young, with a full, graceful figure, her face richly tinted, and lighted by eyes that speak from the soul. One lovely little girl, now in her second year, brightens their home life. Mrs. Ohl is a genius made constant to her gifts by a splendid, reverential earnestness.

M. R. C.

WHY IS IT?

WE spent the Summer by the sea,
Together gaily swam and flirted;

Her lissome limbs, from toe to knee,
 Were freely left to kick unskirted.
 But, if her buttoned body slipped,
 A glimpse of snow-white shoulders showing,
 She'd quickly pin the place that ripped,
 While blushes on her face were glowing.

To-night I take her to the ball.
 She cometh down—a dream elysian;
 As bare as Eve's before the fall
 Her shoulders are, a lovely vision.
 Enchained, I gaze from head to foot.
 Beneath her soft skirts' silky laces
 There peeps a dainty little boot;
 She draws it back—how red her face is.

THE WIND AND THE LILY.

THE Lily lifted her milk-white bloom,
 And freighted the air with a soft perfume,
 And a warm wind came from the sultry vale,
 And he kissed her petals so pure and pale.

With a fearless heart she reared her head,
 For she thought there was naught from the wind to
 dread
 And she wrapped her round in her spotless pride,
 While she shed her fragrance on every side.

But the wind grew warmer and stronger still,
 And he kissed her cup with an ardent will,
 And her petals drooped in the burning air,
 While her beauty waned with a mute despair.

Then the wind passed by with a careless smile,
 And he sought new buds in a little while,
 And he gave no grace to the perfect flower
 But he took from her beauty and pride and power.

I pondered the lesson in thoughtful fashion;
 The Lily was virtue; the Wind was passion.

TWO SELVES.

UNTO myself I have grown strangely great
 And wise and good.
 Crowned with rare beauty, lo, I sit in state
 Of womanhood,
 The lofty queen; so wondrous fair am I
 That angels come,

To peep out from their windows in the sky
 And then grow dumb
 With envy of my perfect loveliness;
 While all the world
 Lives but to do me homage and to bless
 My days. Unfurled
 Life's greatest honors wave, my eyes to greet.
 How strange it seems,
 All these high praises—ah, so strange and sweet
 As if in dreams
 I walked; yet unto one, these dreams I know
 All seem as true
 As truth itself, because you love me so.
 Dear heart, to you
 I am all that I am not, and would be.
 Thy love hath made
 Me stand before my true self tremblingly,
 Shy and afraid.
 I look up to my new self with this trust:
 That I may climb
 On thy love's ladder from my human dust,
 And win in time
 The stars you now see on my lowly brow.
 Thy love alone
 Hath power to lift me to that self which now
 You deem my own.

A PORTRAIT.

SHE thinks so much of worldly show
 That, should an angel call her to
 Arise unto the skies,
 A long white robe she'd quickly don,
 And buy a harp to play upon;
 Then pay a call to every friend,
 And tell them all to watch her wend
 Her way to Paradise.

THE LEGEND.

A LOVELY woman in an eastern land
 Once swayed a kingdom with her slender hand;
 Her burdens heavy grew and weighed her down,—
 Upon her brow there pressed a jeweled crown.

Too cumbrous for its tender resting-place,
 The golden weight adorned a weary face.
 She cried, "I have grown tired of my power;
 It seemeth more unbearable each hour.

"Let some one come that I may crown him King;
 Within his hand he must a guerdon bring

shall by far my boundless wealth exceed,
 vying it, I'll feel no other need."

ish was known, and lo! from far and near,
 thronged around her mighty prince and peer,
 aid rich gifts down humbly at her feet:
 ghed, "Alas! I find them incomplete."

after morn a suppliant went away,
 here came unto her throne one day,
 with empty hands, yet noble face
 arm of matchless mold and peerless grace.

ueen looked up and asked, "What gift hast
 thou
 der for the crown upon my brow?"
 zed into her eyes, and naught replied,
 owned him saying, "I am satisfied."

FATE AND LIFE.

; Fate gave a stone in place of bread,
 And yet she made no moan,
 k her gift and smiling brightly, said,
 "It is a noble stone."

gh weary days her skillful hands were turned
 Unto the sculptor's art;
 her fine eyes, glowingly there burned,
 Hope's fire within her heart.

! one morn the sunrise did disclose,
 Commanding, gracious, grand,
 ble statue perfect in its pose,
 Carved by her steadfast hand.

A DEDICATION.

are my sonnets, take them, they are thine,
 led by the hand that moves at thy command;
 y line my love doth intertwine,
 aning thou canst fully understand.
 word is writ with red drops from my heart,
 thy first touch didst quickly cause to flow.
 e thy regrets, I pray, 'tis better so;
 acious world gives praise unto my art,
 ould I not find solace in the thought,
 fame is gained, whatever be the cost?
 was my one desire; I did not know
 it a price the jewel must be bought;
 not dream how I, with sweet peace lost,
 ould be compelled to walk my way in woe.

ELISABETH CAVAZZA.

MRS. CAVAZZA was born in Portland, Maine, where she now resides. Accustomed from childhood to speak both the English and Italian languages, enacting dramas with her dolls, intensely interested in Shakespeare's fairies, the demons of "Dante's Inferno" and stories of the Greek gods and heroes—her early years were not like those of a typical little daughter of New England. She received a thorough musical education, which included singing, the pianoforte, harmony and counterpoint. As she grew toward womanhood in an elegant, refined and intellectual home atmosphere, her comments upon literature were extremely apt and lively, and I, at that time editor of the *Portland Daily Press*, asked her to notice books for its columns. The idea pleased her, and for some years she wrote almost all the book reviews for the *Press*. A review of Mr. Edmund C. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" won from the eminent critic a flattering letter in regard to the young journalist. She had an unwillingness to be known to write, and, so well was the little mystery maintained, that one day after the publication of her parody upon Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," there arrived at the *Press* office a letter enclosing a card of invitation to the Century Club of New York, which bore the endorsement of E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard and A. R. Macdonough, who naturally enough assumed the author of the parody to be a man. This parody was quoted by the London *Saturday Review* as the best sample of this kind of literature on this side of the Atlantic. A second pseudo-Greek drama "Algernon, the Foot-Stool Bearer," in which Swinburne and Browning were parodied, was rewarded by a charming letter from Mr. Browning. Just before Bayard Taylor sailed for Germany to assume the post of Minister at Berlin, he came to Portland on purpose to see the young girl and speak encouragingly to her concerning her literary future. Later she has been honored by the warm friendship of John G. Whittier. Prof. Longfellow thanked her in a most courteous letter for a long poem published in the *Press* on occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday; and when, in September, 1888, a statue of the poet was unveiled in his native city, Mrs. Cavazza was invited to write a poem, which was read upon the occasion. She was married in February, 1885, to Signor Nino Cavazza, of Modena, Italy, a man of the noblest character and attainments. He was a son of Cavaliere Alessandro Cavazza, professor of sculpture in the Royal Academy of Modena. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Cavazza found it best

to adopt as a serious profession the literary art, which she had studied as an amusement of girlhood, and during the past few years she has written much in verse and prose for Portland journals, and some of the leading magazines and juvenile periodicals.

In her critical work Mrs. Cavazza shows a remarkable insight into the motive and purpose of writers, which has evoked thanks and commendation from many of the foremost authors of the time, both at home and abroad. Her style is at once easy, vigorous and elegant, and she certainly ranks very high among current critics. The character of her other work may be seen in the brief samples herewith printed. S. T. P.

BALLATA ITALIANA.

OF ALICIA'S BONNET.

LAST night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

I sat beside Alicia at the play;
Her violet eyes with tender tears were wet
(The diamonds in her ears less bright than they)
For pity of the woes of Juliet:
Alicia's sighs a poet might have set
To delicate music in a dainty sonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

And yet to me her graceful ready words
Sounded like tinkling silver bells that jangled;
For on her golden hair the humming-birds
Were fixed as if within a sunbeam tangled,
Their quick life quenched, their tiny bodies man-
gled,
Poor pretty birds on Alicia's bonnet!

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Caught in a net of delicate creamy crêpe,
The dainty captives lay there dead together;
No dart of slender bill, no fragile shape
Fluttering, no stir of any radiant feather;
Alicia looked so calm, I wondered whether
She cared if birds were killed to trim her bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

If rubies and if sapphires have a spirit,
Though deep they lie below the weight of earth,
If emeralds can a conscious life inherit,
And beryls rise again to wingèd birth—
Being changed to birds but not to lesser worth—
Alicia's golden head had such upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Perhaps I dreamed—the house was very still—
But on a sudden the Academy
Of Music seemed a forest of Brazil;
Each pillar that supports the balcony
Took form and stature of a tropic tree,
With scarlet odorous flowers blooming on it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

A fragrance of delicious drowsy death
Was in the air; the lithe lianas clung
About the mighty tree, and birds beneath
More swift than arrows flashed and flew among
The blossoms of the perfumed poisonous breath,
The heavy honeyed flowers that hung upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Like rain-drops when the sun breaks up the shower,
Of weavers' shuttles carrying golden thread,
Or flying petals of a wind-blown flower,
Myriads of humming-birds flew overhead—
Purple and gold and green and blue and red—
Above each scarlet cup, or poised upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

What rapid flight! Each one a wingèd flame,
Burning with brilliant joy of life and all
Delight of motion; to and fro they came,
An endless dance, a fairy festival;
Then suddenly I saw them pause and fall,
Slain only to adorn Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

My mind came back from the Brazilian land;
For as a snow-flake falls to earth beneath,
Alicia's hand fell lightly on my hand;
And yet I fancied that a stain of death,
Like that which doomed the Lady of Macbeth,
Was on her hand: could I perhaps have won it?

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

A BALLAD OF MOMENTS.

ALL through the hours of night,
The unremitting rain
Beats with its footsteps light
Upon the window-pane;
Again and yet again,

The rain-drops count aright,
To ears of slumber fain,
The moments in their flight.
How slow, alas, how slow
The reckoning they recite
As moments come and go!

When Dawn leads up her bright
Young Hours, a rosy train,
How ready for delight
The world and we remain!
For burdens that constrain,
And shadows that affright,
Old memories that complain,
And dreams in black bedight—
The presages of woe—
Have lost their dismal might
As moments come and go.

The moments that in spite
Distill the tears of pain,
Descend like infinite
Raindrops, on heart and brain—
Each one a separate bane;
But moments that alight
Like dewfall on the grain,
Refresh us and requite
So gently, none may know
Or sound of them or sight,
As moments come and go.

ENVOI.

Ballad, in black and white
Make now this sentence plain,
Bear witness thereunto:
Wrong shall give way to right
And night of day be slain,
As moments come and go.

THE IDLE MILL.

ACROSS the snow which wraps the hill
Moves thin blue shade of many a cloud;
The stream is gray with ice, and still,
That in the summer sang so loud.
O miller, wherefore leave the mill?
I cannot grind, the wheel is still.
O wheel, why turn not round and round?
I cannot, for with frost I'm bound.
O river, what will make thee run?
The April rain and April sun.
The wintry cold fills all the air—
A bar of ice 'twixt heaven and earth;
The dreary chill is everywhere,
And all things have a sense of dearth.
O singer, wherefore cease to rhyme?
All songs are mute in winter time.

O songs, why will ye not be found?
By frozen wheels no grist is ground.
O fancy, when wilt flow again?
With April sun and April rain.

UPON THE SLATE.

UPON the slate she wrote her name:
Sylvia; beside it, with the same
Quaint childish curves and flourishes,
Her little schoolmate's name—for these
Are signs of baby friendship's claim.
He bore with her the master's blame
When the slate fell and broke its frame
As they were playing "fox and geese"
Upon the slate.

Maids dream of love; but men of fame;
For him, the world and its acclaim;
For her, beneath the poplar trees
Slants a gray stone—he never sees
The mosses that like tear-drops came
Upon the slate.

THE NUT-TREE BABIES.

THE nut-tree babies, young and small,
Lay in green cradles, satin-lined;
Rocked lightly by the summer wind;
No bough did break, no cradle fall,—
The nut-tree babies, one and all,
Slept in their cradles peacefully.
While wood-doves crooned a lullaby.

One autumn day the nuts awoke,
The yellow leaves were strewn about,
And mischievous Jack Frost was out
And played those babies such a joke!
Their cradles with a touch he broke,
And the brown nut-tree babies fell,
One with another, all pell-mell.

But with the coming of the spring,
When all the earth is green again
With April sun and April rain,
We shall behold a curious thing:
A crowd of saplings in a ring—
Where every nut fell down will be
A tiny little sprouting tree.

Some day the saplings will be grown,
And on their branches will be seen
Hundreds of cradles, soft and green,—
Amid the leaves that make their crown,
For nut-tree babies of their own,
And winds will rock them low and high
And wood-doves croon a lullaby.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

VERY little beyond the bare outlines is generally known of the career of William Allingham. He is one of Nature's truest poets. Born on the banks of the river Erne, he was ever discovering fresh glories in the picturesque country through which its waters flow. "Amid the shady woods and sunny lawns," from which he has drawn much of his material, he delighted to linger. Here his family, originally English, has been long settled. Here, also, the beauteous scenery of North West Ireland has inspired many of those lyrics which besides finding place in the poet's volumes, have enriched the pages of numerous periodicals. To the first number of *Household Words* Mr. Allingham contributed "The Wayside Well;" and, both in this magazine and the *Athenaeum*, his earlier writings, growing in favor as they became more widely known, frequently appeared. In 1850 he published his first volume, "Poems." Four years later appeared "Day and Night Songs," an enlarged edition of which, illustrated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Millais, and A. Hughes, came forth the following year as an artistic advance upon the original. Not long afterwards Mr. Allingham was appointed editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, in which "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," one of the poet's most appreciated efforts, made its first appearance. More recently the choicest examples of his writings, not previously arranged, have been collected and published in volume form, thus making a valued addition to the author's best known and most popular works, included amongst which, in addition to those already mentioned, are "Evil May Day," "Ashby Manor," and "Blackberries." Mr. Allingham died in London November 20, 1889. F. A. H. E.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest;
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where
it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before
me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a
rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they
give me many a shock;
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a
shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in
its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows
lifted up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a
china cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so
fine—
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a
twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded
all before—
No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the
floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O! but she was
gay;
She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my
heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so
complete,
The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;
The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so
much praised;
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her
voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you
sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside
my tongue.
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on
both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger
stands.

O, you're the flower of womankind, in country or
in town;
The higher I exalt you the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way and see
your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in lofty palace hall
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains
fall!
O, might we live together in a cottage mean and
small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only
wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my dis-
tress—
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish
it less;
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am
poor and low,
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may
go!

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,
 Bearing a Touchstone in his hand,
 And tested all things in the land
 By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose
 From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
 The golden crown he did not spare,
 Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
 Were many changed to chips and clods,
 And even statues of the gods
 Crumpled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
 "The loss outweighs the profit far;
 Our goods suffice us as they are;
 We will not have them tried."

And, since they could not so avail
 To check his unrelenting quest,
 They seized him, saying, "Let him test
 How real is our jail!"

But though they slew him with the sword,
 And in a fire his Touchstone burned,
 Its doings could not be o'erturned,
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
 They strewed its ashes on the breeze,
 They little guessed each grain of these
 Conveyed the perfect charm.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
 And night by night the monitory blast
 Wails in the key-hole, telling how it passed
 O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
 Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
 Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
 Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
 Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
 Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
 The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
 It may be somewhat thus we shall have leave
 To walk with memory, when distant lies
 Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

SONG.

O, SPIRIT of the Summer-time!
 Bring back the roses of the dells;
 The swallow from her distant clime,
 The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
 The gilded evenings, calm and late,
 When merry children homeward run,
 And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing, and the scent
 Of meadow-lands at dewy prime.
 Oh bring again my heart's content,
 Thou Spring of the Summer-time.

MAY.

What can better please,
 When your mind is well at ease,
 Than a walk among the green fields of May?
 To see the verdure new,
 And to hear the loud cuckoo,
 While sunshine makes the whole world gay.

—*The Fields in May.*

MARRIAGE.

A band of fowlers next I spied,
 Spreading nets on every side,
 Watching long, by skill or hap
 Fleeting Cupids to entrap.
 But if one at length was ta'en,
 After mickle time and pain,
 Whether golden one or blue,
 Piebald, or of rosy hue,
 When they put him in their cage
 He grew meagre as with age,
 Plumage ruffled, color coarse,
 Voice unfrequent, sad, and hoarse;
 And little pleasure had they in him
 Who had spent the day to win him.

—*The Cupids*

• AFFLICTION.

Lord, God, Thy servant, wounded and bereft,
 Feels Thee upon his right hand and his left:
 Hath joy in grief, and still by losing gains;—
 All this is gone, yet all myself remains!

—*The Messenger.*

RIVER.

Encircle our meadows with bounty and grace;
 Then move on thy journey with tranquil pace,
 To find the great waters,
 The great ocean waters,

Blue, wonderful, boundless to vision or thought;—
Thence, thence, might thy musical tidings be
brought!

One waft of the tones of the infinite sea!
Our gain is but songs of the mountain from thee:
Thy primitive issue,
Thou stream of our valley!

—*The Valley Stream.*

PRESENT.

Go thou fearlessly on, unswerving from shades in
thy pathway;

Pits and crags they seem, thou wilt find them noth-
ing but shadows.

Take thou care of the present, thy future will build
itself for thee.

Life in the body is full of entanglements, harsh
contradictions;

Keep but the soul-realities, all will unwind itself
duly.

—*Angela.*

ROSE.

Wild-Rose! delicately flushing
All the border of the dale,—
Art thou like a pale cheek blushing.

Or a red cheek turning pale?

Is it sorrow? Is it gladness?

Lover's hopes, or lover's fears?

Or a most delicious sadness,

Mingled up of smiles and tears?

Come!—no silky leaflet shaken—

To a breast as pure and fair;

Come! and thoughts more tender waken

Than thy fragrant spirit there!

—*The Choice.*

OCTOBER.

October—and the skies are cold and gray,
O'er stubbles emptied of their latest sheaf,
Bare meadows and the slowly falling leaf.

The dignity of woods in rich decay
Accords full well with this magnetic grief

That clothes our solemn purple hills to-day,
Whose afternoon is hush'd and wintry brief.

—*Late Autumn.*

SPRING.

I'm glad I am alive, to see and feel
The full deliciousness of this bright day,
That's like a heart with nothing to conceal.

—*On a Forenoon of Spring.*

RELIGION.

Let us not teach and preach so much,
But cherish, rather than profess.

Be careful how the thoughts we touch
Of God, and Love, and Holiness,—

A charm, most spiritual, faint
And delicate, forsakes our breast,
Bird-like, when it perceives the taint
Of prying breath upon its nest.

—*Day and Night Songs.*

EARTH.

Search starry mysteries overhead,

Where wonders gleam; yet bear in mind

That Earth's our planet, firm to tread,

Nor in the star dance left behind;

For nothing is withheld, be sure,

Our being needed to have shown.

The far was meant to be obscure,

The near was placed so to be known.

Cast we no astrologic scheme

To map the course we must pursue;

But use the highs whene'er they beam,

And every trusty landmark too.

—*Ibid.*

TRUTH.

The Future let us not permit

To choke us in its shadow's clasp;

It cannot teach us, nor we it,

The present moment's in our grasp.

Soul sever'd from the Truth is Sin;

The dark and dizzy gulf is Doubt;

Truth never moves,—unmoved therein

Our road is straight and firm throughout.

—*Ibid.*

SIN.

Sin is establish'd subtly in the heart

As a disease; like a magician foul

Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,

Purge it of evil: there's no other way

Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

—*Levavi Oculos.*

JUPITER.

Nothing is fix'd. All moves. O Star! thou hast
look'd upon changes

Here on this Planet of Man. Changes unguess'd
are to come.

The New Time forgetteth old,—remembereth some-
what, a little,

A scheme, a fancy, a form, a word of the poet,
a name.

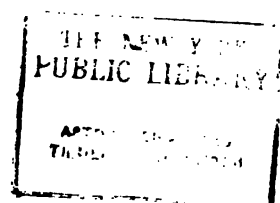
Still, when a deeper thought, a loftier, wider and
truer,

Springs in the soul and flows into life, it cannot
be lost.

That which is gain'd for man is gain'd, as we trust,
forever.

That which is gain'd is gain'd. We ascend, how-
ever it be.

—*Rising of Jupiter.*





Amelia M. Stasfweathel.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

AMELIA MINERVA STARKWEATHER was born in Starkville, town of Stark, Herkimer county, N. Y. At the age of four her parents removed to Bergen, Genesee county, N. Y. Being settled in her new home, she almost immediately began her school career. Her higher education was received in Cary Collegiate Seminary, at Oakfield, N. Y. Here her love for rhyming began to manifest itself, and her compositions from time to time were written in verse. Before she had finished her graduating course, she was stricken with inflammation of the eyes, which left them in a chronic state of weakness; and for several years she retired almost entirely from society, pursuing however, although with difficulty, her vocation as teacher, which she began at the age of fifteen. Her first poem, entitled "Out in the Cold," was published in the *Progressive Batavian*. Occasionally other poems followed this, until her removal to Titusville, Pa., where she took a position as teacher in primary work. From time to time she was offered the principalship of the several schools in the city, but she could not quite make up her mind to give up the care of the little ones, especially as the charge of this department afforded her more leisure out of school for writing, as well as time for her beloved Sunday-school work. There always existed in her heart a genuine love and sympathy for little children, and she showed this, not only in her remarkable tact in their management, but also in her tender care and solicitude for their welfare. During her residence in Titusville, Miss Starkweather entered the lecture field, and was received with great favor wherever she appeared upon the platform. She served, most efficiently, the Home Missionary Society as president, for three years. In the midst of all this work she still continued her writing, which now took the form of hymns and poems for children, with occasional stories in prose. Four years ago she prepared and published through a leading firm of Boston, her charming little volume entitled, "Tom Tits and Other Bits." In these poems and stories, many of which are gems in their way, the author has shown a special gift in representing the playful moods of children, and in picturing them to us in all their purity and beauty. "The Robin" was written as a recitation for a little girl friend, and was adapted to bring out a sweet bird trill, of which she was master. The two songs, "The Cricket" and "The Owl," have become quite popular in the public schools. Her hymns, of which she has written some twelve or

fourteen, have been set to music and published in the Sunday-school song books.

About two years ago Miss Starkweather left Titusville, as her health seemed to demand a change of occupation, and she has since been engaged as financial agent for the Western New York Home for Friendless Children. She makes her home with her sister, Mrs. Basom, at Basom, N. Y., although her summer months are usually spent in her cottage at Chautauqua.

S. C. T.

DAY AND NIGHT.

"THE day is past and gone,"
Gone with its hopes and fears,
Gone with its broken vows,
Gone with its smiles and tears
Up to the great white throne to record
In the Book of Life each deed and word.

"The evening shades appear,"
Marching with silent tread;
Filling the heart with awe,
That ripens into dread,
As we think, perchance, of that dark way
That leads to the night that has no day.

"O may we all remember well,"
Our hearts to guard with care;
Lest through the walks of care and strife
Such things should enter there,
As, in after years, would bring regret;
O, in wisdom may we ne'er forget.

"The night of death draws near."
O, Welcome, night of rest,
Prelude to that bright morn
When all the good and blest,
Shall rise with garments pure and white
To greet the day that has no night.

JESUS MY LORD.

I'd rather get down at the feet of my Lord,
And gather the crumbs as they fall,
Than sit as a guest at a sumptuous board,
Where Jesus has not had a call.

CHORUS.

Jesus, my Lord! Jesus my King!
Down at thy feet I fall;
Jesus, my Savior, my Refuge, my Friend,
Jesus, my Lord, my all.

I'd rather my body a temple should be,
Where Jesus my Master would stay,
Than have all the wealth of the kingdoms, and see
Him driven forever away.

I'd rather have him for companion and friend,
His book for my counsel and guide,
Than walk in vain pleasure, and find at the end
No refuge in which I may hide.

I want to leave all in his hands ev'ry day,
To do as it seemeth him best;
And self on the altar a sacrifice lay,
And on his sweet promises rest.

PATTY PANSY.

PRETTY Patty Pansy,
With your smiling face,
Full of heaven's beauty,
Sunshine, love and grace.

How I often wonder
As you nod and wink,
If you're not part human,
Just the "missing link."

I believe, sweet Pansy,
You could talk to me,
If you had a mind to,
Won't you try and see?

Royal little flower,
Finest ever seen,
In your purple velvet
Fit to grace a queen.

Yet in all your splendor
There you sit and smile,
Living first for others,
Happy all the while.

Noble little Pansy,
I will learn of you
From your modest sweetness,
To be happy too.

THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.

A POEM FOR THE CHILDREN.

A ROBIN to her young ones said,
As she flew home with food:

"You look so cunning in your bed—
You are a handsome brood.

"But I must teach you how to fly,
You darling little elves;
I think you're old enough to try
To look out for yourselves.

"Now *you* must hunt for worms and flies,
You're getting fat and lazy;
For food and drink, your constant cries,
Just drive me nearly crazy.

"Now I will take you, one by one,
And you shall each know how;
Red Robbie, you're my eldest son,
Come down upon this bough.

"Now hop out on the edge, my dear,
Of this your pretty nest,
And spread your wings, and fly right here,
Just so; now do your best."

"Peep! peep! don't make us go alone;
We are not big enough;
Our bodies are not fully grown;
Our feathers yet are rough.

"*You* get our food; we can not fly—
"T would hardly keep you busy.
Peep! peep! oh! oh! it is so high
I'm almost getting dizzy."

"Come, Robbie dear, come right along,
Spread out your little wings;
Chirp! chirp! I'll cheer you with my song,
Come while your mother sings."

He spread his wings, and found that he
Could fly like any bird,
And all around, from tree to tree,
His joyous notes were heard.

"O, what a great big world to roam!"
Said Rob; "I'm glad I'm in it.
I wonder how they do at home;
I'll just run round a minute.

"You babies, if you'd only try,
You'd leave that horrid nest;
But I can't mope here, so good-bye,
I'm going way out west!"

RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE.

THE Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Western New York, is a prelate whose literary genius is so versatile and brilliant that it is almost impossible to decide whether as an orator, a poet or a scholar, he is most distinguished. In each character his intellectuality is luminous; with the added charm that in these prodigal mental possessions the power of each is enhanced by the graces of all. It is with his fame as a poet, however, that we have chiefly here to do—a fame wide and enviable, and destined to endure as long as there are those to whom exalted fancy and imagination clothed in crystalline beauty of diction are a pleasure and delight.

A. Cleveland Coxe was born in Morris Co., N. J., May 10, 1818, the son of the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D., LL. D., a clergyman celebrated for his eloquence and ability. Two years afterwards the parents of the future Bishop removed to the Metropolis, where his childhood and boyhood were passed. At twenty years of age he was graduated with notable distinction from the University of New York, and at twenty-three from the General Theological Seminary of the same city. His pastoral career first at Morrisania, N. Y., then at Hartford, Conn., and later in brilliant succession at Baltimore and at New York, is still remembered by those who foresaw in the ideal young churchman the militant prelate of after days. Dr. Coxe was consecrated to the Episcopate in Trinity Church, Geneva, N. Y., on January 4, 1865, and in the April following succeeded the illustrious Bishop De Lancey, as Ordinary of Western New York. During his whole ministry as Deacon, Priest and Bishop, he has shown an unselfish and unwavering devotion to what he has believed to be right. Not only is this true of ecclesiastical affairs, but of temporal concerns as well. In 1861-'63 he was the idolized Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, yet he did not for a moment hesitate to display to his Southern parishioners his magnificent loyalty to the flag of the North. The same high consecration to duty has led him in a spiritual sense, to make his muse a sound of glory in the armies of the Church "under whose colors he has fought so long." His "Christian Ballads," published while yet in the full flush of his early manhood, won him instant recognition both here and abroad, and his later volume, "The Paschal," rivals the earlier religious poems in their bloom of inspiration, while exceeding them in the sweeter perfume of perfected scholarship and rounded thought. They have the religious intensity of Faber with the linguistic strength of Newman.

Indeed were it not that the chief characteristic of the Bishop's English is its firmness and vitality, it might well be described with lesser praise as exquisite in its wonderful precision of expression. His words are the photographs of his ideas, or rather, perhaps the stately etchings of thoughts that have for background the fairy realm of the imagination. He is essentially a poet of a meditative tone, yet shining through his verse there is always the radiance of that glory which gleams beyond the Delectable Mountains.

In lighter vein, one of his best works is "The Ladye Chace," a metrical romance of extraordinary power and beauty. It recites the loves of Edgar and Elfreda, the treachery of Athwold, and the means which England's headstrong monarch took to avenge his courtier's deceit. The narrative is told with absorbing interest, and here and there throughout its course are interspersed gems and scintillations of delightful reflection and philosophy. "The Layde Chace" is a poem that deserves to rank in general literature with Scott's "Marmion" or "The Lady of the Lake." In poetic finish and chaste diction, it is even superior to either. The old Saxon legend is invested with a charm which takes us back a thousand years as if it were a tale of yesterday. This is the province of genuine poesy, that like the wand of Merlin, it makes all things subject to its present spell. The Bishop's other poetical works are "Advent: a Mystery;" "Anthanasion;" "Halloween;" and "Saul." In addition to these, a considerable mass of unpublished treasures is said to be laid up in the Bishop's portfolio. It is a matter of no small regret that a complete edition of his works has not been issued, for his collected poems will not only be a perennial delight to lovers of pure ideals, but also a lasting memorial of a life singularly high, unselfish and sincere.

R. B. M.

THE HEART'S SONG.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not!

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

THE chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have toll'd;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallow'd day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born;
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly deck'd and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
Of banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes!

How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And, like a son, I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

DESOLATIONS.

VIRGINIA CHURCHES.

"Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire; come and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach."—NEHEMIAH.

HAST been where the full-blossomed bay-tree is
blowing,
With odors like Eden's around?
Hast seen where the broad-leaved palmetto is
growing,
And wild vines are fringing the ground?
Hast sat in the shade of catalpas, at noon,
And eat the cool gourds of their clime;
Or slept where magnolias were screening the moon,
And the mocking-bird sung her sweet rhyme?

And didst mark, in thy journey, at dew-dropping
eve,
Some ruin peer high o'er thy way,
With rocks wheeling round it, and ivy to weave
A mantle for turrets so gray?
Did ye ask if some lord of the cavalier kind
Lived there, when the country was young?
And burned not the blood of a Christian to find
How there the old prayer-bell had rung?

And did ye not glow, when they told ye—the Lord
Had dwelt in that thistle-grown pile;

and that bones of old Christians were under its
sward,
That once had knelt down in its aisle?
and had ye no tear-drops your blushes to steep
When ye thought—o'er your country so broad,
The bard seeks in vain for a mouldering heap,
Save only these churches of God!

Oh ye that shall pass by those ruins agen,
Go kneel in their alleys and pray,
and not till their arches have echoed amen
Rise up, and fare on, in your way.
Praise God that those aisles may be crowded once
more,
Those altars surrounded and spread,
While anthems and prayers are upsent as of yore,
As they take of the Chalice and Bread.

Oy, pray on thy knees, that each old rural fane
They have left to the bat and the mole,
Lay sound with the loud-pealing organ again,
And the full-swalling voice of the soul.
Adventure, when next thou shalt journey thereby,
Even-bells shall ring out on the air,
and the dim-lighted windows reveal to thine eye
The snowy-robed pastor at prayer.

PROPHECY.

*"Her seed shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his
heel."*—GENESIS iii. 15.

SWEET spring, from clefts of Eden's Rock,
Fresh'ning its meads that poured,
Grateful to man and herd and flock,
And birds that stooped and soared;
Bright rill, whose waters crystal-clear
Ev'n Silo's fount excelled,
And sent, meand'ring far and near,
Broad brooks thenceforth that well'd.

Oh! fount of life to slake our thirst,
Four mighty streams that fed;
Fair Paradise that water'd first,
Then parted, from each head,
To East and West and South and North,
Bestowing health and youth,
I joy to view, as from their birth,
Those streams of Light and Truth!

Streams that are one as on they flow,
From age to age the same,
Yet broader and more glorious grow,
Rivers of Life their name;

Refreshing earth, reflecting skies
That smile above and shine,
Till, in the better Paradise,
They lose their flood divine.

Sweet parable of promised grace,
The serpent's head to crush;
I love th' unnumber'd rills to trace
That from that Promise gush;
To see how confluent words of love
Enlarge their onward tide;
And how, as to that sea above,
The waters grow and glide;

How prophecy becomes, at last,
The Gospel in its strength,
Flooding the world, and forth and fast
To heavenward speed, at length;
How in that ocean, boundless all,
Where faith is turned to sight,
The streams of truth and promise fall
And lose themselves in light.

CHELSEA.

WHEN old Canúte the Dane
Was merry England's king;
A thousand years ago, and more,
As ancient rymours sing;
His boat was rowing down the Ouse,
At eve, one summer day,
Where Ely's tall cathedral peered
Above the glassy way.

Anon, sweet music on his ear,
Comes floating from the fane,
And listening, as with all his soul,
Sat old Canúte the Dane;
And reverent did he doff his crown,
To join the clerkly prayer,
While swelled old lauds and litanies
Upon the stilly air.

Now, who shall glide on Hudson's breast,
At eve of summer day,
And cometh where St. Peter's tower
Peers o'er his coasting way;
A moment, let him slack his oar,
And speed more still along,
His ears shall catch those very notes
Of litany and song.

The Church had sung those anthem prayers
A thousand years ago,
Is singing yet by silver Cam,
And here by Hudson's flow;

And GLORIAS that thrilled the heart
Of old Canúte the Dane,
Are rising yet, at morn and eve,
From Chelsea's student train.

VENITE EXULTEMUS, there,
Those ancient scholars sung,
And JUBILATE DOMINO
The vaulted alleys rung;
And our gray pile will tremble oft
Beneath the organ's roar,
When here those very matin-songs
With high TE DEUM pour!

And where are kings and empires now,
Since then, that went and came?
But holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same!
And these that sing shall pass away;
New choirs their room shall fill!
Be sure thy children's children here
Shall hear those anthems still.

For not like kingdoms of the world
The holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks be rocking it,
And tempest is abroad;
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable it stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

Though years fling ivy over it,
Its cross peers high in air,
And reverend with majestic age,
Eternal youth is there!
Oh mark her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear, within, her ceaseless voice,
And her unending song!

Oh ye, that in these latter days
The citadel defend,
Perchance for you, the Saviour said:
I'm with you to the end;
Stand therefore girt about, and hold
Your burning lamps in hand,
And standing, listen for your Lord,
And till He cometh—stand!

The gates of hell shall ne'er prevail
Against our holy home,
But oh be wakeful sentinels,
Until the Master come!

The night is spent—but listen ye;
For on its deepest calm,
What marvel if the cry be heard,
The marriage of the Lamb!

INCONSTANCY.

"With fatal kiss the rover goes
Where opes its bud the fragrant rose;
Then to the lurking violet flies,
Tarries and tastes and onward hies;
Till, stooping from his airy flight,
The lily's bosom, pure as white,
Like woman's too confiding breast,
Welcomes the spoiler of its rest.
The flower, beneath his treach'rous wings,
Trembles and bows, yet clasps and clings,
As fair Titania's pearly arms
Might fold her Oberon in charms.
Forewarned, let innocence beware,
Nor trust the wily suitor's snare;
For ah, how soon, its nectar rifled,
He leaves the flower with which he trifled,
Courting new pleasures, day by day,
And wafts on wicked wing away.
Go, seek his toy, the garden's pride,
And see how soon the lily died;
'Neath the hot noon, her glory fled,
How lowly drooped her graceful head,
Or, drenched with tears of even's birth,
How fell her spotless bloom to earth."

—*The Ladye Chace.*

SOVEREIGNTY.

How comes it that in every hour
Of pomp, of triumph, or of power,
We turn from every joy about,
From self-applause, from people's shout,
From flowers below, from wreaths above,
To seek the smile of those we love?
How is it that the poet's bays
Charm not his heart like lady's praise?
How is it that the monarch's throne
Can never glad his heart alone—
Or, girt with peers, such pleasures bring
As when soft woman owns him king,
Thrones him in heart, and to his sway
Yields hand and all her life away?

—*Ibid.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

In vain may old Experience sage
Denounce the sentence stern of age:
The boy that sits his saws to hear
May, chance, the silvery beard revere,

awed, may mark the wrinkled face
 adds to words a grave grimace;
 till he smiles within, and deems
 maxims are but foolish dreams,
 h, like the hoary locks of him
 se eye and lamp of life grow dim,
 meet adorning to the brow
 waits a crown of glory now,
 I would suit his amorous wile
 ie Fairyland is beauty's smile.

—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

lights that make the Arctic day
 flash her fancies as they play;
 mastering logic with a tear;
 Passion's pulse deposing fear;
 Faith, the starry steep to climb
 calm in suffering, so sublime!
 ried rhymes in minstrels' words,
 es diverse in music's chords,
 oman's ways with ours combine,
 me a harmony divine,
 weet unlikeness chiming still
 what is deepest in our will;
 houghts, emotions, gentle powers,
 s to our own and yet not ours,
 ing, in our darling blent,
 eart's unrest, our heart's content—
 : music, for the monotone
 at was selfish all and lone;
 giv'n our nature to transfuse
 l we are in her we lose.

—*Ibid.*

KING ARTHUR.

g, old bard, of war!" he cried;
 he minstrel's harp replied
 h notes to warrior dear.
 her's dauntless son he told,
 ed the Christian prowess bold
 inst faithless Frank and Dane,
 pread so wide the fame of old
 blest Messiah's reign.

—*Ibid.*

FIRST LOVE.

u! not oft of virgin breast,
 arliest, purest love, is blest;
 ft the victim at the altar
 found her voice, in tremblings, falter,
 en while she lisped her vows,
 ved another than her spouse.
 veet first love, it triumphs never,
 ts and tinges life, forever.

—*Ibid.*

WILL W. PFRIMMER.

WILL W. PFRIMMER was born at Metropolis City, Illinois, January 27, 1856. His parents were both natives of Indiana, and both of Scotch-German parentage. Upon the death of his mother he was sent at the age of four years to live with his paternal grandfather. Here amid the picturesque scenery of the beautiful Indian Creek Valley, in Southern Indiana, young Pfrimmer was permitted to pass an ideal boyhood. His playground was the woods, and being of a thoughtful and contemplative turn of mind he naturally drank deep at the fount of inspiration for all true poetry. Robust in health, and well balanced in mind, he grew to manhood with all the better feelings and emotions fully developed. His character is fixed and rooted in good, and he has no tendency toward evil, as his life bears witness.

At the death of his grandfather he removed to Northern Indiana, where he has since resided. After his school days, which never extended beyond the village high school, he taught school and studied law, was admitted to the bar, but poverty and a lack of clients drove him into the insurance business, in which he continued with fair success until three years ago, when he was elected to the office of superintendent of schools, which position he still holds. He has made verses since his early boyhood, but has printed but little. His volume "Driftwood" contains full one-half that has appeared in print. He is quick to see worth in the works of others, but blind to beauty of his own creation, and were it not that his friends, who constitute his entire acquaintance, keep urging him to constantly renewed effort, he would scarcely write at all. As it is he frequently composes and repeats a poem weeks and sometimes months before he reduces it to writing.

C. L. D.

"APPEARANCES DON'T GOVERN."

I HAVE jest about concluded,
 After figgerin' quite a spell,
 That appearances don't govern,
 And that blood don't allus tell.

Sometimes the shaller plowin'
 Will raise the biggest crap;
 And it ain't the tallest maple,
 Allus runs the sweetest sap.

It ain't the richest, rankest grass,
 The cattle likes the best;

'T ain't likely all the eggs we find,
Are the hen's that made the nest.

The tallest stock of corn that grows
In my twenty-acre field,
Ain't got a nubbin on it,
Nor any sign of yield.

The likeliest apple-tree that grows
In my neighbor's orchard lot,
Is full of blossoms every spring,
But the fruit is sure to rot;

While the crooked or'n'ry seedlin',
Standin' outside, by the road,
Comes up smilin' every season,
With a heapin' wagon-load.

The largest sheep of all the flock,
May grow the coarsest wool;
The finest horse upon the farm,
May balk before he'll pull.

The scrubbiest nag upon the track,
May win the longest heat;
While the one that has the backin',
May be the easiest beat.

The sweetest drink I ever took,
I drank from out a gourd;
The deepest water in the creek,
Is jest above the ford

So I've jest about concluded,
After figgerin' quite a spell,
That appearances do n't govern,
And that blood don't allus tell.

MEASURE FAIR.

I AIN'T the kind as raises Ned
About what other folks hev said
Concernin' what I say or do,
Providin' what they say is true.
In course, I want no or'n'ry cuss
A-buildin' on, to make it wus.
I do n't deny, there's things I've done,
That did n't shell out number one;
An' then ag'in, if measured fair,
There's some 'u'd size up purty square;
But, still, most people will agree,
There's precious little good in me.

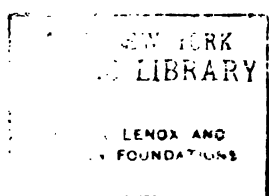
An' yit, sometimes I've kind o' thought,
They blame me more than they had ought.
Now, there's more good on this here earth,
More real legal-tender worth,
Than you or me has yit found out,
Or other folks have talked about.
An', measurin' others by this rule,
From gravest sage to merriest fool,
From wisest seer to craziest crank,
From minister to mountebank,
I've come to think there's very few
As gives to every man his due.
The whitest things ye ever did,
Ye kind o' somehow kep' 'em hid;
Or, if ye told, as like as not,
Them as ye told has clean forgot.
While all the leetle or'n'ry tricks
That in a feller's conscience sticks,
They kind o' somehow sort o' leak,
An', two to one, before a week,
They spread like dead-ripe thistle-down
To every corner o' the town.
While ye do n't find the things that's good
Blowed thro' the whole blamed neighborhood.
Away down somewhere in the heart
Of every man, there is a part
Uncalloused by life's wearin' games,
Unseared by passion's scorchin' flames;
A bigger spot without a blur
Than you had give him credit fer.
So, when you 're weighin' of a man,
Be just, be generous if you can.
Condemn the wrong, if wrong there be,
But stop one minit jes' to see
If you have scales that balance well;
An', if the story you must tell,
Jes' try to use both word and tone
As though the act had been your own.

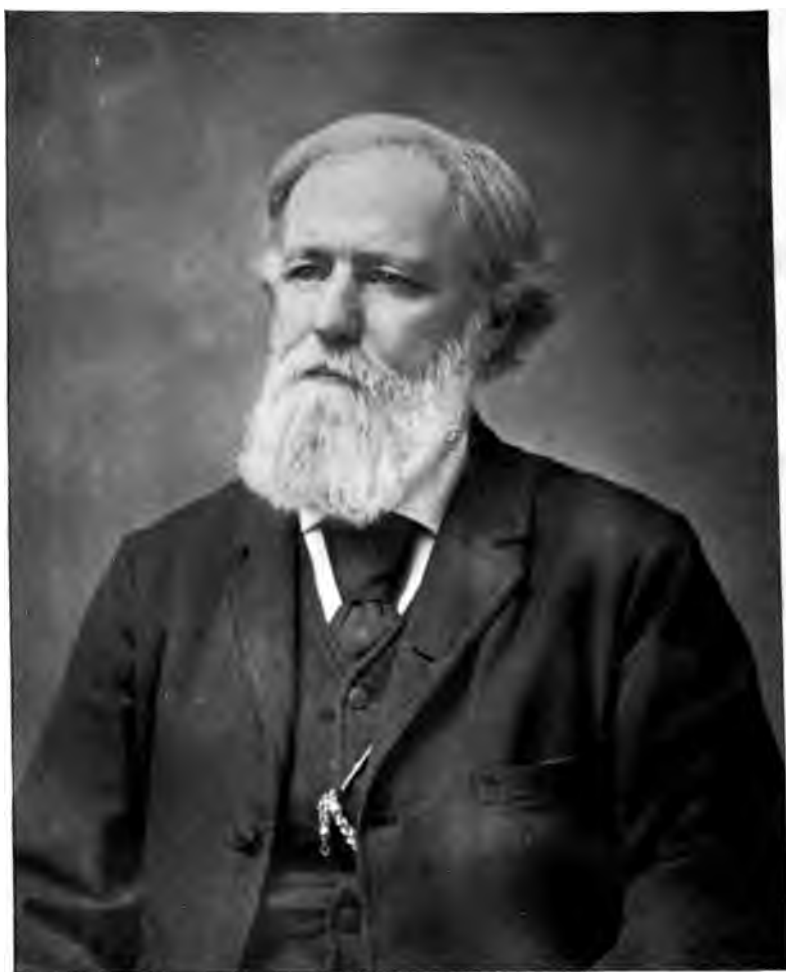
A BROKEN REVERIE.

SOMETIMES, while sitting here alone, half dreaming,
When free from toiling through the livelong day,
There come to me, from changeful embers gleaming,
Familiar faces long since passed away.

There come to me the melodies of childhood,
Like flute-notes wafted on the twilight air,
Or bird-song from the dingle in the wildwood,
When deeper shades of evening gather there.

And vagrant fancy, like some minstrel rover,
Wakes tuneful notes from mem'ry's golden keys,
Until I catch the scent of blooming clover,
And hear the low, sweet murmur of the bees





W. Adolphus Clark

Until again in woodland haunts I ramble
 With bare, brown feet, and heart untouched with
 care;

Or gather tribute from each grape and bramble,
 As songful as the mock-bird singing there.

Until, alas! the feeble embers dying,
 The pleasing phantoms vanish from my sight;
 And naught is heard save tearful, sad winds, sigh-
 ing,
 And in my thoughts creep shadows of the night.

But while, to-night, within those shadows sitting,
 Deep melancholic gloom enshrouding me,
 There came a night-robed, blue-eyed angel flitting,
 And, all unbidden, perched upon my knee.

Her baby arms around my neck were stealing,
 Her silken curls across my face were drawn;
 When in my heart there came a restful feeling,
 And all the shadows from my thoughts were gone.

SIGNS OF AUTUMN.

THE sumach leaves begin to show
 A touch of that rich crimson glow
 That Autumn days will bring;
 While from the tree-tops, by the way,
 A ringing chorus all the day
 The clanning blackbirds sing.

The blue-jay, silent all the days
 Whilst songsters sang their roundelays,
 Is now a common scold,—
 The feathered tattler of the wood,
 The cynic of the neighborhood,
 With language harsh and bold.

The spiders spin their silken strands
 O'er fallowed fields and stubble-lands
 That now are bare and brown;
 While, floating in the dreamy air
 Like flakes of silver, here and there
 Are gleaming thistle-down.

The waving plumes of golden-rods,
 The bursting, browning milkweed pods,
 The curling hazel husk,
 All tell the story, o'er and o'er,
 What has been hinted at before,
 By katyids at dusk.

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CLARK.

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CLARK was born in New Orleans, and is a son of the late John Clark, who was president of the Equitable Safety Insurance Company, Boston. His ancestors were Englishmen, who settled at an early period in New England. His mother was a Noble—great-granddaughter of Colonel Arthur Noble, who was at the capture of Louisburgh, and, with his brother, Ensign Francis Noble, fell at the battle of Menas, now Halifax, gallantly fighting the combined French and Indian forces, which had surprised their camp. The Nobles received a large grant of land from England, and the town of Nobleboro, Maine, was named in their honor.

William Adolphus Clark was educated in the counting house of the late Benjamin Bangs, one of Boston's merchant princes, trading largely with Chili and Peru. At the age of eighteen he went as supercargo's clerk to Manilla and China. At the age of twenty he was established in New Orleans as a commission merchant, and, not long after, became associated with William I. Dewey, late of the prominent firm of Andrews & Dewey. In the year 1850 he went to San Francisco, and later was burned out in the great fire which consumed the city. Ruined, financially, he went to the Sierra Nevadas, and engaged in mining operations in and about Sonora and Shaw's Flat. From the Sierras he passed to Mexico and Central America. Worn out by many hard experiences, and a rough life not at all to his taste, he was summoned home at the request of a dying mother, to be with her during her last hours. Instead of returning to California, he went to the study of law, at Cambridge, Mass. A year at the Dane Law School so aggravated a nervous dyspepsia, which he had for some time suffered from, he was obliged to give up study. It was while in Cambridge he began his work of "The Learned World," which work embraced in its plan a versification of the circle of the sciences in their leading fundamental principles. His works published have been numerous, the two latest being "The Lost Love, and Other Poems," and "Intellectual People." His writings have been largely satirical. They have not made him rich, yet he does not complain. Mr. Clark at present resides in Dorchester (Boston), Mass. H. M.

THE STARS ABOVE AND BELOW.

YE Stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 Bespangling all the arched and boundless sky;

The human vision by Omniscience given,
 To charm the soul with ceaseless ecstasy!
 What true delight to watch thy silent power,
 And think upon the order ever thine,—
 All glorious orbs! that move through every hour
 To law obedient, so august, divine!

Since first within far-reaching space were set
 The bounds in which thy varied courses lie,
 Thou'st not departed from these limits yet,
 But with all laws are ready to comply;
 While but confusion on the Earth has reigned,
 Where man was placed a ruler of mankind,
 Who hath from Wisdom far too little gained,
 To Error prone through vanity of mind!

Could he but govern with a wit as clear
 As shine the planets through their depths of blue,
 Not oft would flow from his mistake the tear,
 But would be done what God would have him do;
 In knowledge he would find the key to bliss,
 In Christ the spirit of the wish to know;
 Then every being guided well in this,
 Would bright as stars light up each other's brow!

Then human spheres in sweet accord would be,
 As are the circles which pervade the sky;
 And man thus influenced, sacred Truth by thee,
 The pure in heart would live, and so would die!
 His moral sense, should he obey its law,
 Would waft him rightly on his orbit's way;
 The rich would bless with generous care the poor,
 And all below as stars would course their way!

Reflecting from each life a charming light,
 More pleasing to the eye than Venus' rays;
 And all the Constellations, which to-night
 Imparts a lustre we delight to praise;
 Could perfect order joined with perfect love,
 Inspire the will these charms to make its own,
 Then would the Passions true to Virtue move,
 And Right triumphant make of Earth her throne!
 In Virtue would be seen the way to bliss,
 In Love, the motive of the wish to know;
 Then every being guided well in this,
 Would cheer each other's hearts, as stars below!

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages! who shall dare
 To move thee from thy mystic bed?
 Or blemish by a want of care
 One beauty clustering round thy head?
 To thee we cling in storm and calm,
 To save us from the death of sin;
 Near thee we have no fear of harm—
 Through thee our cause is sure to win.

Rock of Ages! firmly set,
 Against which evil beats in vain!
 Not lost an atom of thee, yet—
 Thy fair proportions still the same!
 The infidel doth smite thee hard;
 Malicious his audacious blows;
 Yet, have they not thy grandeur marred—
 Still shines thy crest 'bove Asia's snows!

Oh, that I were as firm as thou!
 Unshaken by the powers of earth,
 Whom hurricanes shall never bow,
 Majestic in thy simple truth!
 When stricken by the force of sin,
 Which comes to others, as to me,
 Rock of Ages! take us in,
 That we may hide ourselves in Thee!

THE COQUETTE.

WHEN first I thought to find in you
 A warm and loving mind,
 I feared my days would be but few,
 Nor looked for aught unkind.
 Yet I have lived to curse the day
 I passed beyond your door,
 For I have found you coldest clay,
 Nor prize you as before.

Your wealth, your smiles are naught to me,
 While 'neath them ever lies
 That heartlessness which all may see;
 That meanness I despise.
 Ah, you have proved to be no more
 The influence I crave,
 Than poverty can bless the poor,
 Or cowardice the brave.

If I have strayed away from thee
 In search of happy love,
 Cast not the blame alone on me,
 But less thyself approve.
 Hereafter I shall be no more
 About thy heartless home,
 But other things than thee adore,
 As through the world I roam.

FAITH.

What need we more than He has taught is right?
 What need we more than He has given of light?
 "Thy neighbor love, be simple, pure and just,
 Have faith in Me and in My wisdom trust."

—*Spiritualism.*

JOHN FULLERTON.

JOHN FULLERTON, one of the most uniformly pleasing and tasteful of living Scottish poets, was born in the village of Woodside, near Aberdeen, Sept. 11, 1836. His parents, although in humble circumstances, were highly respectable and much esteemed among the villagers; the father being one of those mechanical geniuses who quietly—perhaps too quietly for themselves—did his work both of inventing and perfecting not a few useful agricultural implements in his day; the mother, amidst the daily cares of a large family consisting of eight sons and two daughters—of which our poet was the first-born son—finding time to read with interest and profit whatever books of history, travel, poetry or fiction she could lay hands on, and besides being a sweet singer of those olden ballads which some sixty years ago were sung or rehearsed at almost every Scottish fireside. In his tenth year, he voluntarily left school, finding employment as a "twister" in a local cotton mill. Afterwards we find him working as a "heckler" in an Aberdeen flax mill, during which period, actuated by the awakening spirit of genius, he regularly attended an evening school in his native village of Woodside. Here he seems to have made considerable progress in the study of English composition, as shortly afterwards he succeeded in carrying off the prize in that department, as a student in the Mechanics' Institution, Aberdeen. Since these early days, Mr. Fullerton's career has been a busy and full-handed one, showing a distinct upward rise, a superior capacity for work, and a most admirable application of talent and character throughout. For upwards of twenty years our poet occupied a responsible position in a solicitor's office in Peterhead, and at the present time is Assistant Factor on the extensive and beautiful estates of Pitfour, Aberdeenshire, the duties of which he will, I am sure, discharge with sympathetic kindness and good judgment, as well as faithfulness to his employer.

For many years back, Mr. Fullerton, under the pen names of "Wild Rose," "Robin Goodfellow," and "Rip Van Winkle," has been a fertile and acceptable contributor, both in prose and verse, to the local newspapers and literary press. To quite a number of London and Scottish magazines and periodicals he has also contributed, from year to year, numerous fine poems and literary biographs. Much and well as he has written, Mr. Fullerton has not yet issued his poems in book form. In 1870, however, he issued, anonymously, an interesting little poetical legend in pamphlet form, under

the title of "The Ghaist o' Dennilair." The clever little booklet very soon ran into a second edition. Mr. Fullerton wrote early and well, like all poets to the manor born, and a strong proof of the excellent quality of his poetical genius is afforded by the gratifying fact that his muse wears well, and he writes in his maturity even better than he did in the promising years of his youth. To the columns of the *Christian Leader*, the best conducted religious periodical in Scotland, Mr. Fullerton has contributed numerous beautiful verses, showing many admirable traits and touches of fancy, feeling, and just taste. As a prose writer he also shows well, not a few of his sketches, slight in bulk as they are, displaying somewhat of the special function and selective instincts of the literary critic. Personally, Mr. Fullerton is a most trustworthy and lovable man. His literary industry is ceaseless, and his love of his country's literature deep and warm. A man of fine character, firm in friendship, and possessed of many beautiful native gifts, he is much and widely esteemed. Not a few of his poems and lyrics are certain to take a permanent place in the literature of his beloved Scotland.

A. G. M.

O! FARROCHMO!

O, FARROCHMO! mists shroud your brow through
all the coming years,
For where he lies your heather bloom is bathed
with blood and tears;
And o'er your summit wild birds scream as swift
they wing their flight
Away from that dark spot where sat the watchers
all that night.

O, rivers twain! flow sad to-day around those gray
old towers,
And tell your sorrow as ye flow to winds and wood
and flowers;
On yonder green hillside afar, and 'neath the
moon's cold ray
The life's blood of a noble heart is ebbing fast
away.

O night winds! dally with his locks in clusters o'er
his brow,
And kiss those cheeks and pallid lips, so still and
ice-cold now.
And then go sighing down the glens and round the
gray old towers
A requiem for the brave young heart asleep in life's
bright hours.

O silent wood! bend low your boughs, and, with
the rivers twain,
Be stirred to sorrow for the lad that ne'er comes
home again;
Soon 'midst your shadows, long and deep, he'll
rest where grasses wave;
O silent woods, your brown leaves shed above his
tear-dewed grave.

O, autumn flowers! strew tenderly your blossoms
o'er the bier
Of him who watched you break the sod when
spring smiled on the year;
No more his loving hands will tend your firstlings
where they grow:
O, autumn flowers! your blossoms strew o'er him
now lying low.

O rivers twain! no more again, with lightsome step
and free
As in days fled, the loved of all will roam by park
and lea;
No more his merry laugh be heard above you
where you glide—
A gentle breast has throbb'd its last on yonder
bleak hillside.

O silent woods! beneath the stars, each heart with
grief full sore,
The watchers wait by him they love, whose pulse
beats now no more;
Wait till the dawn of day creeps o'er the cloudless
Eastern sky
A death-like silence over all, and tears within each
eye.

O rivers twain! seek still the shade, for far from
you to-day
Down Anchnacarry's leaf-strewn paths the watchers
wend their way,
Bearing with them a burden sad, but, oh, above
each heart
And on each brow a sorrow sits, years may not lift
apart.

A shadow rests above those towers your waters
mirror deep
The lad so light and gay yestreen now sleeps his
long last sleep.
O rivers twain! no more again the heir of those fair
lands
Will smile into his mother's face, and touch her
waiting hands.

THE GHAIST O' DENNILAIR.

O, WEIRDLY wild is Dennilair,
The bravest, bauldest, dinna care
To wanner e'en 'mid noontide's glare
Doon by its stream;
Though fair the flowers that deck its braes,
An' blythe the birds that lilt their lays,
Nae sweet-faced bairns there mak' their plays,
Or happy dream.

At nicht, when a' is husht an' still,
Save winds low sabbin' on the hill,
Or eident flow o' stream an' rill,
Ghaists meet, they say:
And when the mune is i' the west,
And larks begin to leave the nest,
Ane troubled mair than a' the rest,
Alane will stray.

Wi' face as white's the driven snaw,
He noiseless glints through leafy shaw,
But blossoms feel nae his foot fa',
He treads sae licht;
An' aft, as 'neath a tree he stan's,
He wrings in wae his fleshless han's,
But nane will stop to tak' comman's
Frae sic a wicht.

* * * * *
Nae mair when a' is husht and still,
Save winds low sabbin' on the hill,
Or tinklin' flow o' stream an' rill,
Ghaists noiseless stray.
Weird Dennilair is weird nae mair;
The ghaist is laid, an' flow'ries fair
Bloom o'er his grave and scent the air,
Baith nicht an' day.

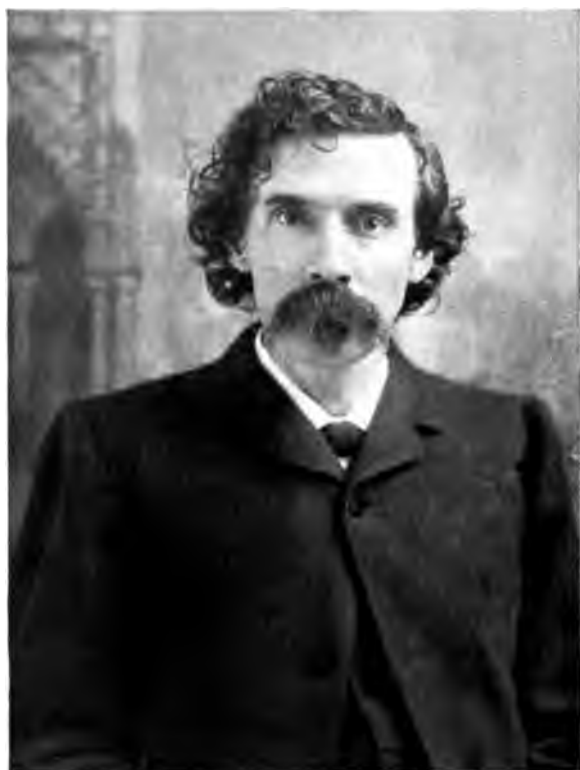
Oh, bonnie are the braes o' Gight!
When simmer days are lang an' bright,
I'd lie upo' them day an' nicht,
Nor dream o' care;
But listen to the sang o' birds,
The flow o' streams, an' low o' herds;
A book o' music wantin' words
Is Dennilair.

BLIND.

OH, for one hour to see the light of day—
Yon glorious orb now shining full on me;
The everlasting hills, the restless sea,
The summer blossoms strewn along the way;
The woods that quiver when the south wind sigl

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Junius S. Hempstead.

The rivers seaward flowing, and the night
With changeful moon and stars, so coldly bright:
Loved faces and the smile of lovelit eyes.

To me the day is dark as night alway,
Still, with my mind's eye, nature and kind friend
I see, and when in touch with them 'tis day.

Why should I fret? for at my brief life's end
These sightless eyes, raptured, will gaze abroad
On a new world, tried friends, and, over all, my God.

WEDDED.

O, TWAIN young hearts one now forever! Thine
The flower-strewn pathway and the bright sunshine,
The music of the summer woods, the flow
And murmur of the hidden brook among
The reeds and rushes on its seaward way;
Thy life one heart-throb, whether short or long,
In touch with Him whose presence made more
gay,
The marriage feast in Cana long ago.

Within thy home doth joy or sorrow dwell,
One Guest be there to make thy joy complete,
To whisper comfort when the shadow lies
Beside the hearth. He doeth all things well.
He thine hath blessed—like them sit at His feet
And at life's close thou'lt read the "Well done"
in His eyes.

WANDERING SHEEP.

WHY did we wander from the fold
To crop scant grasses on the rock,
Or perish in the desert cold?
Oh, watchful Shepherd of the flock,
Weary and faint our steps we would retrace
To listen to Thy voice and see Thy face.

The far-off fields they said were sweet,
And fresh the streams in flowery dell,
And so we left, with merry bleat,
The haunts and scenes we loved so well,
From watchful Shepherd's loving glance to stray,
Lured on and on by pleasure night and day.

The waters had a brackish taste;
The scanty grasses were not sweet;
No shelter found we where to rest
The aching head and wayward feet.
Oh, watchful Shepherd we would come and dwell
Amid the haunts and scenes we loved so well.

JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD was born in Dubuque, Iowa, Nov. 14, 1842, and is a son of ex-Governor Hempstead, deceased. Studious as a boy, it is not surprising to find him a thoughtful, well-read man. His education began in that great bee-hive of knowledge, the public schools, thence on in due course of time to the St. Charles College, of St. Charles, Mo. The influence of his aunt, Matilda Crabbe Lackland, had much to do with the formation of the boy's character. His course at the St. Charles College being completed, Mr. Hempstead returned to Dubuque. Later on he won first prize offered by Dr. Vanzandt for the best original statuette in marble. The subject was "The Gladiator," and it was constructed in the yard of the James Bros. from a block of Vermont marble which was presented to him by those gentlemen, they having noticed his fondness for and aptitude at carving. The next year the prize was again won for a statuette of Carrara marble, the subject "A Highlander." Dr. Vanzandt thereupon offered to send him to Paris and Italy, defraying all expenses for six years. Mr. Hempstead's parents thought best to decline this offer, however, and he was, instead, sent to a Virginian college. He began his business career with book-keeping, but ill-health compelled him to change, to a certain extent, his occupation, so that now the most of his time is given to literature, and to the fulfillment of his boyish dreams. H. S.

ODE

TO THE CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

A HUNDRED years in Freedom's nest,
Rocked by the ocean's roar,
And riding every stormy crest,
The patriot name we love the best,
Of Washington.

A hundred years from out the night
Of crowns and empires gray,
We plucked the light,
We fought the fight,
In freedom's might,
Through Washington.

A hundred years have marked the past
With memories sweet and old,
Who can withhold,

The transcript rolled,
By glory scrolled,
In letters bold,
The blessed name of Washington.

A hundred years with glory guards
The flag that floats so free;
Let minstrel bard,
No line discard,
The banner barred,
With blue field starred,
For 'tis the shrine of Washington.

A hundred years from storied urn
That holds no brighter name,
Our hearts they burn,
Our souls they turn,
With prayerful yearn to Washington.

A hundred times a hundred years
Would never quench the flame,
Where Freedom rears,
O'er tyrant's biers,
And monarch's fears,
The love of Washington.

A hundred years like jewels crown
The glories of the free,
The patriot's bright renown,
Unheeding tyrant's frown,
We cast our garlands down,
Beneath the fame of Washington.

A hundred years have blessed the race
That lived and died for peace;
It is God's love,
From skies above,
Like Noah's dove,
With leaf and bud,
To bless the land of Washington.

A hundred years no foeman's heel
Has trodden in the dust,
The flag he gave,
Through patriots brave,
Long may it wave,
Above the grave of Washington.

THE MAGNOLIA.

THE Southland's emblem! to the heart how dear!
A queen white-crowned, whose nectared peer
Is not among the beauteous realm of brightest
flowers;
While every gentle zephyr steals a kiss, and scours

O'er some wider range, to leave its perfumed breath
Upon the genial air, whose sultry breath
Is shielded from the blasts of colder clime,—
To rock its bowered cradle, where each evening
chime
Calls softly to the sun's red glow.

The Southland's crest! high on her golden shield,
Its peaceful gleam shines from no war-stained field,
While censured sweets distill from verdant bower,
And chalice wine is sipped by every sunny dower
Of soft-winded grace, that comes from o'er the sea
To find a hiding place, and with the busy bee,
It nestles closer to the marble walls, as if afraid
Some chilling whisper from the North had strayed
Too far from home.

Its pale-hued lips, untouched by winter's cold,
Spring from the bud, and blossom to unfold
A smile upon the face of nature's golden hours,
Nor dread the snow-flaked sky, whose chill de-
flowers
The floral dress of summer's varied hue;
Nor with cold hands the dead earth strew
With dying leaves, coins of winter's shrouded bier,
The russet sands of time, to score another year.

So purely white, its gloss of waxen shade
Peeps from the moss and tangled everglade.
Silver stars, to dot a leafy bowered sheen,
Robed in its dress of ever living green,
With petaled tablets, each a polished face,
Where nature's touch has left no blighting trace,
No mark to leave a rusted, tainted spot,
Nor mark its lilian lips with human blot,
O flower of the Southland!

MY LOVE IS DAINTY.

My love is dainty, with cheeks of peachen hue,
Lips that are crimson, and eyes of deepest blue,
Veiled by trailing lashes, which hide with silken
sweep,
All the winsome mischief, that her heart would keep.
Such a cherub dimple on her shapely chin,
Such a creamy whiteness on her spotless skin,
Such matted tangles in her auburn hair,
Ah! my love is dainty with a queenly air.
Eyes large and dreamy, Circassia's liquid grace,
Nose straight and Grecian, to match her faultless
face,
Mouth small and piquant, like Cupid's fatal bow;
Lips as red as cherries, teeth as white as snow,
Eyebrows painted arches, Hogarth's graceful curves,
Her smile is honeyed nectar, and her kiss tulip pre-
serves.

A MAN'S QUESTION.

I KNOW that I ask'd for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the Hand above;
 God only knows how costly the gift,
 That wrecked a warm heart with its love.

Oh! would that the priceless thing was a toy,
 For toys are but playthings to break;
 The reckless dash, like the Furies lash,
 Tied hope to the martyr's stake.

The lessons of duty are the lessons of life,
 And sad are their teachings to me;
 You stand at the bar of man's loving heart,
 While my soul plies some questions to thee.

You require that gold shall be free as the air,
 The dry goods be costly and fine;
 I require your heart to live for the love
 That should hallow home's happiest shrine.

You require a maid to attend every step,
 A footman to wait at the door;
 A coachman to drive the high-stepping bays,
 While you call from eleven till four.

I require a grand woman, whose heart's in her soul,
 A helpmate to brighten and bless;
 Neither a laundress, nor cook, nor a gay married
 belle,
 Whose home is a martyr to dress.

But a woman, so true to every feeling of love,
 And the duties that burden each day;
 Who will share every trouble and smooth every care,
 For a man's love is just kept in that way.

A queen to live in her beautiful realm
 And cheer her dear home with a smile;
 Who will know her own children from Smith's,
 Jones' and Brown's,
 Should they scatter for more than a mile.

Something more grand than a dressmaker's plate,
 Or the fashions that make our to-day;
 Is this the cold ocean that wrecks priceless love,
 By sweeping affection away?

Love is a wonderful wide-spreading plant,
 That thrives in the sunlight of peace;
 When nourished by warmth and tender regard,
 Will bloom with its rosy increase.

CUPID.

He never comes with open eyes
 But blind as any bat,
 Confounds the wisest of the wise,
 And knocks our prudence flat. —Love.

ELLEN WALKER STEWART.

ALTHOUGH unknown by name to the public until quite recently, Ellen Stewart has been writing both prose and poetry, chiefly the latter, for both religious and secular journals for several years. A short poem entitled "Better Things" was one of the first offered for publication. It appeared in *The Evangelist*, now published at St. Louis. "To One in Heaven," considered by many one of her best productions, appeared in the same paper. "Decoration Day," "The Dying Year," "At Eventide," and many other poems from her pen, have been published in *The Evangelist*, *Christian Oracle* of Chicago, and other religious and secular papers. Ellen Stewart was born in Keating, Pa., May 27, 1851. Her father, Aaron V. Walker, died while she was an infant, and she was adopted and brought up by a childless aunt, of Ogle county, Illinois. When a child she was very fond of poetry and was in the habit of singing impromptu rhymes while at play. In October, 1868, she was married to James Gordon, who died in January, 1877. Two years later she was married to C. T. Stewart and removed with him to Boulder county, Colorado. She has one child, a son. She is a model wife and mother, a sincere Christian, always willing to sacrifice herself for the good of others. Her attachments are strong, lasting, and entirely unselfish. She has been purified in the crucible of suffering, but would probably be unwilling to have the public read the tear-blotted pages of a portion of her blameless life. Only within the last two years has she allowed her name to appear as a writer of poetry.

R. C. B.

TO A ROSE.

THOU fairest flower that in my garden grows;
 Why should they call thee such a monstrous
 name?

The "General Jacqueminot," who would suppose
 From that, that thou art sweet with heart of
 flame?

I'll call thee "Mignon," 'tis a fitter name;

Thou art a darling, nodding on thy stem.

Tell me from whence thy wondrous beauty came?

Too fair and sweet for earth, thou precious gem.

I'll pluck thee gently from the parent bush;

I'll pin thee on my breast, or in my hair;

And breathe thy perfume in the evening's hush.

I wonder how thou cam'st to be so fair?

An angel cast from Heaven's gardens rare—
 So runs a legend—snatched thee in his flight,
 And set thee here to keep him from despair,
 And lend a ray of glory to his night.

They set at midnight's still and solemn hour,
 When wearied mortals, wrapped in silence, sleep;
 The angel seeks thy sweetly perfumed bower,
 In chastened grief and penitence to weep.
 He still thanks Heaven that he's allowed to keep
 This one sweet token of his home above.
 What we call dew-drops are the tears that creep
 From angel eyes to bathe thy bloom of love.

Here comes "Mon Ami!" 'tis the hour he set
 To meet me, I will hold thee in my hand.
 His whispered question I cannot forget.
 I wonder if my thoughts he'll understand,
 If I should dare to place thee in his hand,
 Remarking on the silence of the hour.
 Yes, I am captured by love's fairy wand;
 I yield my heart as now I yield this flower.

BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to follow one gone before,
 Than to walk by the loved one's side;
 Better the Christian's loving child,
 Than the wealthy worldling's bride.

Better the love beyond the grave,
 That defies the power of death,
 Than the deepest passionate love of earth
 That dies at the parting breath.

Better have charity for all
 Than passionate love for one.
 Better to mourn for a loved one dead
 Than rejoice at a life begun.

Better the faithful Christian's death
 Than the earthly prince's birth.
 Better the hope of a home in Heaven
 Than all the wealth of earth.

REUNITED.

I WATCH beside your bed, my love, my own,
 While fever scorches all your wasting frame,
 And think how soon, alas! how very soon,
 I shall have left but memory of your name.
 To see the sun arise, and see it set,
 And you, beloved, gone; how I shall miss you!
 Others who love me I shall see, but yet
 Not this dear face,—Beloved take me with you.

I kneel to-day beside a new-made grave,
 Wherein my loved one's form in silence sleeps,
 Though grief has bound me like a helpless slave
 No cooling tear beneath my eyelid creeps.
 Life is too hard, too sad, to bear alone;
 I cannot linger here, my own, and miss you.
 I soon shall join you, darling, very soon;
 Yes, now I come, beloved, to be with you.

The sun was setting when the sexton came
 To close the church yard gate until the morn;
 He looked to see if all remained the same
 As when he set the gate ajar at dawn.
 A heap of black by the new grave he found
 The mourner's form was there, her soul had fled.
 He stooped to lift her from the cold damp ground,
 And reverently he whispered, "She is dead."

THE GRAMMAR LESSON.

"I LOVE, thou lovest," and "we love,"
 Was as far as we ever went
 In that tiresome book called grammar,
 And with this we were content.

The first was a pleasant lesson,
 Short, and easy to learn.
 The second was quite as pleasant,
 But not so quickly discerned.

The third lesson quickly followed,
 As the daylight follows the sun.
 The first two scarcely were mastered
 Before the third was done.

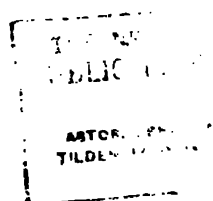
"I love, thou lovest," and "we love,"
 Is as far as we'll ever go,
 For the only verb we care to learn,
 Is one called in Latin—"Amo."

FRIENDSHIP OR LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP and Love walked out one day
 With me, when storms were threat'ning nigh.
 Love, frightened, quickly fled away,
 But Friendship braved the stormy sky.

She clasped me closely to her heart,
 And held me till the storm passed o'er,
 Now Love and I may dwell apart,
 But Friendship's mine for evermore.

Dear Friendship, now I often rest,
 Close shielded by thy sheltering form,
 And leaning on thy peaceful breast,
 I feel no terrors from the storm.





Emma Shaw.

EMMA SHAW.

ENERGY, enterprise, and a laudable ambition combined with sentiment, fine feelings, and that cultivated delicacy which has an exquisitely nice appreciation of the beautiful, the artistic and the grand, and with an inherent, broad and cultivated apprehension of nature in all her changeful moods,—these are rare blendings in one character, but essentials for a good observer of nature and natural scenery, and its proper interpretation in prose or verse. Such a combination is not unfrequently the analysis of the leading qualities of mind which have made many of our characteristic American writers. Miss Shaw is taking her place rightfully among them. Born among the picturesque hills of Thompson, Conn., Sept. 3, 1846, her first inhalings were of the pure air of the hill country and the equally pure atmosphere of New England rural society. Her school days, till the age of sixteen, were passed principally in a private school under the care of Henry Parker, A. M., in her native town. Choosing the profession of a teacher, Miss Shaw passed ten years, beginning when but sixteen years of age, teaching the children of various country districts in her native town and in several of the towns of Rhode Island. Since that period she has been engaged in giving instruction to the children of one of the most delightful sections of the city of Providence (Elmwood), rising from the lowest primary assistant to the third grade in the grammar school.

Miss Shaw's first literary work was done in 1881, when a severe illness necessitated a western trip, via the great lakes to Duluth, on the Canadian line of steamers, which made stops only on the north shore of Lakes Huron and Superior. An account of this voyage, together with a steamer trip on the upper Mississippi the same summer, was written for the *Providence Press*. For the same paper was contributed a description of a voyage from Buffalo to Duluth, via the American steamers, with side trip to the National Park at Macanac Island, a trip down the St. Croix, to St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc. In 1884 appeared from her pen a succession of illustrated articles in the *Journal of Education*, almost weekly, from February to June. This was preparatory to the great teachers' excursion to Madison and the far West. Miss Shaw, after the Madison meeting, went over the Northern Pacific railroad to Oregon, by steamer to Alaska, and on the return spent two weeks at Fort Canby at the mouth of the Columbia, thence up that famous river, through the Rockies and on to Fargo, and by a detour to Lake Minnewauken and through the

Winnipeg country. This entire trip was graphically described in letters published in several papers. Another result of this grand journey was a lecture upon Alaska which has been extensively delivered before lyceums and lecture clubs. In 1885 Miss Shaw repeated the Alaska trip, including in the outward journey the Yellowstone Park. In the summer of 1886 she was sent to Niagara Falls to report for the *Journal of Education* the meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association. From Niagara the journey was continued through the Rocky Mountains, onward to California, the Yosemite, northward to Mt. Shasta, thence returning via the Denver and Rio Grande wonders, the Virginia City mines, Lake Tahoe and the excavations at Carson City. The next year, 1887, found her once more on the Pacific coast, this time via the Northern Pacific, over the switch back upon the Cascade Mountains, in Washington Territory, spending two weeks again in the famous Yellowstone Park, going to the Petrified Trees, Tower Falls, and other "unbeaten tracks." The summer of 1888 carried her to Montreal and Winnipeg, thence down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, across this lake to the mouth of the Saskatchewan River, up the river by steamer a thousand miles into the heart of the Hudson Bay Company's country, where no newspaper correspondent had ever before ventured, except the war correspondent at the time of the Northwest rebellion, thence after her return to Winnipeg, over the Canadian Pacific railroad to the Pacific coast. Miss Shaw's first published poem was entitled "New Year's Eve," 1883. Her poetical contributions have been published in the principal papers and periodicals of the times. Miss Shaw's best productions are descriptions of natural wonders, either in prose or verse. She excels in graphic delineations of mountain and river scenery.

W. A. M.

SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA HEADWATERS.

(Between Golden City and Windermere.)

IN Nature's book, a page unread
Opens for us. The radiance shed,
As slowly sinks the God of Day,
Makes beautiful our onward way.
Rank behind rank, grand mountains lift,
And slow, afar, cold glaciers drift.
Far, faint, and dim, the Rockies high
Are limed against the summer sky,
And rugged Selkirks, capped with snow,
Looked down on winding stream below,
Dotted with fairy islets green,
With paths of liquid light between.

Each snow-clad crag, with living fire
 Is wreathed, and on each rocky spire
 We see a flaming mantle rest,
 Which mirrored in Columbia's breast,
 A double sunset seems to make,
 And oft in burnished ripples break
 In paths of opalescent fire.
 We feast our eyes, and never tire
 Of looking at the pictures fair
 That lie about us everywhere.
 The stayless river winding round
 'Mid granite crags, all halo-crowned,
 Gray Titan heights on either side,
 With sunset splendor glorified,
 Or cliffs, strange castellated shapes,
 Whose snow-white sides the wild-vine drapes,
 And cañons weird, like paths of shade;
 Great scars by winter snowslides made
 Show plain the arrowy firs between
 In varying shades of emerald green.
 All swift succeed, till gloom of Night
 Veils all things from our raptured sight.
 The radiance leaves the tranquil stream,
 Its pulsing waves no longer gleam,
 But, one by one, the shadows fall
 Upon each far-off mountain wall,
 And on the foothills bare and brown
 The gloaming's hush comes softly down,
 Where tall dark trees like specters stand
 Watch-keeping o'er this wildwood land.
 But, though these scenes may fade from view,
 Fond Fancy often will renew
 On Memory's walls, in fadeless tints,
 These beauteous pictures, and their prints
 While life shall last will ne'er be dimmed,
 But o'er and o'er again, be limned,
 As we these hours again recall,
 With sunset halos over all.

SHOOTING THE GRAND RAPIDS AT THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

Now, loud we hear the waters roar
 From swift Saskatchewan's wooded shore,
 As, onward, with resistless force,
 The river hastens on its course.
 Next, seated in a birch canoe,—
 With dusky boatman, tried and true,—
 We're ferried o'er the river wide
 To reach the rapid-rolling tide,
 Wild swirling eddies on its breast
 Show us its hurry and unrest,—
 Now, nearer comes the deafening roar,
 And fast recedes each rocky shore,

As, by the stayless current caught,
 We're onward swept, as quick as thought!
 A moment poised upon the brink,
 Then, e'er we've even time to think,
 The boat drops into yon abyss
 Round which the waters boil and hiss,
 As 'gainst the rocks they're madly hurled,
 Our frail craft's with them onward whirled:
 An instant then, with bated breath,
 We feel we're face to face with death!
 Huge billows, like Cyclopean wall,
 Rise mountain high, then foaming fall,
 While eddies circle, far and wide,
 Upon the tossing, silver tide.
 Amidst this swirling watery strife
 Our brave boat seems a thing of life,
 Now, riding high on mountain wave,
 Now almost whelmed in watery grave,
 Next, leaping with delirious bound
 From crest to crest, while all around,
 Where rocky barriers stop the way,
 The water's beaten into spray.
 It, like an arrow, glides along
 Through all the current swift and strong!
 But when the water's force is spent
 Our birchen craft is shoreward sent
 By just a paddle's skillful turn,—
 An art that "Lo" alone can learn,—
 When we're on *terra firma* set,
 Though all bedraggled with the wet,
 Each vows she'll ne'er forget the place,
 Nor the exciting, mad-cap race.

IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Was ever grander Temple made?
 No stone by human builder laid!
 Each wall, each vast Cathedral spire
 Which mutely points each soul up higher
 Rose at our Father's spoken word
 When, at Creation's dawn, 'twas heard.
 O'er all he bent a cloudless dome
 (Fit emblem of our Heavenly home).
 A ceaseless anthem circles round
 Where'er the falling waters sound.
 The sermon on each rocky wall
 Is written, to be read of all.
 Where is the man whose soul's not stirred
 Far more than e'er by mortal word?
 He surely is a senseless clod
 Who lifts no thought to Nature's God
 While gazing on this scene sublime,
 Whose memory 'll last throughout all time.

FLORENCE AUGUSTA JONES.

TO foresee that this lady is destined yet to take honorable rank among the genuine singers of the West and of America, requires less the subtle aid of prophecy than the faculty of properly gauging the possibilities of the future by the evidences of the present and the crucial tests of the past. Her verse reveals an unstudied grace, a spontaneity, a warmth and a charming tenderness which declare her a faithful interpreter of the Muses.

Florence Augusta Jones, now living at Hampton, Iowa, was born August 20, 1861, near Madison, Wis. She is of Welsh and Scottish parentage, inherited literary predilections from both parents, and has been a verse-maker from childhood. Ever since the age of sixteen, Miss Jones has devoted herself to that noble but too often underrated vocation, teaching. She is concededly a most competent instructor, and is greatly beloved by her pupils. Though by nature liberally endowed with those amiable womanly qualities which secure the love of friends and the esteem of all, she cares nothing for what is known as "society." "My home, my work and my books are everything to me," she has said. Miss Jones' temperament inclines to the melancholy, though experiencing sudden and frequent transitions to hope, that mainspring of human success and happiness. She writes much, being a contributor to thirty or more newspapers and other periodicals, and the most striking peculiarity of her methods of composition is the fact that rain or twilight is required to bring forth her best work. Her highest inspiration finds birth when Nature's face is clouded, and then the desire to embody her thoughts in verse becomes all but irresistible.

Miss Jones is possessed of accomplishments outside of, yet akin to the realm of poetry. She is skillful with the brush, and the possessor of a fine contralto voice, which she cultivates with care. She is tall, of good figure, with rich wavy masses of auburn hair, gray eyes, and one of those sweet, pleasant faces which constitute an important fraction of what sunshine we of this rather unsatisfying world are privileged to enjoy. J. T.

BEYOND.

I WONDER, in the life that is to be,
If we shall utterly forget the one
We left behind? If all the years we spend
In sunshine or in shadow, joy or pain,
Shall pass from out our memory and be
As tho' they never were? Ah! God forbid!

It seems to me that Heaven would lack somewhat
Of highest bliss, if we forget the means
Whereby we have attained to the fair end.
I cannot think that all the memories
Of this dear earth, with all its birds and flowers,
Its swaying trees, its rippling, running streams,
Its brooding hills, alike indifferent
To rain or snow, should ever be effaced.
I know that I should feel a sense of loss,
A something unattained, should I forget
My old, first home.

BYLO-LAND.

WHEN out of the west long shadows come,
And the stars creep out, a shining band,
Our baby, weary of fun and play,
Goes out thro' the gates to Bylo-Land.

O, which is the road to Bylo-Land?
By the way of grandpa's easy chair,
Or better, by mother's loving arms,
With kisses pressed on the shining hair.

She nestles down with a weary sigh,
While the lashes touch the rounded cheek,
With her arms clasped close 'round mother's neck
Who kisses the love she cannot speak.

A wonderful land is Bylo-Land,
To judge by the smiles on baby's face,
The angels must surely weave her dreams
And lend to her of their winsome grace.

O, baby, we envy thy sunny lot,
For we that are older seldom see
The flowery path to Bylo-Land,
Or meet the angels that talk with thee

MY QUEEN OF HEARTS.

SHE passed me, just now, with another,
My darling, so false and so sweet,
Not heeding the heart of her lover
She cruelly treads 'neath her feet.
Never a glance does she deign me,
The veriest outcast to-night
Is not more enveloped in darkness
Than I in this mansion of light.

Ah! me, was I mad in my folly
When I thought that this one, white rose
Could be plucked by me and prove thornless?
If so, I am punished, God knows.
Yes, punished for trusting a woman;
In thinking each smile and caress

Was given to me, and none other.
Ah! come, little sinner, confess

To the moths that are flitting 'round you,
They're singeing their wings in the flame
Let me tell you my dainty darling,
You're playing a dangerous game;
A game just as old as creation
You know in the garden of old,
The woman was punished as truly
As he that was tempted, we're told.

And some day the love you will long for
Will melt from your grasp like the snow.
Your life may be wrecked by a promise;
'Tis easy to promise, you know.
I was playing for hearts, my darling
You're playing for diamonds, I ween;
God grant, in the game that is final,
A knave may not capture my queen.

A PERFECT DAY.

THE green trees arch their branches overhead,
Idly I gaze up thro' their rustling leaves
And watch the golden sunlight sifting through.
I and this strange old world are best of friends.
I have forgotten all her cruel wrongs.
The blows that she has dealt, and will again.
All that life holds, I have. Who can have more?
To-day is mine—one royal, golden day,
Filled full of restfulness and sweet content.
I will forget to-morrow and its care;
I have to-day. What more has any one?
The real world, with all its toil and strife,
Is far away, and easy to forget;
And I, an idle dreamer, float away
In foolish dreams, that life is what it seems.

A SONG.

SING out to the world your gladdest songs
Old earth has enough of sorrow,
And trouble enough will come to all
With never a need to borrow.
We've not a spot on this big, round earth,
For the man who's always sighing,
Whose only song is a mournful dirge
That tells of the dead and dying.

Tell out to the world your happy thoughts,
There's many a one in sadness,
Who will find his only gleam of joy
Reflected from other's gladness.

Sing, and the hills will echo your song,
They will send the glad notes flying,
And the world will laugh with those who laugh,
But will turn aside from sighing

THOU'RT ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

I CANNOT tell thee what thou art to me,
I only know that all the great, round earth
Hath but two parts. The one is where thou art,
The other the place where thou art not.
Where thou art, there the sun shines clear, un-
dimmed,
And the fair summer blooms the year around.
Divinest harmony fills all the air
Where thou art not, darkness and gloom abound;
The sun rises in mists and sets in clouds;
The sweetest song is full of plaintive notes
And broken chords.

MY DREAM.

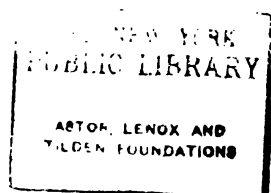
I HAD a dream I cherished far more dear
Than aught else in the whole wide world beside;
I held it close, close to my foolish heart,
And left no room for other dreams to dwell.
We were inseparable, my dream and I,
But now, ah me, ah me, I am bereft,
My dream hath left me, just as I had tho't,
To place a laurel wreath upon its brow,
And in its place a shadow, black and grim,
Hath come to stay. It ever mindeth me
How dear a dream it was. Alas! alas!

LAST NIGHT.

You brought me a rose last night, my friend.
With its crimson, glowing heart,
And lo, ever since, that simple gift
Has been of my life a part.

"A gift of friendship" you said, and smiled,
But ah! when your hand touched mine,
Was it friendship caused the rosy glow
Like the blush of new made wine?

I hold it dear, for it tells to me
What your lips dare not disclose,
That a human heart is folded up
In the sweet heart of a rose.





Cornelia J. M. Jordan.

CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

CORNELIA JANE MATTHEWS was the daughter of Edwin Matthews, deceased, a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Lynchburg. Her mother was Emily Goggin, a sister of John William L. Goggin, deceased, a man prominent in Virginia politics before the war.

Born to wealth and influence, and to all the elements of life, it was not until late years, when misfortunes and reverses brought her face to the harsh necessity, that she ever weighed her position in the sordid balance of dollars and cents. After the death of her mother, she, with her younger sisters, was removed, at four years of age, to her grandmother's in Bedford county. The grand and lovely features of a landscape here equaled on any continent stretched before her sighted gaze to the limit of human vision. The informing influences of Nature were silently woven into her awakened and expanding sympathy. With her natural love of the sublime and the great, her quick, creative fancy, and her wealth of emotion, it could not but be that while a child she must, like the untutored nightingale, burden her soul in song. In her twelfth year she was placed at school with the Sisters of the Holy Trinity, at Georgetown, D. C. Here she won precedence in literary exercises, and was the laureate of her admiring schoolmates. At twenty-one years of age she married Mr. Francis M. Jordan, a rising member of the bar of Page County.

Her new home, in one of the most picturesque spots of the Valley of Virginia, was calculated to further foster and unfold the poetic mind here in the happy years of her young life. Sweet thoughts and fancies found expression often in unpremeditated verse, but often in more deliberate productions. Some of these are preserved in a collection of her poems published in Lynchburg, just before the commencement of the war, under the title of "Flowers of Hope and Memory." The time of bringing it out proved unfortunate, as the storm that quickly after broke upon the country, and with peculiar violence in Virginia, turned all thoughts from lighter recreation to the dread drama of fraternal strife. The intense excitement and scenes of that period found expression in numerous lyrics from her pen. Some of these, under the title of "Flowers of Hope and Memory," were published in that form in the first months after the war, but the modest little volume was seized and suppressed by the military commander at Richmond, as seditious and dangerous. A poem in two

parts, entitled, "Richmond: Her Glory and Her Graves," was published in 1867, along with a few shorter lyrics. From that time forward occasional poems of recognized excellence have appeared in the magazines and papers. Among the poems of the war by which she is best known are, "The Battle of Manassas," "The Death of Jackson," "An Appeal for Jefferson Davis." Her "Funeral Flowers" have touched a sympathetic chord in many hearts; and her "Old Confed'" has been copied far and wide in Southern journals. Her pen has lost none of its fluency. The springs of sentiment and poetic inspiration flow as when "in maiden meditation, fancy free," she gathered the primrose by the river's brim, or the harebell that lightly lifted itself from her buoyant, bounding step.

L. S. M.

AN AUTUMN THRENODY.

THE trees are swaying to the wind's sharp breath,
The fallen leaves lie motionless beneath;
A solemn mystery pervades the air,
A sense of brooding sadness everywhere.
Glad summer voices are hushed and still,
While Autumn glories all the landscape fill;
An open grave is near and waiting now
October, for thy fair and fading brow;
Let us draw near and through our tears the while
Catch the pure splendor of thy dying smile;
Thou hast been kind to us; the ministering spell
Of thy sweet presence, soothed our senses well,
And now with reverent hands we fain would twine
A chaplet meet for that pale brow of thine.

Farewell, sweet month, the loveliest of the year!
Nature's imperial hand will deck thy bier;
Nature's imperial heart thy grave must be
While from the bending reed or towering tree
Her sweetest songster pours from trembling throat
The plaintive cadence of thy funeral note.

Farewell, October! from thy queenly hand
Have poured good gifts, munificent and grand;
Thy glorious mornings, beautiful and bright,
The tranquil splendor of thy noonday's light;
Thy balmy evenings, cloudless to the close,
The starry calmness of thy night's repose.

For each and all, past all too soon away,
We bring our heart's deep thankfulness to-day;
We bring our tears and fain would on thee wait
Till thy pure feet have passed the Eternal Gate.
The light still burns upon thy glorious brow
Whose dying radiance mocks our sadness now;

The solemn hours speed on—thy pulse is low,
 No morrow shall thy fleeting presence know.
 The setting sun, sure dial, marks too well,
 Thy waning heart throbs. Queen of Months! fare-
 well.

* * * * *

There, close her tender eyelids softly down,
 Who gave to us no chilling glance or frown.
 Only kind looks of gentle pity, sweet,
 For the sharp thorns that in our pathway meet.
 Tender suggestions of a world of bliss,
 Where God will soothe the aching hearts of this.
 So with White Stone now let us mark the bed
 Where sleeps our beautiful October, dead.

FUNERAL FLOWERS.

Ye come with garlands for the unconscious dead,
 And with your funeral flowers
 Would light the dreary couch of sightless Death,
 Through all the gloomy hours.
 But have you thought in your fond haste to-day,
 Whether in looking back
 Ye can recall *one* flower of kindness strewed
 Along life's faded track?

Ye bring your roses on her quiet breast
 To cast their odors sweet,
 But did your hands stretch forth to part the thorns
 That pierced her bleeding feet?
 Ye bring white lilies on her brow to lay,
 That brow so cold and fair,
 But did ye first with tender pity soothe
 The pain that rankled there?

Ye bring a *Cross*—meet emblem of the faith
 That was her staff and rod,
 When clouds and darkness shadowed all her way
 And hid the smile of God.
 But did ye come in those sad, trying hours
 Heaven's comfort to impart,
 And help her bear the burden, sore and hard,
 That pressed her weary heart?

Ye bring an *Anchor*, white and pure, to lay
 Above the unheaving breast,
 Where never more Earth's sorrows may obtrude,
 To break her peaceful rest.
 But did ye, when misfortune chased her steps,
 And bowed her soul with care,
 Bring Hope's glad whisper to uplift and cheer
 The darkness of despair?

Ye bring a *Harp*, whose flowery fettered chords
 With voiceless music swell,

And whose sweet harmonies float softly out
 In breath of Asphodel;
 But did ye, when life's discords hushed the song
 That rose within her heart,
 Come with the melody of loving words,
 New gladness to impart?

Ye bring a *Crown*, that forehead pale to bind,
 And crowns are precious things,
 Befitting e'en the dull, insensate brow
 Of Terror's King of Kings.
 But while she walked her busy household ways
 By vexing cares bowed down,
 Say, did ye seek with ministries of love
 That patient life to crown?

Oh, friends! I pray you give your kindness now
 Light on *my life* to shed,
 Or come not with your mockery of flowers
 To strew when I am dead.
 Bring now your sympathy and love and faith,
 To cheer my drooping hours,
 Or else, when pitying silence covers all,
 Keep back your funeral flowers.

AT EVENTIDE.

LITTLE day! now almost gone
 Show thy record; all alone,
 Sit I here with anxious eye
 In your folded scroll to spy—
 Ere you vanish out of sight,
 Tell me how I stand to-night.

In the ages yet to be
 Shall I witness find in thee
 Of some little trifle done,
 'Twixt the dawn and set of sun,
 That shall plead for me afar
 At the dreadful Judgment Bar?

Through your fair and fleeting hours
 Have I rightly used my powers?
 Given to duties howe'er small
 Diligence and patience all?
 In God's vineyard, fair and green,
 Faithful worker have I been?

Have I raised one lowly vine
 Grateful in the sun to shine—
 While its blossoms in the light
 Grew to purple clusters bright?
 Have I from my given store
 Helped the needy and the poor?

In one sorrowing mourner's ear
Have I whispered words of cheer?
Wakened hopes of peace and rest
In one anxious, troubled breast?
Or from dawn to set of sun
Lived for self, and self alone?

Ah, my soul! look well and see
How the record stands with thee
Of each swiftly passing day
Vanishing so soon away,
Leaving good or evil trace
Which no time can e'er efface.

Live, that when the night is nigh
Conscience with detecting eye
Find no cause for shame or fear
In the truth that doth appear;
Live, that each day hurrying past
Find thee better than the last.

So when Life's brief day is o'er,
Gone to come again no more,
Thou may'st count at set of sun
Battles fought and victories won
And God's blessed peace abide
With thee at Eventide.

MAY.

HOLDING in her rosy hand,
Sparkling gifts and gay,—
Opening buds and blossoms fair
Strewing all her way.
While the birds and bees and brooks
Leap at her command,
Thrilling with delicious joy
All the waking land.
Like a rainbow in the sky,
Tempest chased away,—
Fair as fairy goddess crowned
Comes the laughing May.

PEACE.

Ah, why should brave hearts feel alarm,
If God will shield the right from harm,
How can wrong triumph then?
And while the air with war-notes rang,
Calm voices clear the chorus sang,
Of "Peace—good will to men."
—*Richmond: Her Glory and Her Graves.*

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

WHATEVER may be said of the literary activity of the South before the abolition of slavery, no one can deny that during the last twenty years this part of our country has contributed her full share of what is brightest and best in prose and verse. Though the homes of our leading periodicals lie in the great cities of the North and East, their editors are largely indebted to the South for the attractive lists of stories, essays, sketches and poems that are weekly or monthly presented to their ever-increasing world of readers. Each year chronicles the advent in the arena of letters of one or more Southern writers of talent and originality, and not infrequently of genius. Among the recent comers in the field of Southern poetry is Robert Loveman. Though Mr. Loveman was born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 11, 1864, he may still be called a writer of the South, for the greater portion of his life has been passed beneath her sunny skies and his inspiration has been won amid Southern scenes and associations. Till the last few years his home has been the pleasant town of Dalton, Georgia. He now resides in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he leads the life of a man of business, devoting his leisure hours to reading and the art of song.

In 1889 Mr. Loveman published for private distribution a small volume of verse, whose contents evinced rare promise. Since then he has passed from the period of promise to that of performance, and his strong and graceful lyrics are frequently seen in the pages of such periodicals as *Lippincott's*, *Outing*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *New York Independent*, etc. From the outset Mr. Loveman's lyrics have been marked by a brevity and finish too rarely seen not to be highly praised. This gift of conciseness has doubtless been cultivated by the study of the quatrain, a form of verse that has been rendered famous by the genius of Omar Khayyám, and one to which our poet has devoted special attention. Our lyricist's growth as a poet has been steady and expansive, and while he has achieved much, more is expected of him.

In person Mr. Loveman is well built, of medium height, with an olive skin, dark hair, and dark, bright eyes. S. M. P.

POOR LITTLE ROSE.

I KNOW you, rose, I see you there,
Bathed in the balmy April air,
I've watched the weary winter through,
And seen the sun smile down on you.

Seen day by day your leaves grow green,
 And baby buds spring up between;
 So now small wonder that I feel,
 Thy charm, my mellow Mareschal Niel.
 I know you, rose, your heart is won,
 By your fond love, the Summer sun:
 You wait for him the long night through,
 At morn your cheek is wet with dew,
 With tears of dew, sweet loyal rose,
 For oh, the night so slowly goes.
 But when your lover mounts the sky,
 Ah, then again your cheek is dry,
 And so I know your soul is won,
 By your fond love, the Summer sun;
 And yet, poor rose, ere many days,
 Beneath his ardent, burning rays,
 E'en while he lightens earth and sky,
 Thou then, sad queen, must drooping die,
 And then he'll amorous glances throw
 Upon some jaunty Jacqueminot,
 And her torn heart will also feel,
 All thou hast known, my Mareschal Niel,
 All of thy joys, all of thy woes,
 Poor little rose! poor little rose!

OVER THE WAY.

OVER the way on a bending bough,
 A joyous bird is singing now;
 Into the heart of the summer day,
 Trilling a merry roundelay.

And over the way the blinds are drawn,
 A mother's hope and love is gone;
 Without, the song—within, the gloom,
 A babe lies dead in the darkened room.

HE IS NOT OLD.

HE is not old whose eyes are bright,
 Whose bosom throbs, whose heart is light;
 Though four-score be his years enrolled,
 If yet he loves, he is not old;
 O'er him whose inmost thought is true,
 The sky of winter seemeth blue,
 For if a man have heart of gold,
 Though white his hair, he is not old.

Age only rests upon the throng
 Who live in strife, who cherish wrong,
 For ah, 'tis vice that makes us cold,
 And then, alas, we soon grow old;

So friend, and thou would'st ever be,
 A man of mirth, not misery.
 Be just and gentle, brave and bold,
 And then thou never need'st be old.

THE WIND.

THE wind came up from the balmy south,
 Came merrily dancing everywhere;
 He kissed my Lady's rosebud mouth,
 And slept in the coils of her shining hair.

Then waked and away to the open sea,
 Swifter than hungry hawk or fox,
 And angrily dashed with demoniac glee,
 A giant ship against the rocks.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

OH, Moon, didst thou see, that night, sweet night,
 'Neath thy mellow beams and the stars aglow,
 Juliet, with eyes of love and light,
 Close in the arms of Romeo?

And Moon, hast thou seen the night, sad night,
 When Verona ran with bated breath,
 And wept at the piteous, cruel sight
 Of the ill-starr'd twain in the arms of death?

FAITH.

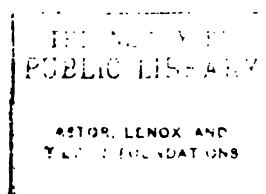
OCEANS nor mountains do I need
 To thunder wisdom down to me.
 The drop of dew, the living seed,
 All whisper of eternity.

UPON THE BEACH.

THE sky is gray, the waters rave,
 The winds exultant roar,
 And every willful, wedded wave
 Clings to the bridegroom shore.

THE MILKY WAY.

THE night is soon to wed the day,
 And for the virgin pale
 Hath wrought a multitude of stars
 Into a bridal veil.





Edward C. Downing.

EDWARD COLLINS DOWNING.

IF it be true that the color of our life is generally such as the first three or four years in which we are our masters, then, in that period did the subject of this sketch draw the outline of the picture and become the limner of his future years. His life did not begin in melody or under the inspiration of song or muse; it began in work, in sorrow, in study, and progressed in conflict.

Edward C. Downing is the son of the late Judge Joseph H. Downing, of Wooster, Ohio, and was born February 24, 1862. He graduated at the High School of that city in the class of 1880, and at the University of Wooster in 1885, taking the classical course and receiving the degree A. B. Soon after graduation, he was invited to the superintendency of the Public Schools of Wolcott, Iowa, where he remained for a year, and where he acquired a most enviable reputation as a teacher. His labors had been more satisfactory than those of any of his predecessors, and that his services were highly appreciated is evinced by the fact that the Board tried to retain him by a tender of increased wages; but Wolcott did not supply a field sufficiently extensive for his equipments and abilities, and a proposition, offering him the professorship of Greek and Latin languages in Carthage (Mo.) College, being received, he accepted it, and there he labored for two years with credit and honor to himself. It was a source of profound regret to the Board of Trustees and students, when, in 1888, he resigned, to take charge of the Toulon (Ill.) Academy. It will be observed from the foregoing that Mr. Downing has been a successful teacher; that he has built up the various institutions over which he has been called to preside, and has fostered the spirit necessary to exalt their standard and character.

Mr. Downing first sought the Parnassian shades before his twentieth year, his earlier verses being read at school and on social occasions. During his college years he composed numerous original poems and translations of Horace, Latin hymns, etc., many of which were published in the college or city papers. "The Angel Spirit," a mosaic of beauty, and worthy of the pen of Willis, first appeared in the *Indianapolis Journal*, and the press gave it a welcome reception and flattering circulation. He has furnished both local and editorial matter for the press of Toulon and been correspondent for *The Jacksonian* and *Wooster (Ohio) Republican*, and some of the standard metropolitan journals. Upon his arrival at Toulon, he became the editor of the *Lumen Litterarum*, a literary magazine, whose columns were enriched by his thought. He

is at present engaged on a work, entitled, "The Dative with Verbs," which will no doubt be a valuable emanation of his pen and illustrate his technical scholarship. In 1888 he published, at Wooster, a small volume of poems, entitled, "Minutes with the Muses," that received a most cordial and appreciative attention from the local public.

On the paternal side, Mr. Downing is the product of an American ancestry for several generations; but on the maternal side, is of Scotch-Irish ancestry—a mingling of the Wallaces, Douglasses and Campbells—adherents of the United Presbyterian Church, defenders of the Westminster confession and creed, and eminent for their piety, simplicity of life, and firm unfaltering religious zeal. He possesses a versatile genius, and can be humorous and sportive, sentimental or matter-of-fact, impetuous or emotional, vivacious or serene, sunny and bright or serious, sombre, and severe. He is a worker, a student. In the arena of prose, he is strong and graceful; but his preëmptions are in the field of poesy.

B. D.

I AM TOO FOND.

I AM too fond: I know I am.
Sometimes I wish it were not so;
And like one with less of heart,
I should be happier, I know.

I am too fond: When I look down
Into the depths of her brown eyes,
And they do not look back my love,
There is a pain in the surprise.

I am too fond: If day goes by
Without some tender word or kiss,
Without some token of her love,
You cannot tell how much I miss.

I am too fond: Give me no love,
Or give it to me full and free.
There is no medium between
No love and perfect love, for me.

BESIDE YOU.

I DREAMED, and I think I have told you,
I sat by you, darling, one night,
And looked in your eyes that were sparkling
Like jewels that blaze in the light.

And while we were sitting there talking,
And listening to what each would speak,

In grateful expression of goodness,
You laid your dear face on my cheek.

Oh, that was a drink in the desert,
Of water as sweet as there runs,
A flash on my soul of the morning,
A golden light down from the suns

Oh, sweet be that dream to me ever,
So long as the stars above shine,
When I thought I was sitting beside you,
And you laid your soft cheek upon mine.

FRATERNITY.

THERE is something we feel that we cannot express
That teems in our hearts with a sweet tenderness.
The grasp and the greeting, the smile and the tone,
Are positive proof you are one of our own.
I cannot see how any frater could fall
From the love of the frat that is dear to us all.
He may grow Platonic and careless and cold,
Till he finds a warm welcome again in the fold;
Then he gathers new strength and appreciates more
The ties that he honored and cherished before.
The winter may tarry, the snow may be deep,
But the violets under are only asleep;
The buds that we thought were all chilled in the blast
Will grow into blossom and fruitage at last.
They bloom at the banquet in laughter and fun,
As apples grow beautiful under the sun.
The ripened fruit falls and we gather it up,
And run its wine over our mirth-giving cup.
The music of viols and vibrating strings
Is nothing to that which the heart-robin sings.
O player, thy tunes have no feeling like ours
That well from our hearts like the perfume of flowers;
Thy art is in vain when above it there rolls,
From our eyes and our lips, the glad song of our
souls.

MAY.

There are many days that are full of cheer,
In the summer sun and the winter snow;
But the sweetest time of all the year
Is when the apple blossoms blow.
Oh! then I think that nature seems
Decked out like a bride with orange flowers,
And the high ideal of lovers' dreams
Has then come down to this world of ours.

—*Apple Blossoms.*

AMELIA B. WELBY.

AMELIA B. COPPUCK was born at St. Michael's, Md., in 1821. Her father removed to Louisville, Ky., in 1835, where two years after, when scarcely seventeen years of age, Miss Coppuck was married to Mr. George B. Welby, a merchant. Her first poems, over the signature of "Amelia," were published in the *Louisville Journal*, then edited by that genial poet, George D. Prentice. Her productions were universally admired, and she soon became famous. When a volume of her poems appeared in 1844, it quickly passed through several editions, and many of her songs were set to music. She has repeatedly been pronounced the sweetest of all our singers. Poe was among her many admirers, and one of her warmest friends. When she died, in 1852, a feeling of keenest regret swept over all the land, for the name "Amelia" had become as a household word. Not a line had she ever written that did not tend to uplift and ennoble. One of Nature's sweetest children, living near to the gentle mother-heart, she interpreted, as but few have done, the voices of breeze and brook, the songs of the birds, and the murmur of the waves. Her love poems are among the best. Totally devoid of passion—whose mission is to degrade—her song carries all thought and feeling with it upward. Her personal appearance, as described to the writer by one who knew her, was, "Of medium height, slender, fair, with brown hair, a thoughtful, refined face, and beautiful eyes. She was quiet, unaffected, retiring, almost shy, warm hearted, and, above all, a devout Christian." If she had not died so young, she would, no doubt, have written much that was even better and stronger than what she has left behind her. That she wrote so much in the few years she lived, shows that she wrote as rapidly as she did gracefully. M. P. S.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE day was declining, the breeze in its glee,
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill:
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a
queen,
The smiles of her loveliness glad'ning the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake
Bay,

While, bathed in the moonlight, the village was
seen,
With the church in the distance, that stood on the
green;
The soft sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold,
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gamboled
all day,
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll;
While, light'ning my heart, as I sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer,
With the hymns of the worshipers, rose on the air;
And, drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng.
For a while my young spirit still wandered about,
With the birds and the woods, that were singing
without;
But birds, waves and zephyrs were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng,
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song;
His cheek pale with fervor, the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love;
Yet the heart-glowing raptures that beamed from
those eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by
sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold,
With its love unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme was salvation, salvation to all;
And the souls of a hundred in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his
tongue.
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole,
Enforced by each gesture, it sank to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the rod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Savior—what pictures he drew!
The scene of His sufferings rose clear on my view;
The cross, the rude cross where He suffered and
died,
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His
side,

The cup of His sorrows, the wormwood and gall,
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall,
The garland of thorns, and the demon-like crews,
Who knelt as they scoffed Him: "Hail, King of
the Jews!"

He spake, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed, as his spirit grew warm;
His tone so impassioned, so melting in air,
As, touched with compassion, he ended in prayer.
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs up-
thrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
When that mouth where such sweetness ineffable
clung
Still spoke, though expression had died on his
tongue.

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lips to the heart;
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen
word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling
pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes,
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone—
O, such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined,
That bay, church and village float up on my mind!
I see amid azure, the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song;
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod,
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see!
The past, the dim past is the present to me;
I am standing once more 'mid the heart-stricken
throng,

A vision floats up, 'tis the theme of my song.
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair,
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
That whisper of Jesus, and point us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links and connected the whole.
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are these memories to me!
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly
clung,
And the echo it brings is the song I have sung.

MUSINGS.

I WANDERED out one summer night,
 'Twas when my years were few;
 The breeze was singing in the light
 And I was singing too.
 The moonbeams lay upon the hill,
 The shadows in the vale,
 And here and there a leaping rill
 Was laughing at the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
 Was all that met my eyes,
 It floated like an angel there
 Between me and the skies.
 I clapped my hands and warbled wild
 As here and there I flew,
 For I was but a careless child,
 And did as children do.

The waves came leaping o'er the sea
 In bright and glittering bands,
 Like little children wild with glee
 They linked their dimpled hands.
 They linked their hands, but ere I caught
 Their mingled drops of dew,
 They kissed my feet—as quick as thought—
 Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours like birds flew by
 As lightly and as free,
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand in the sea!
 For every wave with dimpled face
 That leaped upon the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace
 And held it trembling there.

The young moon too, with upturned sides
 Her mirrored beauty gave,
 And as a bark at anchor rides,
 She rode upon the wave.
 The sea was like the heaven above,
 As perfect, and as whole,
 Save that it seemed to thrill with love,
 As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,
 Made murmurs on the air,
 Low murmurs that my spirit heard,
 And answered with a prayer.
 For 'twas upon the dewy sod
 Beside the moaning seas,
 I learned at first to worship God
 And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams
 Were bowed in slumber free,
 By breezy hills and murmuring streams
 Where'er they chanced to be.
 No guilty tears had they to weep,
 No sins to be forgiven—
 They closed their eyes, and went to sleep
 Right in the face of heaven.

No costly raiment round them shone,
 No jewels from the seas,
 Yet Solomon upon his throne
 Was not arrayed like these.
 And just as free from guilt and art,
 Were lovely human flowers,
 Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart
 On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind
 A-playing with my hair;
 The breezy fingers of the wind,
 How cool and moist they were!
 I heard the night-bird warble o'er
 Its soft enchanting strain—
 I never heard such songs before,
 I never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these,
 And sing them day by day,
 When every bird upon the breeze
 Can sing a sweeter lay?
 And every singer owns a part
 As perfect as divine—
 I'd give the world to melt one heart
 As they have melted mine.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress
 Of soft unbraided hair,
 The all that's left of loveliness
 That once was thought so fair.
 And yet, though time hath dimmed its sheen
 Though all beside hath fled,
 I hold it here, a link between
 My spirit and the dead.

* * * * *
 Oh sunny tress! the joyous brow
 Where thou didst lightly wave,
 With all thy sister-tresses now
 Lies cold within the grave.
 That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
 That eye no more is gay;
 Of all her beauties thou art left,
 A solitary ray.

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Fanny Kennick Earl

FANNY KENNISH-EARL.

FANNY KENNISH-EARL is the wife of a busy physician in the beautiful little village of Lake Mills in Southern Wisconsin. She is a writer of poems and short stories, but one or two productions from her pen have almost reached the size of books. Her childhood and early years were passed in the neighborhood of a forlorn and forsaken little town upon the Wisconsin River, near what is known as the Dells of the Wisconsin. The deserted and forlorn condition of the village, perhaps, brought a shade of melancholy into her life which gives a somber tint to many of her compositions. She found in the companionship of nature much of her enjoyment and a great deal of her education. Naturally of an artistic mind, with a rare appreciation for the beautiful in the world about her, she sympathized very deeply with the nooks and glens which make the Dells of the Wisconsin River noted to all lovers of romantic scenery. Some of her short stories indicate rare insight into the workings of human nature. One who reads between the lines will note that she is no idle dreamer, but that she sympathizes intensely with all questions of reform, of public interest, and whatever will make the world better and brighter. The sunshine and shadows of thirty-six years have left her hopeful and happy. There is no bitterness, no complaining in her words. Her nature is healthful and her writings show forth its healthful workings. To her, life is happy, God a reality and heaven a certainty.

F. W. H.

THE DEAREST.

I GRANT you that my boys are tall and fair,
My girls are winsome,—to a mother's eyes
At least. Such wealth of bonny hair
A miser, gathering gold, might surely prize.

The house is gay with laughter; every nook
Re-echoes to a bit of childish song.
Some broken toy, some ragged, dog-eared book,
Among my choicest bric-a-brac belong.

My all is theirs; no treasure is too rare
For their small hands. My recompense is this,
They gather round my idle easy-chair
At dusk of evening, for a mother's kiss.

And which is dearest? That were hard to tell.
I look at Philip, bright and eager-eyed,
With fair, wide brow and pleasant smile. Ah well,
You do not wonder at a mother's pride?

And Alice calm, with quiet, woman-ways
Beyond her years. My heart may surely rest
On her. You question by that sudden gaze,
"Is this the one the mother loves the best?"

Then Bernice, merry, romping, careless child,
Whose dancing feet I watch with growing care;
The summer wind is not so free and wild,
Nor is the flower it tosses half as fair.

If love is born of anxious, prayerful thought,
Or fond affection is by patience nursed,
Or treasures dearer grow by dangers fraught,
Then little Bernice surely might be first.

But then comes little Hugh, my rosy pet,
So tall and sturdy for his few, sweet years;
His plump, pink hands have baby dimples yet,
His long-lashed eyes grow full with baby tears.

You urge me still? Ah, then, come with me,
friend,

In one small room the children never play;
And guest scarce enters, save the morning sun
Or east wind, fragrant with the new-mown hay.

The rose-leaf scented drawer is over-full
Of creamy robes, and folds of yellow lace,
A silken shawl, a hood of snowy wool
That sometime framed a fairer baby face.

The sweet, wee things. You see they're almost
new.

A little book,—nay, two,—*she* never read;
Some bits of ribbon and a toy or two,
A ringlet, severed from a tiny head.

'Tis near a score of years since that sad morn,
But still my eyes long for that baby face.
They *all* are dear; but, friend, the sweet first-born,
Can any other ever take her place?

THE SONG OF THE CYCLONE.

THE summer air is hot and still,
Brown turn the waving grasses;
But see, the leaves have felt a thrill,
And down the long and dusty hill
A gentle zephyr passes.

Across the deep and shining blue
The clouds in white robes flutter,
Then slowly darken in their hue,
And like some black-browed Titan crew
Their sullen threats they mutter.

From east, from west, they gather fast;
 Now fierce and fiercer growing;
 They call their troops with sudden blast,
 Their banners to the breeze they cast,
 With din and trumpets blowing.

The dark-robed armies wheel in haste,
 Now fast and faster flying;
 And lo, the meadows are laid waste,
 The oak that many storms has faced
 Lies rent and crushed and dying.

They laugh to scorn each foe they meet,
 Their fiery lances throwing,
 They sweep along the city street
 With dead and dying at their feet,
 And mad with slaughter growing.

But hush! The birds begin to trill,
 A zephyr only passes;
 The buttercups, along the hill,
 Hold up their shining faces still,
 Among the dripping grasses

BABY-BLUE.

SONG.

Your eyes are blue, your hair is gold,
 No blushing rose-bud ever told
 To kissing sunbeam from the south,
 One-half the sweetness of your mouth;
 But eyes will fade that flash and burn,
 And gold to silver surely turn,
 And sadder lines of age replace
 The dimpled beauty of your face.

CHORUS.

Your pretty ways, your baby-blues,
 May give you right to pick and choose;
 But after five-and-twenty, you
 Won't look so sweet in baby-blue.

Your brows are arched into a frown,
 With scornful lips you laugh me down,
 Your bright eyes pierce me through and through
 From fleecy folds of baby-blue;
 But though you laugh at lover's vow,
 And broken hearts amuse you now,
 Some day will you be left forlorn
 While Fate will meet your scorn with scorn.

CHO.—Your pretty ways, etc.

Repent, sweet girl, ere angry Fate
 Shall whisper in your ear, "Too late."

You'll find a loving heart more true
 Than changing tints of baby-blue.
 A love beside you day by day
 Will never see your hair grow gray;
 And years of toil and added care
 Will only make your face more fair.

CHO.—Your pretty ways, etc.

TO A TELEPHONE GIRL.

THE rich and the great bow down to hear you,
 At sound of your voice the whole world draws
 near you;
 You've the ear of the city—if not of the nation—
 Oh! telephone girl at the Central Station.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

LIGHT fall the flakes of snow. The midnight bells
 Ring out the message of the glad New Year
 Each heart interprets to its seeming need.
 To one there cometh strange and vague unrest,
 As if the coming year must be too full
 Of joy or sorrow. One with brow serene
 Looks calmly out upon the world's mad strife
 As one whose heart has chosen higher things.
 One waits with folded hands One eager stands
 To strive and win. But all have common need;
 One cry goes forth across the waste of seas;
 The world's light laughter strikes a single chord;
 And in our common life we needs must learn
 The lesson that the new year teaches all,—
 Of patient toil, and eager hope and faith
 That looks beyond our small horizon's rim
 Into the wideness of the perfect plan,—
 That reaches upward e'en to Heaven's gates
 And shapes our lives to higher destiny.

SPRINGTIME.

BUTTERCUPS blossoming out of the meadows,
 Starry white daisies deep down in the grass,
 Little blue violets nodding and trembling,
 Kissed by the warm summer winds as they pass,
 Bend to the music that thrills through the forest,
 Music of bird-life in meadow and tree,
 Music of water let loose from its fetters
 Leaving the mountains to seek for the sea.
 A fair little maiden, with eyes like the daisies
 Hair like the gold of the buttercup's rim,
 Voice like the bird-song in sunny May weather
 Sings to the music of springtime, her hymn.

NELLIE F. CORNELL.

THE writer of the poems which follow has always resided in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, first in the old home on an estate which had been several generations in her family, and then, leaving Middleborough for the adjoining town of Bridgewater, she made her home with her husband on the banks of the Taunton River, in one of the most beautiful spots in that region. She was for some years before marriage a teacher. A portion of her married life she was an invalid, unable to leave her room. It seemed to be the constant care of her devoted husband and her own grateful response to his care and to the attentions of some near friends that brought from the sick room thoughtful and tender verses, written for the sake of expressing what was in her heart rather than for literary purposes. When a friend, who was editor of the *New-Jerusalem Magazine*, asked leave to print a poem which had come to his notice, she reluctantly consented, and has given others to the public through the same channel. She is a member of the New Church, and is by nature of a devout spirit. Her love of the fields is that of a true poet, and she has made a specialty of marine shells, of which she has a large collection, accurately classified.

T. F. W.

MORNING AT THE FARM.

SWEET Summer morn! a fragrant breeze
Comes floating past the orchard trees,
Where robins piping loud and clear,
Proclaim the sunrise hour is near.
On every side, around, o'erhead,
From clustering vine or grassy bed,
The happy insect chirps and trills,
The atmosphere with music fills.
Their tiny notes scarce stir the air,
And rest seems brooding everywhere.

Now from the broad, gray barns a-near,
A restless, moving sound we hear,
With thoughts of meadow grasses sweet,
The rested kine mount to their feet,
For through the open door comes flowing
Breaths from rich knolls, with clover growing;
And loud, exultant, shrill and clear,
Ring out the notes of Chanticleer.

Now, opening doors, the well-sweep creaking,
Voices, quick steps the sharp scythes seeking;
And forth the hardy farmers go,
Rich swathes of waving grass to mow,

And Charles, with swinging milk-pails glistening,
Adown the lane comes, gaily whistling.
While in the cool, sweet dairy, Ann
The golden cream skims from each pan,
And, luscious treat although the least,
Pours the skimmed milk for piggies' feast.

In the cool porch is table spread
With snowy cloth; there nice brown bread,
And golden butter, doughnuts, cheese,
While through the open door, the breeze
Of morning, sweet with fragrance, blowing
O'er roses round the windows growing.
From the out-kitchen Mother brings
The smoking viands, fit for kings.
Snowy potatoes, eggs and bacon,
Crisp cucumbers from cool vines taken,
And then, to crown the feast, some sweet
Rich cream, with strawberries to eat.

Outside the door, beneath the shade
Of an old apple-tree, is laid
On rustic bench, so handy, cool,
Basin and soap, as 'tis the rule,
Returning from the hay-fields near,
To pause for their ablutions here.
Refreshed, then round the board they gather,
Talk of the "grand, good haying weather,"
Think "the thick grass in lower field
Will three tons to the acre yield."
The while they speculate and plan,
They reinforce the inner man,
And pay ere from the board they rise
Just dues to health and exercise.

Sweet, happy, blissful hours, thus spent
In honest labor, peace, content.
O, who can picture half the charm
Of a June morning on the farm.

EVENING PRAYER.

THE fleeting hours have brought the close of day;
The light is fading from the western sky.
Here from my couch I watch each changing ray,
While evening shadows softly gather nigh.

Beautiful twilight! rosy, misty veils
Seem draped around, excluding anxious care
And all unrest; calm, trustful thought prevails.
Be hushed, my soul! it is the hour of prayer.

"Our Father." All that's loving, wise and kind
Is thus expressed, deeply the heart to move;

In one broad chain of brotherhood to bind
The human family in bonds of love.

"Who art in heaven." Not in some realm remote;
Our spirit eyes, now closed, view not the place,
Though airs celestial all around us float,
As sleeping babes see not their mother's face.

Bow down, O pleading spirit! softly breathe,
With love devout; thy earnest heart aflame
Shall from its altar truest incense wreath,
While every pulse throbs, "Hallowed be Thy
name."

"Thy kingdom come." No selfish crowding then
Will crush the tender flowers; no sin alloy;
When love and wisdom rule the hearts of men,
This earth, like Eden, will be full of joy.

In my poor blindness, seeing not Thy plan,
Shrinking from pain, a weak and erring one,
When trials come, oh, help me, that I can
Trust Thy dear love, and say, "Thy will be done."

"On earth as 'tis in heaven." Almighty One!
Thy love must choose for me the wisest way.
Thy will, dear Father, not my will, be done,
Until Thy will shall be my will alway.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Indeed
Not for the flesh; I crave for that the least;
My heart is hungry; in my spirit's need
Spread Thou the table that my soul may feast.

When in impatience led to oft complain,
When others' faults long in the memory live,
Come in my heart with loving peace to reign;
Teach me forgiveness, Lord, "my sins forgive."

So thoughtless we, our careless steps oft stray;
In hours of danger each resolve forgot;
Thou knowest all our weaknesses, we pray,
"Into temptation," Lord, oh "lead us not."

"Deliver us from evil," from the foes
Within, without, that wait for us each hour.
"Thine is the kingdom." Who shall Thee oppose?
Who, loving Father, can but trust Thy power?

"Thine is the kingdom," mighty Lord and King.
"Thine is the power;" Thou canst uphold me
when
My sorrows and my griefs to Thee I bring.
"The glory Thine forevermore. Amen."

THE SEA SHELL.

It lay on the shore of the deep blue sea,
'Neath the glow of a tropical sky,
And the voice of the waters, grand and free,
Was its nightly lullaby.

And still in its pearly chambers dwell
The murmur of the sea,
As though of its loss it would ever tell
In sweet, sad memory.

Oh, thus in my heart is a lonely cry,
For the joys that could not stay,
And memory often breathes a sigh
For the dear friends far away.

LONELINESS.

"I watch, and am like the sparrow alone upon the housetop."

O LONELY sparrow, on the housetop nigh,
Watching with drooping wing the distant sky,
Have thy mates flown? Far toward the gates of
day
Fades the last glimmer of their wings away?

Why lingerest thou? The summer days are o'er,
Their hopes and joys may glad thy heart no more;
Deserted are the nests, the fields are bare,
The cricket's lonely chirp disturbs the air.

O lonely sparrow, grieve and watch no more,
Freedom is thine, the blue skies stretch before;
Far from thine own in doubt no longer stay,
But speed thee to the summer land away.

* * * * *
O, like the sparrow, watch I here alone,
Far from the summer land, far from my home;
Dear ones have vanished from my longing sight,
O, wait they there, beyond the gates of light?

Why must I linger here in my despair?
The nests are empty, and the fields are bare.
Lonely my watch, and sorrowful my cry,
O had I wings, that I might homeward fly.

FAITH.

AROUND me, o'er me, sheltering wings
Seem hovering tenderly, so near,
Low psalms of joy my spirit sings.
Dear Saviour, 'tis Thy presence brings
This restful peace, I do not fear.

ARTOR 1380
TILDEN 5



Corrie L. Post.

CAROLINE LATHROP POST.

CARRIE L. POST was born of good old Italian stock in 1824, at Ashford, Conn. Her family resided in Hartford, and still later, in her early married life, her home was, for a few years, in Pittsfield, Mass. Over twenty-five of her later life were spent in Springfield, Mass. It was here that most of her literary work was done, though during her three or four years of residence in Fort Worth, Texas, her pen was not idle, and numerous have been the tributes upon her for verses for "occasions," appearing in this new and rapidly advancing age. She began to write in rhyme on her slate at an age when only seven years old, and, at the age of ten, had quite a voluminous roll of manuscript. When her elder sister discovered it, and expressed disapproval, though not disapprobation, the little girl was so mortified that she thrust it into the fire. But the natural inclination to express herself in verse was not to be easily suppressed, and at the age of twenty-two years her verses began to appear in print, and for many years such periodicals as *The Sunday Magazine*, *The Advance*, *The Life and Light*, *Floral World*, and others, have with frequency given her choicest poems to the world. Some of her best and most successful writings have been published in leaflet form by the Woman's Board of Missions. Very unobtrusive, she has yet been a most arduous worker. But the laborers in Christ's great school do not receive all the merit cards to which they are entitled. Many are kept in reserve for the "by and by." She is married to C. R. Post, one of Springfield's able business men, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, was a most felicitous one, and has two sons, two of whom are actively engaged in the new home at Fort Worth, all with a large following of admirers in accordance with Post unstinted love and devotion.

E. M. S.

BIRDS AND LILIES.

A FEATHER gray in my pathway
Awoke sweet train of thought;
O'er desert sands I roamed away,
In dreamy vision brought,
Where Oriental birds so gay
Lit, singing all the sunny day.

I saw the fowls all animate,
Their plumage dipt with dyes

So brilliant they illuminate
Green trees and blue-bright skies,
And wisest wisdom often show,
Trusting their Maker as they go.

And He who touched with brilliant hue
Each crested head and wing
Instructs the birds to build and coo,
To warble and to sing.
He marks their flight, and amply feeds
With wholesome meat and myriad seeds.

On the fair hills of Palestine,
And from its fragment mould,
Bloom royal lilies, red like wine,
All starred with white and gold,
And 'midst this gorgeous array
Walks Christ, the Teacher, day by day.

With object-lessons near at hand,
On Judean vale and hill,
And whereso'er this little band
Might rest by rippling rill,
There spake He as none other spake,
Bidding them anxious thought ne'er take.

That tiny feather, soft and gray,
Dropped from a bird's swift wing,
Woke *parables* of olden day,
Taught by the lowly King;
Lilies still sparkle with the dew,
And birds teach lessons ever new.

MAY DAY.

EXULTANT as a bird
Whose first spring note is heard
Melodiously sweet,
I shun the busy street
To revel 'midst the springing
Of buds and blossoms flinging
Refreshing odors round,
With fragrance from the ground.

O, resurrected friends!
My grateful homage bends
In wondrous love and awe,
For Nature's vigorous law
Running through sun and rain
Calls back my flowers again,
Lily's cream and violet's blue,
The rose-blush, sweet and new.

I lovingly caress
And call them friends, who bless

And tell me stories sweet;
And oft with reverent feet
Glide flowery paths adown,
Thinking of flower gem'd crown
Our darlings gone before
Wear,—fadeless evermore.

May, bring us birds and bloom
Gone winter's gray dim gloom,
Earth-tombs asunder burst
Dry seeds and bulbs athirst
Towards light and life come forth
In the Southland and the North;
Exult, O, soul of mine
In sweetest faith sublime.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

COME in, O, Christ, come in!
The door we open fling;
We know Thy blessed knock and voice
A joy and blessing bring.

Our board is scant and lean,
But simple wine and bread;
Come sup with us and it shall seem
Abundant feast instead.

Oh! precious drop and crumb,
Sweetest of any cheer;
My overflowing soul is dumb
When Thou, O Christ, art near.

We, through Thy poverty,
Have more than Ophir's gold;
We know that with Thy righteousness
Thou wilt our souls enfold.

Come, Prince of Peace, come in,
And evermore abide;
Make spotless white the blood red sin
Of human strife and pride.

LIFE.

LIFE is the eternal breath of God,
Holy and sweet and part of Him.
The foot of man hath never trod
Far desert-wilds or forests dim,

Or sunny slopes or hillsides green,
Or briny billows' coral isles,

Or spot terrestrial or terrene,
But throbs with life beneath His smile

From scenes where life seems all adrift
God's mighty power can surely lift
From seeming death, this deathless gift

Ah! naught can pluck from soul of man
This essence of His life divine
Sealed in Creation's first design.

HYACINTHS.

ONLY a bulb—
And yet I knew that through and through
A subtle essence slept,
And underneath the silvery sheath
Soft tinge of color crept.

Only a bulb—
And dry, I see; yet tenderly,
From Mother-earth's brown heart,
Sweet nourishment is upward sent
To every waiting part.

Only a bulb—
No spinning-loom from out thy tomb
Can draw thy thread-like root,
No stirring breeze thy mysteries
Uplift in leaf-like shoot.

Only a bulb—
Yet wide-awake, without mistake
A hyacinth blooms forth,
And fragrant bells its advent tells
A welcome floral birth.

Only a bulb—
Yet o'er and round, odors abound
Of pure and dainty sweet,
And every hue, pink, white and blue,
Is with rare scent replete.

A living bulb!
Not thine, O, death, the vital breath
That wakes the hidden spark!
Effulgent beam of light must stream
Through channels cold and dark.

SPRING.

Spring hath its tender green, its buds and bloom
Scattered o'er meadow lands, with ample room,
On verdant slopes and hill-top's loftier height
For stronger growth and fruitage of delight.

—*The Years of Our Life*

GILBERT L. EBERHART.

GILBERT LEANDER EBERHART is a native of Beaver county, Pennsylvania, a son of Eberhart and Sarah Power, and is of German extraction, his ancestors having come to Pennsylvania from Wurtemberg in 1754. He is a descendant in direct line from the first Duke of Burgundy. The family of John Eberhart was one of the old and reputable families of Beaver county. His wife, a daughter of General Samuel Power, who held many official positions of trust in the county and state. Gilbert L. was educated at the Academy and Washington College, and worked as a civil engineer and teacher. He entered as a student at law a short time before the war breaking out, but this event changed the current of his life, and he entered the army in April, 1861. In 1862 he was promoted, and served for a time on the staff of General G. Meade. At the close of the war he was in charge of the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau for the state of Georgia, and held that position until September, 1867. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar of Beaver county, and practiced law after that in Lawrence, Mercer, and other counties, and also to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and has since been in the practice of the profession. In 1876 he was elected by a large majority to the Legislature, and served sessions of 1877 and 1878. For the past years Mr. Eberhart has been editor of the *Pittsburgh Tribune*. He has also contributed interesting articles on philological and educational subjects to several educational journals. He commenced writing poetry as early as the age of ten, and has contributed many poems to the publications of Philadelphia, Boston and New York. Mr. Eberhart has written from the impulse of the moment, and more as a pastime and amusement than for the purpose of achieving literary fame or notoriety. T. H.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, for love will soon decay
And teach thee to thy sorrow,
The brightest skies that smile to-day,
May scowl with storms to-morrow.

Love not, for love is but a dream,
Whose glory's soon departed;
The joys that for an instant gleam,
Then leave us broken-hearted.

Love not, for love is but a thing
That lives in airy flashes;
A tempting fruit until thou bring
It to the lips, then ashes.

Love not, for love is full of tears;
In grief its victims languish,
And, when their hope most bright appears,
It turns to keenest anguish.

Love not, for love will leave thee soon;
The things most fond ye cherish,
Like buds within the lap of June,
When fairest, soonest perish.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD OF SPRING.

HARK, hark, I hear a bluebird sing!
His voice rings through the purple air,
And tells me that the hand of Spring,
Is weaving garlands, fresh and fair,
In mossy dell, on frowning fell,
And strewing blossoms everywhere.

What lesson doth the springtide teach,
As from the mould the blooms arise!
How life begun below shall reach
Eternal life beyond the skies;
These souls of ours, through blissful hours,
Bloom ever in God's Paradise.

MATED.

THE cricket chirps beneath the hearth;
The clock clicks clearly on the wall;
Without and in seems joy and mirth,
But I am happiest wight of all.

Mae's dimpled hand is clasped in mine;
Her head is on my loyal breast;
I feel a thrill of joy divine,—
Her lips to mine in love are prest.

As crystal streams from mountain side
Unite and through the valley run,
The soul of my sweet loving bride
And mine have mingled into one.

And through the quiet vale of life,
Though clouds may sometimes intervene,
We hope to glide with naught of strife,
Our happy hearts to come between.

UNWRITTEN SONG.

Ah me, if such could only sing
The lofty strains that swell within them,
How soon the world would homage bring,
And Flattery use her arts to win them.

But few, alas, shall ever know,
How many souls are with us straying,
Whose hearts with song are all aglow—
Whose life-chords angel hands are playing.

They move through life devoid of fame,
But could they tell their touching story,
The crowd would shout a loud acclaim,
And crown each one with wreaths of glory.

A WISH.

I wish I were a fragrant flower,
Fresh blooming on the summer sea,
And thou wouldst come at twilight hour
A dewdrop bright to rest on me.

I'd fold thee in my perfumed cup
With all a fond heart's jealous care,
Till morning's sun should lift us up
Into the fields of purple air.

And there, the world's fierce strife above,
We'd mingle with the rainbow's dyes,
And live in Heaven's own bonds of love
Forever in the radiant skies.

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

COULD we but change these tears of ours
To fairest wreaths of sweetest flowers,
We'd clothe in an immortal bloom
Each sainted hero's sacred tomb.

BABY.

Thou little cooing, dumpy sprite!
Thou lovely, romping baby!
I ne'er have known such keen delight,
—And ne'er on earth can, may be,—
As thy sweet smiles of love impart,
Day after day, to my glad heart.

—Minnie.

HENRY M. CRONKHITE, M. D.

HENRY M. CRONKHITE was born March 14, 1834, at Little Falls, New York. His boyhood and early manhood were passed in the adjoining counties of Herkimer and Montgomery. His education at the district schools was supplemented by one term at Little Falls Academy and by another at Fort Plain Seminary. In 1858 he graduated in medicine at Albany Medical College, now the medical department of Union University. Immediately after graduation he married and began the practice of his profession. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-sixth Regiment of New York Volunteers, and in 1863 was discharged with his regiment at the expiration of its term of service. From that time till the autumn of 1866 he served with the army on the Pacific coast in the capacity of acting assistant surgeon. In 1867 he was appointed a medical officer of the army, and has held that position to the present time. Through all the vicissitudes of a career not unseasoned by trial, disappointment and sorrow, the poetic impulse has been his dominant passion and guiding power. In 1886 he published a volume of verse entitled "Reymond." Dr. Cronkhite at present resides at Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn., holding the position of surgeon in the United States army.

J. W.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, loved one, farewell!
And art thou gone; forever lost to me.
O could my heart her secret tell
Wouldst thou believe me treacherous to thee?

Hapless I brood and weep
From morn to eve, from eve to weary morn;
No kindred soul, no blessed rest in sleep;
I grieve my life away, unseen, forlorn.

Where shall I sleep at last
To wake no more! no more to bear and know
The burden of a sorrow never past!
Sorrow of sorrows in a place of woe!

There let me sleep where love,
Which I find not in life, may seek my tomb
And plant her fairest emblem flowers above,
The sweet memorials of affection's doom.

For I have loved and dreamed
That heaven's bliss might dwell on earth. How
dear
The cherished hope! how bright the illusion seemed!
But those are gone; reality is here.

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Henry M. Bronkhide.

ome back to me, my heart;
Thy precious, boundless treasures are unknown.
hy mate; is not; thou hast a bitter part,
To love forever, but to love alone.

ome back, come back to me!
For thou art but a sacrifice to hate.
gracious Heaven! can it never be?
Ah, me, my life is dark and desolate!

With a hard world to cope
All, all alone, and hide the tears I shed.
there is no death like the death of hope!
Why must I live when every hope is dead!

ome, Death, and take me there!
Come, take me where my mother is at rest!
ome, Mother! let your child in her despair
Find love once more upon your gentle breast.

SONG.

FROM green heather hills o'er the sea, love,
Afar from this wild, wizard shore,
The true Highland heart comes to thee, love,
To pay its fond tribute once more.

They told me my birdie had flown, love,
Away from dark rumors untrue;
And left her poor laddie alone, love,
Without one last kiss or adieu.

My life and my life's guiding star, love,
My heaven, my hope are in thee.
A demon said thou wert afar, love,
A stranger forever to me.

How sunless and cold was my sky, love,
By tempest clouds dismally crossed;
How stricken and cheerless was I, love,
When all that I cherished was lost.

But skies that were gloomy are clear, love,
And hope's living beams ever shine.
I know by each tale-bearing tear, love,
The heart in your bosom is mine.

MARRIAGE SONG.

We are a band of lovers true;
The time is drawing nearer
When heart to heart shall pledge anew
The dear ones growing dearer.

The day breaks fair, the sun shines bright,
No fear our faith bedimming;
Eyes radiant with love's own light
In tears of joy are swimming.

Ring! ring! The bridal plight is done
When two are joined forever;
The golden chain that makes them one
Can death alone dis sever.

Two hearts in magic union set,
Still close and closer clinging;
Upon two souls more clearly yet
The marriage peals are ringing.

And each loved one of all our band,
A sister or a brother,
Whate'er betide, for life will stand
Or fall by every other.

Ring! ring! The bridal plight is done
When two are joined forever;
The golden chain that makes them one
Can death alone dis sever.

HEART PICTURES.

I took my way in solitude
From heights and songs of gladness
To meditate, alone, and brood
On bitter themes in sadness.
The drifting clouds draped heaven's blue
In robes of tinted whiteness;
The rising moon and stars shone through
In all their varied brightness.
A narrow vale, a winding stream
O'er roots and pebbles dancing,
And ever in the changing beam,
Like crystal, darkly glancing.
Lured onward by the rippling swell,
I wandered to the mountain
And found the little, hidden dell,
Where gushed its parent fountain.
There, wrapped in melancholy thought,
I watched its boiling, shining,
Till heart and spirit, overwrought,
Were driven to repining.

* / * * * *

Then came the struggle of despair
When heart and hope dis sever;
And, stealing from my covert there,
I left that place forever.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER was born in London, England, in the year 1810. His father was a medical man of eminence, but he would seem to have been of a democratic turn of mind, from the fact that he twice refused a baronetcy. His mother was of an artistic nature.

Mr. Tupper studied law and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, but he never practiced the profession. In 1832 he published his first volume of poems, and six years later "Proverbial Philosophy" appeared in print and speedily ran through many editions. That Americans appreciated the author was proven by the fact that up to 1863 half a million copies had been sold in this country. Mr. Tupper is a versatile genius, as is shown in his writings, which include novels, dramas, biographies, hymns, ballads, essays and reminiscences, though he might have remained in comparative obscurity had he never published his "Philosophy," albeit this work has been criticised by some critics as being weak, and has been the subject of much ridicule. However, if the work cannot take a high rank in literature, it certainly contains many pearls of wisdom.

C. A. K.

LOVE.

Love with life is heaven; and life, unloving, is hell.
—*Proverbial Philosophy of Immortality.*

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.
—*Ibid.*

Love! what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment.
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted
love.
—*Ibid, Love.*

God will not love thee less because men love thee
more.
—*Ibid, Tolerance.*

LETTERS.

The pen flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,
Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged
with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more
evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than
frowning fortune;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which
hath most profit in the world,
For answer take thou this, the prudent penning of
a letter.
—*Ibid, Writing.*

Their preciousness in absence is proved by the
desire of their presence.
—*Ibid.*

A letter timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of
affection;
And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the
solder.
—*Ibid.*

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance, the rich man's pitfall.
—*Ibid, Society.*

ECONOMY.

Economy, the poor man's mint.
—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

O Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never
altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds
of life become established;
O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
Leading to the Judgment for Eternity, after the
trial scene to Time;
O Death, what art thou? an husbandman that
reapeth always,
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his
hand.
—*Ibid, Death.*

CONFIDENCE.

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both
over them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thou-
sand quail;
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the
tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled;
The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will
shame the man of danger,
And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had
vanquished fear.
—*Ibid, Faith.*

BOOKS.

O books, ye monuments of the mind, concrete wis-
dom of the wisest;
Sweet solaces of daily life, proofs and results of
immortality;
Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the
healing of the nations—
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear
a flaming sword;
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts,
treasures,
Helps, governments, diversities, tongues; who can
weigh your worth?
—*Ibid, Reading.*

BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid
shingle beach,
In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun
electric skies;
There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with
heavy foliage,
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and
its lake:
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs,
beauty in sun and shade,
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is
drowned in beauty.

—*Ibid, Beauty.*

ERROR.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and the good, alike with
the wicked and foolish;
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it
some lines of truth.

—*Ibid, Truth in Things False.*

RIDICULE.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when leveled at a
strong mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty
laugh.

—*Ibid, Ridicule.*

CHILDREN.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

—*Ibid, Education.*

TRUTH.

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence
shall throne thee with archangels.

—*Ibid, Speaking.*

HATE.

Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown
till he hateth.

—*Ibid, Estimating Character.*

LABOR.

Labor is good for a man, bracing up his energies
to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving him-
self useless;
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on
rusty hinges.

—*Ibid, Wealth.*

LIFE.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and
flowers.
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its
end in a distant massy portal.

—*Ibid, Life.*

MEMORY.

Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming
mother of Wisdom,
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he
that would make it for himself.

—*Ibid, Thinking.*

SOLITUDE.

Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts;
There as thou sittest peaceful, communing with
fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden
cares;
There, as thou walkest by the sea beneath the
gentle stars,
Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within
thy soul;
Thou shalt weep in solitude,—thou shalt pray in
solitude.
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the
grace of solitude.

—*Ibid, Solitude.*

MIND.

Mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his
pleasure from ideas.

—*Ibid, Ideas.*

SINCERITY.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the
right with falsehood.

—*Ibid, Tolerance.*

SPEECH.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the
flowering of thought.

—*Ibid, Speaking.*

Speech is Reason's brother, and a kingly preroga-
tive of man.

—*Ibid.*

TO-DAY.

Our cares are all To-day, our joys are all To-day;
And in one little word, our life, what is it but—
To-day?

—*Ibid, To-day.*

TRAVEL.

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,
But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou
add not thoughts to things.

—*Ibid, Things.*

WISDOM.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of
Wisdom utter.

To what shall this rarity be likened? What price
shall count their worth?

Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy
with riches,
No lovely thing on earth can picture all their
beauty.

—*Ibid, Words of Wisdom.*

True wisdom, laboring to expound, heareth others
readily;
False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind
to argument.

—*Ibid, Faith.*

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a
traveler never reaches;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of
ignorance;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous
trust of mariners;
To-morrow, the mocker's beacon, wily snare of the
destroyer.
Reconcile conviction with delay, and To-morrow is
a fatal lie.
Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a
wholesome truth.

—*Ibid, To-morrow.*

There is a floating island, forward, on the stream
of time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the
rapids;
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as
she goeth;
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurements
lurketh in her cheeks;
Many lovers, vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning
finger,
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of
death.
To-morrow is that island, a vain and foolish herit-
age,
And, laughing with seductive lips, Delusion hideth
there.
Often the precious present is wasted in the visions
of the future,
And coy To-morrow cometh not with prophecies
fulfilled.

—*Ibid.*

WRITING.

To be accurate, write; to remember, write; to
know thine own mind, write.
And a written prayer is a prayer of faith, special,
sure, and to be answered.

—*Ibid, Writing.*

SINGLE POEMS.

MELIK THE BLACK.

WHERE has the princess gone,—
The Princess Parizade?
The dazzling glow of the orient dawn
Floods down through the garden glade.
She is not in the room where the air is sweet
With the scent of the attared rose,
And the tinkle of silver-sandaled feet
Like a brook o'er the marble flows;
She is not in the mosque nor the dim kiosk,
She is not in the almond-close.

Melik the black stands mute
By the harem's outer door;
Does he dream of the sound of the Sennar flute,
And the warm Nile nights of yore?
Does he muse on the happy, bondless days
By the desert fountains cool;
When he rode his barb o'er the trackless ways,
Ere he came to be the tool
Of the loves and hates in the palace gates
Of the treacherous Istamboul?

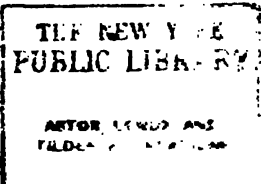
His thoughts are not afar
In the wide, free Southern land;
He sees, as he saw 'neath the paling star,
A tiny print in the sand.
There hangs the slender ladder yet
Where the daring flight was made;
On the water-stair the ooze and wet
Betray where the boat was stayed;
She has fled o'er the main from her gilded chain
The Princess Parizade.

And shall he bide to face
His master's merciless wrath!
Woe on the soul that waits for grace
In a maddened tyrant's path!
But list!—o'er the court's mosaic floor
Creeps one with a panther tread,
Behind the form at the harem door
With the mournful low-drooped head.
A dagger bright in the morning light!—
And Melik the black lies dead.

CLINTON SCOLLARI

TOM'S UNLUCKY FANCY.

OUR Tom was as gay and merry a wight
As you ever would wish to see;
He raced and frolicked from morning till night,
As happy as boy could be;





Very truly yours,
J. D. Stewart.

And Tom had a fancy vivid and gay
That indulged in many an art,
And he thought the very best kind of a play
Was to play he was "acting a part."

Sometimes as a gallant knight and bold
He fought with the cornstalks tall;
Sometimes as a pirate he sailed for gold;
• As a robber he scaled the wall.
And oft as a young fay blithe and gay
He roved through dell and glade;
He was Robin Hood, or a pilgrim good,
Or the beau on the grand parade.

Well, one fine day, as the wheat field lay
All yellow and ripe in the sun,
Tom racked his brain for a brand-new play
And a novel kind of fun;
He thought of Joseph's brethren of old,
And the famine that urged their feet,
And he seized a stick and with footsteps bold
He marched through the waving wheat.

As his course he took he thought not to look
For an eye that might seem unkind,
So he did not heed, as he went with speed,
That his father was close behind,
But with sturdy blows that fell and rose,
He leveled the yellow grain:
"Here goes a young man reaping in Egypt!"
He shouted in glad refrain.

At last 'mid the ranks of fallen wheat
He came to a sudden stand,
As his father approached with footsteps fleet,
And a birch rod in his hand;
And these were the words that made Tom quiver,
And woke a throb in his breast:
"Here comes an old man thrashing in Egypt"—
I'll leave you to guess the rest.

ANNA R. HENDERSON.

ADVICE TO WIVES.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch—
Not handled too roughly, or played on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed at your
will.

Be gay and good-humored, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

DAVID GARRICK.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,
And kiss'd thee laughing, kiss'd thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff, on which my years should lean,
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And stand'st in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine,
Thou hast thy predecessor passed;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in heaven;
 No prayers for thee need more be made:
 Oh! let thy prayers for those be given
 Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father! I beheld thee born,
 And led thy tottering steps with care;
 Before me risen to heaven's bright morn
 My son! my father! guide me there.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

PHILIP, MY KING.

*"Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of
 sovereignty."*

Look at me with thy large, brown eyes.

Philip, my King.

Round whom the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden,
 I am thine Esther, to command
 Till thou shalt find a queen handmaiden,
 Philip, my King.

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,

Philip, my King!

When those beautiful lips are suing,
 And some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned and there
 Sittest love-glorified! rule kindly,
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly
 Philip, my King!

Up from thy sweet mouth,—up to thy brow

Philip, my King;

The spirit that there lies sleeping now
 May rise like a giant and make men bow
 As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers;
 My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
 Let me behold thee in future years!
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer
 Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,

Philip, my King,

Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny and cruel and cold and gray;
 Rebels within thee, and foes without
 Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
 Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
 As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious
 "Philip, the King."

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

LIFE'S RACE WELL RUN.

"LIFE's race well run,
 Life's work all done,
 Life's victory won,
 Now cometh rest.

"Sorrows are o'er,
 Trials no more,
 Ship reacheth shore,
 Now cometh rest.

"Faith yields to sight,
 Day follows night,
 Jesus gives light,
 Now cometh rest.

"We awhile wait,
 But, soon or late,
 Death opes the gate,
 Then cometh rest.'"
 EDWARD H. PARKER, M. D.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joy grows dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
 But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come, not in terrors, as the King of Kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
 Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee;
 In Life and Death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
 For often at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips,
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May mornin', long ago,
 When you were first my bride;
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day is bright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But oh! they love the better still
 The few our Father sends.
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessin' and my pride;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hopin' on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone;
 There was comfort ever on your lip,
 And the kind look on your brow;
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for my sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word
 When your heart was sad and sore,
 Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm biddin' you a long far-well,
 My Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you darlin',
 In the land I'm going to;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I'll not forget Old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit and close my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of women's nursing, there was
 dearth of women's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-
 blood ebbed away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he
 might say.
 The dying soldier faltered, and he took that com-
 rade's hand,
 And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my
 native land;
 Take a message and a token, to some distant
 friends of mine,
 For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the
 Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they
 meet and crowd around
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-
 yard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the
 day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the set-
 ting sun;
 And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown
 old in wars,
 The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last
 of many scars;
 And some were young and suddenly beheld life's
 morn decline,
 And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on
 the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort
 her old age,
 For I was still a truant bird that thought his home
 a cage.
 Ah! my father was a soldier, and even as a child
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles
 fierce and wild;
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
 hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
 father's sword,
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright
 light used to shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on
 the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me and sob with
 drooping head,
 When the troops come marching home again with
 glad and gallant tread,
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
 steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to
 die;
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my
 name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
 sword and mine)
 For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the
 Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister, in the happy days
 gone by
 You'd have known her by the merriment that
 sparkled in her eye;
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle
 scorning,
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
 heaviest mourning!
 Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon
 be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of
 prison),—
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow
 sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on
 the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or
 seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus
 sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting
hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening
calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed,
with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-
remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in
mine,
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen
on the Rhine."

The trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his
grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and
ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life
had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody
corseS strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light
seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE DEAD PAN.

I.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands,
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

II.

In what revels are ye sunken
In old Æthiopia?
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips, that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?
Pan, Pan is dead.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

COLLECTION OF LOVE POEMS.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hill and valley, grove and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE
SHEPHERD.

IF all the world and love were young,
An truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might we move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to field,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

The gowns, the shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, the kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise;
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of being on us weighed;
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together,
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angel walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow,
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped too and fro;
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us .
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;

Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches love doth inherit!
Oh, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy, sunny weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow;
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
The wind blows cold,—'t is growing late;
Well, well, we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

RICHARD REALE.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessing on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING.

O DON'T be sorrowful, "darling!
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'T is rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of the night as well as the day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

A God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

r's we two, it's we two, its we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

'hat's the world, my lass, my love! what can it do?
Am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and
new.

the world have missed the mark, let it stand by;
Or we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll
try.

ke a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
s we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
like a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins:
All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

'hen the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
t's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

JEAN INGELOW

TWO TRUTHS.

"DARLING," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you;" and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world;
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears!" she cried,
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, Sweet,—
I knew it was that you forgot!"

But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet,—
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings,
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there;
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, My Love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own as much a year ago.
What, both these snowy hands? Ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

THE soft wind whispered secrets to the apple-tree,
Caressed her in his arms, and would not let her go
Until the rosy blossoms came triumphantly
To tell the one sweet message that he wished to
know.

A timid maiden with her lover lingered there
In silence, clasping hands amid the leaves that fell,
Till one bold blossom drifting down the perfumed
air
Just touched her rounded cheek, and bade the
blushes tell.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN,

JAMES B. KENYON.

ON page 204, MAGAZINE OF POETRY, Vol. I, will be found a biographical sketch of the Rev. Mr. Kenyon, together with selections from his poems. The selections given herewith are from his recently published volume, "At the Gate of Dreams."

LOVE'S PARADOX.

SHE would not stir a single jetty lash
To hear me praised; but when my life was blamed
Her parian cheeks were kindled like a flash,
And from her heart a sudden love upflamed.

DANDELIONS.

WHAT unseen power hath wrought this wondrous
change?

It was but yesternorn the dull brown mold
Grew by some sudden magic, new and strange,
Bright with these starry flakes of living gold.

Ah, can it be that olden tale is true?

Hath Phrygian Midas journeyed thro' the land,
And while men slumbered and the southwind
blew,

Let fall these golden discs from out his hand?

A QUEST.

SOMEWHERE 'mid cloistered trees there lies
A spot ne'er seen of human eyes;
There all day long the shadows sleep
In woven grasses, cool and deep;
There o'er its shallows slants a stream
In which the rushes dip and dream;
All day to some tall reed there clings
The dragon-fly with moveless wings;
No bird-note wakes the slumbering air;
No piping insects revel there;
Within that quiet nook the breeze
Scarce lifts the leaves upon the trees.
It is the haunt where Peace abides,
Shy Peace that ever flees and hides
Before man's sad and weary face.
Ah, should I find her secret place,
And steal upon her silently,
Or e'er her timid feet could flee,
Might I not seize and hold her well,
And bring her captive where men dwell?

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

THE following selections are from a recently published volume, "Quatrains, Life's Mystery, and Other Poems. A biographical sketch with poetical selections appeared in Vol. I, page 40 of this magazine.

SPRING IN BONDS.

I.

BLACK Winter rear'd a prison grim and great;
He tomb'd sweet Spring therein with icy bands,
Then call'd his bitter winds from northern lands
And set them, warder-wise, to guard the gate.

II.

He sang, he laugh'd a blizzard laugh, he cried—
"Mine, mine! The Maid is mine for evermore!
The hurricane's wild bells on Arctic shore
Shall peal in thunders when I wed my bride."

III.

The Sun-God heard the captive Maiden's moan,
And sent a shaft of love, so strong, so true,
It pierced the prison and its Keeper through,
And drove him howling to his farthest zone.

IV.

The ice-walls fell: the gyves slipped from her hand:
The Maid stepp'd forth: bird-music shook the
skies:
Her lover look'd into her blue, blue eyes
And led her over all the laughing land.

GRAINS.

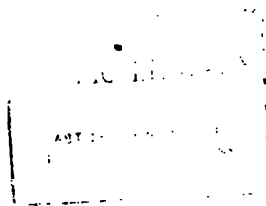
SCORN not the feather if you prize the wing.

On the laburnum chains, the fairies swing
Their little golden pitchers, fill'd with Spring.

The pinions of success can spare no quill.

MISCHIEF-SEEDS.

BROOD not on words or slights, their biting force
Is measured by their housing—mischief-seeds
Which, nursed and tended, bring forth poison-
weeds
Whose bitter crop is hatred and remorse.





James B. Kenyon.



Ellen F. Cornell.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

For biographical sketch and portrait, see page 319, Vol. I, this magazine. This selection is "Songs of Doubt and Dream," recently published.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON.

Turns her great grave eyes toward mine, while
I stroke her soft hair's gold;
Watched the moon through the window shine;
She is only eight years old.
"True," she asks, with guileless mien, and with
voice in tender tune,
"Has nobody ever yet seen the other side of
the moon?"

She at her question, answering "yes;" and
then, by a strange thought stirred,
Murmur, half in forgetfulness that she listens to
every word:

"There are treasures on earth so rich and fair that
they cannot stay with us here,
The other side of the moon is where they go
when they disappear!

"There are hopes that the spirit hardly names, and
songs that it mutely sings,
A good resolves and exalted aims, there are
longings for nobler things;
The sounds and visions that haunt our lot, ere
they vanish, or seem to die,
The other side of the moon (why not?) is the
far bourne where they fly!

"Can fancy that realm were passing sweet and
of strangely precious worth,
Distant reaches enshrined complete the incom-
pleteness of earth!
If there we found, like a living dream, what
here we but mourn and miss,
The other side of the moon would beam with a
glory unknown in this!"

"You talking of heaven?" she whispers now,
while she nestles against my knees,
I say, as I kiss her white wide brow, "You
may call it so, if you please;
If any such wondrous land may be, and we
journey, there late or soon,
From heaven, I am sure, we shall gaze and
see . . . the other side of the moon!"

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

Biographical sketch and portrait may be found on page 47, MAGAZINE OF POETRY, Vol. II. These selections are from "One in the Infinite," recently issued.

THE CLAIM OF IMMORTALITY.

I.

On, on through the moorlands, my little bay horse,
My Rolf, with the gentle bright eyes,
On, skimming the grasses and leaping the gorse,
Firm-footed, fleet, fearless, and wise,
Thy little ear turned as I name thee or sing,
Elate 'mid the sunshine and rain,
As lithe in thy flight as the swift on the wing,
My Rolf, with the wind in thy mane!

II.

O friend of my moments of frolic and glee,
Companion of toil and of rest,
Responsive to pressure of heel or of knee
As my hand to the wish of my breast,
Obedient, un murmuring, servant and friend,
Thy spirit still rising with mine
As away o'er the turf in our frolic we bend,
And drink in the breeze of the brine.

III.

So noble in nature, so gentle and mild,
Are *thy* virtues but squandered in vain?
Shall a God who rewardeth the man and the child
Requite not *thy* faith and thy pain? . . .
O my patient one! . . . What! Shall I claim in my
pride
A divine immortality—I,
Who have chafed at my lot and rebelled and de-
fied—
If *thy* doom's but to serve *me* and die?

CONTENTMENT.

I.

Well, at the worst it is better,
Leaving a quest that is vain,
Breaking the trammels that fetter
Life in ineffable pain,
Quitting the arduous by-ways,
Thought with its mazes and sloughs,
To cleave to the multitude's highways,
Laugh with the world and carouse.
—*The World's Way.*

MADISON J. CAWEIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL sketch and portrait may be found on page 37, MAGAZINE OF POETRY, Vol. 4. These selections are from his recently published "Days and Dreams."

ONE DAY AND ANOTHER.

PART I.—HE WAITS Musing.

HEREIN the dearness of her is:
The thirty perfect days of June
Made one, in beauty and in bliss,
Were not more white to have to kiss,
To love not more in tune.

And oft I think she is too true,
Too innocent for our day;
For in her eyes her soul looks new—
Two crowfoot-blossoms watchet-blue
Are not more soft than they.

So good, so kind is she to me,
In darling ways and happy words,
Sometimes my heart fears she may be
Too much with God and secretly
Sweet sister to the birds.

PART V.—SHE SPEAKS.

Could I recall every joy that befell me
There in the past with its anguish and bliss,
Here in my heart it has whispered to tell me,
These were no joys to this.

Were it not well if our love could forget them,
Veiling the was with the dawn of the is?
Dead with the past we should never regret them,
These were no joys to this.

When they were gone and the present stood
speechful,
Ardent with word and with look and with kiss,
What though we know that their eyes are be-
seechful,
These were no joys to this.

Is it not well to have more of the spirit,
Living high futures this earthly must miss?
Less of the flesh with the past pining near it?—
Such is the joy of this.

CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL sketch and portrait was published in THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, V II, page 195. These selections are from "Etchings in Verse."

A TALE OF THE ROAD.

BY AN OLD ENGINEER.

No, my running days are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky, children,
There's a tugging pain in my breast.
But here in the twilight gather,
I'll tell you a tale of the road
That will ring in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering on in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored,
Climbing the top of the grade.
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamp-light,
Ten minutes behind the time,
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the upgrade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track;
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Forty an hour or so,
The engine leaped like a demon
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me, a-hold of the lever,
She seemed a child alway,
Ready to mind me ever,
And my lightest touch obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding her steady that night,
With my eye on the track before us
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four
Oft waved to me a signal,
A-playing round the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
 As we swept around the curve,
 When something afar in the shadow
 Struck fire through every nerve.
 I sounded the brakes, and crashing
 The reverse lever down in dismay,
 Near and nearer,—oh, God! eighty paces
 Ahead was the child at its play.

One instant, one awful and only,
 The world flew around in my brain;
 I smote my hand hard on my forehead
 To keep back the terrible pain.
 The train I thought flying forever,
 With mad irresistible roll,
 While the cries of the dying, the night wind,
 Swept in to my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,
 How I got there I never could tell,
 My feet planted firm on the cross-bar
 Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail;
 One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
 And one stretched out in the night,
 While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
 The speed on our slackening flight.

My mind, thank God! it was steady:
 I saw the curls of her hair,
 And the face that, turning in wonder,
 Was lit by the deadly glare.
 I know little more; but I heard it,
 The groan of the anguished wheels,
 And remember thinking, "The engine
 In agony trembles and reels."

One rod—to the day of my dying
 I shall think that old engine reared back,
 And as she recoiled with a shudder,
 I swept my hand over the track,
 Then darkness fell on my eyelids;
 But I heard the surge of the train,
 And the poor old engine creaking,
 As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
 My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
 And she on my bosom a-climbing,
 To nestle securely there.
 We are not much given to crying,
 We men that run on the road,
 But that night, they said, there were faces
 With tears on them lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
 As I neared the cabin again,
 My hand on the lever unconsciously pressed,
 And lowered the speed of the train.
 When my engine blew her greeting,
 She always came to the door;
 And her look, so full of heaven,
 Blesses me evermore.

SIBYL AND SAINT.

FROM the Cumæan rock a wailing voice,
 That was not the cry of the sea,
 Sent up to the Tarquin's gloomy throne
 A message of destiny.

He could not read, so he buried the book,
 And strengthened bars and walls:
 In vain; the Sibyl's voice yet haunts
 The Tarquin's empty halls.

From the Patmos rock a singing voice
 Floats to the western sea,
 And the crumbling arches hear the tones
 Of an open prophecy.

"Seal not the book," so said the Saint
 To the world by the sunset sea;
 Who will, may read on the Roman hills
 The Sibyl's mystery.

A LAUREL SPRAY.

WHERE the rock goes sheer to the lake below,
 Far up on the lichened wall,
 The starry spray of a laurel bough
 Looks up to the bastions tall,—
 Looks up to the deep blue silent sea,
 Clinging close to the rock the while,
 And starry and white—all timidly—
 Looks down on me with a smile.

Could I cling so, I wonder, holding fast
 On the perilous front of things,
 With an eye of longing upward cast,
 And a rooting of faith that clings?
 With only a stone for a resting-place,
 In some lone and far defile,
 Could I touch my rock with a lowly grace,
 And toss to the world a smile?

QUOTATIONS ON FATE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
DRYDEN, *Mac Flecknoe*.

Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate; but purblind man
Sees but a part o' th' chain,—the nearest link,
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.
IBID, *Ædipus*.

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done,
And better bear like men, than vainly seem to shun.
IBID, *Palamon and Arcite*.

Those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys the mind.
IBID, *Hind and Panther*.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour.
IBID, *Imitation of Horace*.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean Lion's nerve.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
IBID.

He must needs go that the devil drives.
IBID, *All's Well*.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both mind and tide.
IBID, *Henry VI*.

With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate.
FRANCIS, *Horace*.

To bear is to conquer our fate.
CAMPBELL, *On Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire*.

'Tis an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me.
SCOTT, *Marmion*.

Matrons who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of Tea.
CHURCHILL, *The Ghost*.

And finding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*.

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know;

Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowing food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh! blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A heron perish, or a sparrow fall.
IBID, *Essay on Man*.

Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of Almighty mind;
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.
IBID, *Iliad*.

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.
COWPER, *Tale of the Raven*.

My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
ADDISON, *Cato*.

Success the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row—w're steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down, can fall no lower.
IBID.

The bow is bent, the arrow flies,
The winged shaft of fate.
IRA ALDRIDGE, *On William Tell*.

Who, then, can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state?
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*.

Who shall shut out Fate?
E. ARNOLD, *Light of Asia*.

Well, well—the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live or die, make love, and pay our taxes,
And, as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.
BYRON, *Don Juan*.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of
yore.

IBID.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

IBID.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.
IBID, *A Sketch*.

I am a weed,
Lung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
breath prevail.

IBID, *Childe Harold*.

There comes
Forever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.

IBID, *Sardanapalus*.

Fulfill thy fate! Be—do—bear—and thank God.
BAILEY, *Festus*.

The heart is its own Fate.
IBID.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.
IDNEY SMITH, *Lady Holland's Memoir. Recipe
for Salad*.

Fate holds the string, and Men like Children, move
out as they're led; Success is from above.
LORD LANSDOWNE, *Heroic Love*.

Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.
R. GRAVES, *An Incident in High Life*.

Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*.

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we
spin.

WHITTIER, *The Crisis*.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

E. WALLER, *To a lady singing a song of his com-
posing*.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart—
We press too close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.
E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets*.

Who can answer where any road leads to?
MEREDITH, *Lucile*.

Alas, by what rude fate
Our lives, like ships at sea, an instant meet,
Then part forever on their courses fleet!
STEDMAN, *Blameless Prince*.

In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*.

Man, tho' limited
By fate, may vainly think his actions free,
While all he does, was at his hour of birth,
Or by his gods, or potent stars ordained.
ROWE, *Royal Convent*.

Things are where things are, and, as fate has willed,
So shall they be fulfilled.

R. BROWNING, *Agamemnon*.

Fair or foul the lot apportioned life on earth, we
bear alike.

IBID, *Saisiaz*.

Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
VIRGIL, *Aeneid*.

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
LONGFELLOW, *The Building of the Ship*.

O beautiful, awful Summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken away?
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay!
IBID, *Sundown*.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with armaments of rhyme.
IBID, *The Builders*.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other
in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the
darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one
another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and
a silence.
IBID, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
IBID, *A Psalm of Life*.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, *My Dear and Only Love*.

My fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you make me;
Divinely blest if you prove true,
Undone if you forsake me.
BOHN, *MS*.

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
GAY, *The Poet and Rose*.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkly down the torrent of his fate?
S. JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

CURRENT POEMS.

THE MANTILL.

I HAD intended to stop making Delphian hymns on
the washers,
But when I see them at work, I cannot bridle my
verse.
In the bare limb and its movement of grace there is
soft attraction:
It is wicked, some say, still I delight in these
shapes.
If I now were at home, I would shun them for
moral example,
And my head I would turn quickly a different
way
When I saw them; but here propriety slightly may
slacken,
No staid dame beholds me—let me indulge then
mine eye.
Hundreds of washers there are, now standing by
groups in the water
Swashing the garments about in the clear flow of
the rill.
What a clatter of tongues amid gay laughter and
gossip!
All the love in the town now is discussed and
much more.
Out of the hundreds one I select, altogether the
fairest,
For without just the one, hundreds and hundreds
are none.
Thither I loiter and stop on the brink of the brook
where she washes,
Quickly she takes up a cup, goes to the head
of the spring,
Where the gush of the crystalline water first leaps
to the sunlight;
To me she offers a drink with a sweet welcome
of words.
But an old crone beside her now asks the ridiculous
question:
“Art thou married or not—stranger, at home
hast a wife?”
“To your question,” said I, “in this presence
there is but one answer;
Not a man would confess though a new bride he
had led
Not an hour ago from the church; indeed I am
certain,
Not a man would confess that he before ever
loved.”
Then I threw in the face of the maiden a small jet
of water

To whose droplets my lips just had been fervently touched.
Thus I secretly sent her a kiss in the dash of the crystal—

How all the washers there laughed! Hundreds were laughing at me.

Yet the maid was not angry, but asked me: "Hast a mantili?"

Give it into my hand—let me but wash it for thee.—"

So I reached her my handkerchief soiled with the sweat of the journey;

Under her touch it was changed to a pearl of the rill,

And in the sun she outstretched it on a Parnassian laurel

Till my mantili was filled with high Apollo's mild glow.

That is a glorious prize,—a handkerchief full of glad sunshine;

Now I can wipe from my brow all my vexation and toil.—

Long I sat on a stone and looked at the joy of her motions,

While she was working for me with a sweet thought on her face.

But that maiden was washing something beside my mantili,

In her glances she laved every quick throb of my heart;

And with the beams of her face she filled each nook of my bosom,

So that I carry them there with her fair picture enshrined.

DENTON J. SNIDER.

—From *Delphic Days*.

LIFE IN A LOVE.

ESCAPE me?

Never—

Beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,

So long as the world contains us both,

Me the loving and you the loth,

While the one eludes, must the other pursue.

My life is at fault at last I fear—

It seems too much like a fate, indeed!

Though I do my best, I shall scarce succeed;

But what if I fail of my purpose here?

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,

To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,

And, baffled, get up to begin again,—

So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.

While, look but once from your furthest bound,
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to ground
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,
I shape me—
Ever
Removed!

ROBERT BROWNING.

—From *Out of the Heart*.

SO LONG AGO.

CHILD of the dark eyes, do you know

What it is makes me kiss you so?

'Tis that your eyes are dark and deep,

And love in their low depths seems to sleep,

As in those of my love when he kissed me so,

Long ago, ah! long ago.

Child of the dark hair, can you guess

Why from your head I cut a tress?

Because his lock, of the same dark hue,

I burnt in scorn when he proved untrue.

But now I could look on it calmly, so,

It was so long, so long ago.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

—From *Ailes D' Alouette*.

PATIENCE.

STILL are the ships that at anchor ride,

Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;

Nothing they fret, though they go not yet

Out on the glorious ocean wide.

O wild hearts, that yearn to be free,

Look and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships in the tempest tossed

Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;

Not in despair of the haven fair,

Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost.

O weary hearts that yearn for sleep,

Look and learn from the ships on the deep!

F. W. BOURDILLON.

—From *Ailes D' Alouette*.

A GHOST.

I MET a ghost in an old bare house,

That looked with lustreless eyes at me,

And drove from my eyes sweet dreams and drowse,

Till the morning made it flee.

My house is builded of years decayed,
And in vain I fill it with new, glad light,
For a love that is lost is a ghost unlaid
That troubles the silent night.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

—From *Ailes D' Alouette*.

ME AND JIM.

WE were both brought up in a country town,
Was me an' Jim.
An' the hull world somehow seemed ter frown
On me an' him.

At school we never was given a chance
To l'arn that Africa wasn't in France,
Patches we wore on the seats o' our pants,
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty, an' hale, an' strong,
Did me an' Jim;

We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,
Did me an' him;

An' we knowed whar the bluebirds built their nests
When the spring tipped over the mountain's crests,
Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests,
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,
Did me an' Jim;

We was arter the same gal, though, we two,
That's me an' him.

An' she treated us jest alike, did she,
When at quiltin'-party or a huskin'-bee, -

We was even up in the race, you see,
Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last, an' she answered me "No."

Jim followed suit,

But she wouldn't have him, an' told him so.
Forbidden fruit

We called her then, an' I'm rather afraid
That we cussed a little; an' then we prayed
That she'd live an' she'd die a plain old maid,
Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out, and Company B
Caught me an' Jim.

We both on us fit fer the Union—see?—
Did me an' him;

An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot an' shell,
The snarlin' o' drums, an' the rebel yell,
An' follered the flag through the battles hell,
Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit at Seven Oaks,
Death came to Jim,

An', excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes
Talking o' him.

Fer his rugged brown hand I held in mine
Till his soul passed out through the picket line,
Whar an angel waited the countersign
To get from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done,
Without poor Jim;

Was given a sword instead of a gun,
An' thought o' him.

An' I wore an eagle, when mustered out,
On my shoulder-straps, an' I faced about
Fer the startin'-p'int o' my hull life's route,—
But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place
I'd left wi' Jim.

She gave me a smile with a blushin' face,
An' asked 'bout him.

So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,
Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died,
An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried—
Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June,—
Fer me an' Jim.

Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon
We talked o' him.

An' arter awhile, when a baby came—
A boy—an' we looked for a proper name,
His memory comin' up fresh agin,
We called him Jim.

RICHARD L. CARY, JR.

—From *Tales of the Turf*.

THE KATYDIDS.

TO-NIGHT there comes a murmur on the breeze,
Now rising high—now falling low again:
'Tis like the ceaseless murmur of the rain—
The sigh of summer rains—among the trees:
I hear it now—the Katydid's refrain;
It is the same wild song I used to hear;
The song that ever soothed my childish ear,
In happier days that cannot live again.

To-night your oft reiterated strain
Hath brought—O sweet, wild criers on the night—
Once more a precious vision to my sight:
And, rising with that old familiar noise,
Come memories of a hope that lived in vain,
And murmurs of a half-forgotten voice.

HUNTER LEE HARRIS.

—From *Twilight Songs*.

THE MONARCH OF OLLA.

To the court of Olla, the island of Ease,
 Two wise men came one day,
 On a geological journey bound.
 With hammer and chisel, the wide world round,
 They were visiting isle and continent,
 And winning, wherever their steps they bent,
 By explanation and argument

 Their way.

But here, as soon as they went to work,
 In Olla, the Island of Ease,
 A personage, dignified, florid and bland,
 Came hurriedly out to them, hat in hand.
 "The Monarch of Olla regrets," said he,
 "This manifestation of industry,
 Desires you will stop immediately,
 If you please.

"Objects to your chipping the royal rocks,
 Dislikes scientific research,
 Hard facts, and harsh noises, and hammers and
 such,
 And doesn't like gray-headed men very much,—
 In short, your departure, good sirs, I suggest!"
 And, bowing (his manners were quite of the best),
 He left the two scholars, perplexed and distressed,
 In the lurch.

"This Monarch of Olla, I hear," said one,
 Is only a child, forsooth!
 Yet a sovereign child is a sovereign still,
 And has, without doubt, a tyrannical will;
 And how to deal with the infant mind
 Is a difficult problem at best, I find,
 To the clearest logic so hopelessly blind
 Is youth."

Then down they sat in the sand to mourn
 Their lost geological joys,
 Till a fisher-maid, with a bright black eye,
 Came strolling, listening, smiling by.
 "Good sirs," said she, "may I make so bold?
 The Monarch of Olla is eight years old,
 And remarkably fond, I've often been told,
 Of toys!"

They started, they smiled, they stroked their chins,
 With a dignified, deep delight;
 They telegraphed straight to the nearest town,
 Where dwelt a toyman of much renown,
 And ordered from him in the greatest haste
 A whip with a handle silver-chased,
 A ball with the costliest broiery traced,
 And a kite

Of wonderful beauty and monstrous size,
 Embossed in a rich design;
 A banjo of gold with a tuneful twang,
 And a golden gun with a patent "bang";
 A bicycle (safety) and trumpets and drums
 (The noisiest each of its kind that comes),
 And a number of tops with a number of hums
 Very fine;

A train of cars that would run all day
 At a genuine railway rate;
 An army of men in a golden box,
 And a trunkful of golden building-blocks;—
 In short, they ordered each possible toy
 That is dear to the heart of the every-day boy,
 Yet costly enough for a king to enjoy
 In his state.

Then, bowing and breathless, they stood without
 In an anteroom neat as a pin,
 While the messenger boys in an orderly corps
 Went in with their gifts at the nursery door.
 Five minutes they waited (it seemed a week),
 Then rose on the silence an uproar unique—
 A tempest of weeping and shriek upon shriek
 From within.

And out at the door came the unlucky toys
 In a shower that darkened the air;
 And out from the palace in dire dismay
 The wise men fled by the shortest way,
 Nor paused until they had reached the shore,
 Where, all in a heap on the sandy floor,
 The fisher-maid found them as once before,
 In despair!

She heard their tale with a brow demure,
 At first with a glance of wonder,
 And then with a frown of grave surprise
 That hid the laughter that lurked in her eyes.
 "Nay, now," she cried, "what a heart of stone
 This ruler of eight years old must own!
 Yet, hark you, sirs, you may still atone
 For your blunder.

"A gift of my choosing (at your expense)
 Will settle the matter with ease,
 And win you, I'll warrant, the royal grace,
 And the consequent love of the populace.
 So cheer you, sirs, it is not too late;
 For a moderate sum you may mend your fate.
 Five dollars will do it, or four ninety-eight,
 If you please!"

They sighed and they doubted, but drew her a check

Quite double her modest demand;
And a day or two afterward stood once more
In the anteroom, at the nursery door,
While the fisher-maid, with a face of joy,
Sent in on his errand one messenger boy
With a single box and a single toy
In his hand.

Then lo! there was laughter and clapping of hands,
And a rustle of delicate frocks;
And then from the Monarch's mysterious room
No warning there came of immediate doom,
But a gracious message of compliment,
And the Monarch of Olla's free consent
To chip away to their hearts' content
At the rocks.

The wise men looked at the fisher-maid;
She laughed with her lip a-curl.
"Next time," she cried, "before you begin,
'T were well you consider whose grace you would win.

Sooth, wisdom and folly are like as two peas!
That box, learned sirs, held a doll if you please,
For the Monarch of Olla, the island of Ease,
Is a girl!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.

—*St. Nicholas*, March, 1892.

EVOLUTION.

Two flying forms, in pathless deeps of night,
Watched the great spheres about them wheel and flame,
And many a planet, where it swept with might
Round many a central sun, they named by name.

They spoke of races whom the gradual spell
Of wisdom won had raised from crime and vice—
How hate and sin had made this world a hell,
And love had made that world a paradise!

And while they singled, either near or far,
Bright orb from orb in heaven's untold abyss,
At last one pointed to a certain star,
And said, with dubious gesture, "What of this?"

"Earth it is called," his musing mate replied,
"By those dim swarms its continents beget.
'Tis a young star; and they that there abide
Shall not wear wings, like us, for centuries yet?"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

—From *Songs of Doubt and Dream*.

THE MAN OF '92.

The bird pines in its gilded cage,
Its soul is in the wildwood,
And I in life's maturer age
Sigh for my lost, free childhood.

For oh, my sister came to-day—
I could not tell her "no, sis;"
She wore my Derby hat away
And went to the Sorosis.

And then before I was half dressed,
This incident relating,
My niece put on my winter vest,
Fur-trimmed it, and went skating.

But "Man is man, and who is more?"
Woman! For while yet talking
My daughter my new reefer wore
Out with a young man, walking.

And last of all, and worst alack!
My wife—ah, was it kind to—
Bring back, oh bring my trousers back,
And vote if you've a mind to!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

—*The Ladies' Home Journal*, March, 1892.

THE DEACON'S PURCHASE.

THE Deacon sat down in his easy chair.

"Good wife," said he, "I have been to town,
Where the people are holding the county fair,
And I went to see it with Deacon Brown.
There were peaches there as big as your head,
And apples, rosy and round and red;
But the nicest thing of 'em all to me
Was a big bay mare that I chanced to see.

"But she were a beauty, and no mistake,
And she stood, I reckon, full sixteen hands;
She trotted her heats with never a break,
An' turned at a touch o' the driver's hands.
An' I say, good wife, you needn't be cross,
But I out with the dust, an' bought that hoss,
And now, going to church or coming home,
We'll take no dust, for we'll travel alone."
"Now, Lor' sakes!" said the good old wife; "but my!

The Deacon's crazy, and no mistake."
And she uttered a long-drawn, heartfelt sigh,
As she thought of Methodist rules he'd break
By going to church at break-neck speed,
And driving a trotter—awful deed.
She fancied herself on the anxious seat
Of his one-hoss shay in the crowded street.

When the Sunday came it was warm and bright,
 And the Deacon hitched up his big bay mare,
 And lifted his wife to the seat as light
 As a cavalier—while she breathed a prayer.
 Then hurried away down the village street,
 While his wife held on to the anxious seat;
 And the people stood on the walk to stare
 As he hurried past with his big bay mare.

The parson attempted to drive 'longside
 With his sorrel mare and his one-hoss shay.
 A touch of the whip, and the parson's pride
 Was left in the distance far away.
 The livery man with his brand-new rig
 Was left in the shade by the Deacon's gig,
 And even the good wife smiled in church
 As she thought how all were left in the lurch.

RICHARD L. CARY, JR.

—From *Tales of the Turf*.

AN OPTIMISTIC PESSIMIST.

In winter days I long for spring;
 In summer for the fall;
 In April I'd be summering
 If I'd my way at all.

And in the gorgeous autumn-time
 I deem that season blest
 When, 'neath the snow and frosty rime,
 Fair nature lies at rest.

'Tis thus I'm always happy, for
 My spirit's upward led
 By thoughts of those good things in store
 For me in days ahead.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

—*Harper's Bazar*, February 6, 1892.

SONGS OF THE WIND.

What does the wind sing in the day?
 It seems to me that it sings in this way:

"There is never a tomb
 In this world of bloom
 And sunlight sprinkled with sweet perfume—
 Never a grave for a rose to hide
 And never a rose that died."

What does the wind say in the night?
 It seems to me, if my dreams are right

"There are rainbows back of the storms to be—
 Back of the storm and its mystery;
 But, oh, for the ships that are lost at sea!
 And, oh, for the love in the lonely lands,
 Far from the clasp of the drowning hands!"

And it seems to me that it's God decrees
 The wind should sing such songs as these—
 Should laugh in the sunlight's silver waves
 And hide with roses the world's sad graves.
 But why, in the night, should it sing to me
 Of the ships—the ships that are lost at sea?

FRANK L. STANTON.

—*The Atlanta Constitution*.

SPRING'S ADVENT.

Ho, Winter! wild Winter, I bid you adieu,
 To welcome sweet Spring in her bonnet of blue,
 And the bright little daisies that open their eyes
 With just such a wondering look of surprise.

And out in the loveliest part of the wood,
 The shy little violet peeps from its hood,
 And is wondering too, in its queer little way,
 If the beautiful sunshine has come here to stay.

While the frolicsome zephyr is dancing with glee,
 And stealing the sweets from the busy young bee;
 And the brook that was sobbing so sad a refrain
 Is singing of joy and spring-time again.

For Nature is tuning her choir to-day,
 To sing in the glorious concert of May;
 So Winter, wild Winter I bid you adieu,
 To welcome sweet Spring in her bonnet of blue!

MARY WARE.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

YESTERDAY.

TO-DAY,—ah well!

To-day is fair;

But need I tell

What sweeter air,

Fresh as the morning breath of May,

Blew from the hills of yesterday,

JAMES T. WHITE.

—*The Californian Illustrated Magazine*, March,
 1892.

PEACE.

God spoke to her, and so she fell asleep.
I laid a white fair lily on her heart,
And when I saw her face I could not weep.

It had the peace Death only understands;
And when I knew she would not wake on earth
I laid my heart between her folded hands.

God spoke to her so softly, saying "Rest!"
And when she wakes in heaven she will find
My lily and my heart upon her breast.

CORA FABBRI.

—From *Lyrics*.

NOTES.

DOWNING. Since this sketch was written, Prof. Downing has been called to the Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn., where he presides over the Department of Latin.

WEBSTER. "Lines on the Death of a Child," was written by Daniel Webster in 1825, and enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Webster. They were occasioned by the death of a beloved son, Charles, three years of age.

CRAIK. "Phillip, My King." Phillip Burke Marston, god-son of Mrs. Craik's was the subject of these lines.

PARKER. "Life's Race Well Run." The history of this poem and the discussion arising as to its authorship, can not be better explained than by quoting a letter written by Dr. Parker and published in the *New York Observer*:

"THE GARFIELD EPIGRAPH."

"AND 'PARKER, WHOEVER HE IS.'"

"To the Editor of the *New York Observer*:"

"So far as one can judge, after reading the letters of Colonel Shaw and Mr. Mills contained in the *Observer* for December 21, it is about time that 'Parker, whoever he is' should make his appearance. *Adsum quifeci*."

"No one, probably, has been more surprised than myself at the interest concerning the lines commencing '*Life's race well run*' shown in so many and so different directions. That this is due to the almost accidental use of the first stanza, though in a mutilated form, on the occasion of General Garfield's obsequies at Cleveland, Ohio, I am well aware. But attention having been drawn to them and inquiry made as to their authorship, I take the liberty to send you a simple statement of their history, doing this the more readily because there has been a sort of suggestion that I have been guilty of plagiarism."

"To begin with this last matter, I say, emphatically and distinctly, that there has been no plagiarism on my part at least. If anything was ever original with any one, these lines were original with me. Written as they were, in the early part of

1879, they certainly could not have been plagiarized from the lines written by E. P. Parker,—with whom I do not have the honor of an acquaintance,—after General Garfield's death; and those lines as quoted by Colonel Shaw have but one of mine incorporated in them. It is more probable that this was suggested by the report of the inscription at Cleveland."

"Mr. Mills' claim is more curious, and I have no reason to doubt that he is entirely truthful in his statement, accepting the facts as a curious coincidence. But, if I understand him, he claims to have written these lines, with some others, in 1878, and to have given the slips on which they were written to his sister-in-law, who cannot now find them, but remembers them perfectly,—and they were seen by no one else. It would be very easy for me to turn the tables on him by saying that it is very strange that such a claim should be put in on such evidence only as the memory of the claimant and of a connection of his. I might also point out the fact that the lines added in the two subsequent efforts fall away from the character and dignity of those under discussion,—so that in a literary court I should probably have the advantage."

"But, as I have said, I accept his statement as entirely truthful and accurate. But then, how could I have plagiarized that which was never put in print, and which existed only in the memory of two persons in England? It is absurd to suppose it, and I think that General Swaim will 'hardly consider Parker, whoever he is, a plagiarist.'"

"May I add a few words concerning the lines and their history? They were written early in 1879, on the occasion of the death of a valued friend of myself and my family, being the result of reflections on her busy, useful, Christian life, when I found myself obliged to take daily a long drive to see a patient. Medical men, I apprehend, do a large share of their thinking at such times; at any rate, I know I do. They were printed for convenience, that they might be sung at the funeral of my wife's mother, which occurred a few months later, and it was then, I suppose, that my friend, Professor Crosby, first saw them. It was at his request that they were printed in the *New York Observer* about a year afterward. At that time our names were attached to them—his to the Latin, and mine to the English version. He took a liberty with the third line, making '*Laurus vite acquisita*, because he could not work the word *victory* into his measure. I am free to say I do not like the change. Moreover, I have the vanity to think the original is better than the Cleveland version. I deliberately broke up the successive use of the word *well* for three times (my first form, though it cost me some labor to do so."

"You will not think it strange if I add that I look upon the whole *poem* (shall I venture to call it?) as an unit, intended to embody my thoughts of that rest which follows 'the changes and chances of this mortal life.'"

"I am yours respectfully,

"EDWARD H. PARKER, M. D.

"*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*"

LYTE. "Abide with me." Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, A. M., one of the choicest singers of his time was born in 1793 and died November 20, 1847. His health failed in 1842 and he resorted to travel as a means of restoration. This, however, did not bring about the desired result. September 4, 1847, he preached his first sermon to his congregation after many weeks of silence, administering the sacrament. That evening he gave to a dear relative the lines "Abide with me," set to music of his own composing. It is probably about the last of his writings and seems to be a premonition of the death that was soon to follow.

WOODWORTH. "The old Oaken Bucket. Samuel Woodworth was born in 1785 and died in 1842, and was a native of Scituate, Mass. He was a printer by trade and after moving to New York, became connected with a number of periodicals at different times, none of which were successful. Although he wrote considerable poetry, his fame rests on this one production.

DUFFERIN. "Lament of the Irish Emigrant." There is a great deal of confusion in the minds of many readers regarding the authorship of this "Lament." It was first published about fifty years ago and bore the name of the "Hon. Mrs. Price Blackwood." She became Lady Dufferin on the death of her husband's father. Lady Dufferin was Helen Selina Sheridan, daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. After the death of her first husband, she married, in 1862, the Earl of Gifford, and died in 1867.

NORTON. "Bingen on the Rhine." Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan, born 1808 died 1877, was a daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and sister of Lady Dufferin. Hers was an unhappy life, subjected as she was to suspicions concerning her moral integrity. Her marriage with Mr. Norton was dissolved in 1840 and about two years before her death she married the eminent Sir William Sterling Maxwell, who survived her but two years.

BROWNING. "The Dead Pan." "This poem," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "was excited by by Schiller's 'Gotter Griechenlands,' and partly founded on a well-known tradition mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch ('De Oraculorum Defectu'), according to which, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of 'Great Pan is Dead!' swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners,—and the oracles ceased. It is in all veneration to the memory of the deathless Schiller, that I oppose a doctrine still more dishonoring to poetry than to Christianity. As Mr. Kenyon's graceful and harmonious paraphrase of the German poem was the first occasion of the turning of my thoughts in this direction, I take advantage of the pretence to indulge my feelings (which overflow on other grounds) by inscribing my lyric to that dear friend and relative, with the earnestness of appreciating esteem as well as of affectionate gratitude."

MARLOWE. "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love." Christopher Marlowe was born in 1564 and died 1593. This lyric was introduced in "The Jew of Malta." Of it Campbell said, "that it combined a sweet, mild spirit with an exquisite finish of expression." Palgrave considered it "a

fine example of the high-wrought and conventional Elizabethan pastoralism." It has been said that probably Izaak Walton wrote the concluding lines of the poem.

RALEIGH. "The Nymph's reply to the Passionate Shepherd." This in reply to Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love." Sir Walter Raleigh was born in 1552 and died in 1618.

REALF. The author of "An Old Man's Idyl" had a peculiarly unhappy life and a most tragic death. He was born in England, 1834, coming to America in 1855. He was twice married and the persecutions of his first wife, from whom he had separated in 1872, caused him to take laudanum and so end his wretched existence. It was predicted of Mr. Realf, by Frederick W. Robertson, the famous Brighton Preacher, that his would be an unhappy life.

PEALE. "Don't be Sorrowful Darling," sometimes called "Faith and Hope." The author was born near Philadelphia 1778, and died in 1851.

FABBRI. "Peace." Miss Fabbri was of English and Italian descent, her mother being an American. She was one of a large family that for many years resided in New York, but after their parents' death the children moved to Florence, Italy, the early home of their father. Miss Fabbri's poems are written in English. Her death occurred at San Remo, Jan. 12, 1892.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR engravings in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, the Publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of the Buffalo Electrotype and Engraving Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Harper & Bros., New York City.

FOR copyright poems and other selections, the Publisher returns thanks to Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, Eng.; R. Worthington Co., New York; T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; John B. Alden, New York; D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.; Lee & Shepherd, Boston, Mass.; Harper & Bros., New York; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; James Pott & Co., New York; Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wm. Adolphus Clark, Boston, Mass.; Edward Collins Downing, St. Paul, Minn.; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Elkin Mathews, London, Eng.; Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York; Longmans, Green & Co., New York; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York,

REVIEWS.

ADAMS, ROBERT C. Illustrated Story of the Union, in Rhyme. Revised by Herbert Heywood and illustrated by the best American artists. Boston: A. M. Thayer & Co., 1891. 8vo. cl., gilt, pp. 156.

Beginning with the year 1002 the history runs to 1888, giving illustrations of the principal events and the portraits of the various presidents.

ALT, FLORENCE MAY. A Child of Song. Author's edition 12mo, white leatherette, gilt, pp. 114.

These poems, written between fifteen and twenty years of age, are classified as Legends, Heart-songs, and Voices of Children, with a few additional verses on miscellaneous subjects. "They are simple stories, idle fancies and misty legends." The author makes no attempt at soaring to heights sublime, but prefers simpler themes. Her writings are graceful and pleasing. Miss Alt is a teacher in one of the public schools of Rochester.

BAILEY, WILLIAM ENRIKES. Classical Poems. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 1892. Sq. 16mo, cl., pp. 108.

These poems are classical in spirit and didactic in nature.

BELLS, CRAVEN LANGSTROTH. The Perfume Holder. New York: Saalfield & Fitch, 1891. Small 8vo, ivory cloth, gilt, pp. 49.

A charming story of Persian life and Persian love. The scene is laid in Naishápúr, two hundred years ago. The plot is delicately wrought, with no attempt at sensationalism.

BOURDILLON, F. W. Ailes D'Alouette. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1891. 12mo, white cl., full gilt, ill., pp. 75, 51.

One of the daintiest volumes lately come to our notice. Mr. Bourdillon has a justly earned reputation for writing short poems. He is peculiarly sympathetic, and his poems have an elevating influence.

BROWNING, ROBERT. Saul. L. Prang & Co., Boston.

"Saul" is an epic poem of great beauty, and the publisher has further embellished it by a profusion of choice photogravure engravings. It is bound in cloth, with an especially unique design on the cover. It is a work every private library should possess, as it serves the two-fold purpose of delighting the eye as well as the mind.

CAWEIN, MADISON. Days and Dreams: Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London, 1891. 12mo, ivory cloth, full gilt, pp. 6 and 173. \$1.25.

Mr. Cawein is preëminently a part of the South. His writings are restful and soothing, and reading one can fancy themselves walking in a delightful grove, fanned by the warm breezes, or resting in a hammock lulled by the droning of insects and the cooing of doves. He interprets Nature with a master hand.

CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE, and ANNIE HATHAWAY. Comps. Out of the Heart. Troy, N. Y.: Nims & Knight, 1891. 16mo. pp. 16 and 186.

A dainty little volume of poems for lovers, young and old, ably edited.

CHADWICK, JOHN W. The Two Voices. Troy, N. Y.: Nims & Knight, 1890. 16mo, cl., pp. 207.

These "Poems of the Mountains and the Sea" are admirably chosen and tastefully arranged. The best authors are here represented, and several poems by the editor also included.

CHANDLER, HORACE PARKER. The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry, Vol. I. January to June. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1891. 16mo, cl., gilt top, pp. 16 and 178.

In a charming collection of verses, Mr. Chandler has set forth to lovers a dainty repast of love poems, suitable for every day in the year. The work is artistic and unique in design, and the authors chosen, so far as given, are representative. However, all the authors are not given, which detracts from the value of the book. This is the more surprising as the most of the poems left authorless, are well known to every reader of current literature. As for instance that exquisite eight-line gem of Boyle O'Reilly's "The White Rose." With only a cursory glance, the defects of this otherwise valuable anthology are plainly to be seen. It is to be hoped, in the second volume, July to December, which is about to follow, that these errors may be remedied.

COLLINS, CLINTON. All Poetry. A Selection of English Verse. Cincinnati: The Traddles Co., 1892. 12mo, leatherette, pp. 107.

There is no special merit in this collection. All the poems are known by every reader of poetry and there is nothing new to be gained by reading this hackneyed collection.

CONRAD, C. H. A. A Junior's Poems. Cincinnati: Printed by Methuen Bros., 1891. 12mo, cl., gilt, pp. 115, \$1.

The title excuses much that is bad in this collection, yet even a "Junior" is not justified in inflicting too much on a suffering public.

CONWAY, KATHERINE E., Ed. Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: J. G. Cupples, 1891. 16mo, ivory cl., gilt stamp on side, por., pp. 60.

When John Boyle O'Reilly was called away to the higher life, the light of a great genius went out. He was a kind-hearted, courteous gentleman, always interested in the lives of those with whom he came in contact, and when on a visit to Buffalo he met Miss Conway in the office of the *Catholic Union and Times*, he at once recognized her talent with the result that not long after an appointment was given her on the editorial staff of the *Pilot*. Brought thus closely into relationship with one of the greatest minds of the times, getting to know the poet's life as only an editorial associate could know it, who then would be more fitting to edit a collection of Mr. O'Reilly's poems that could appropriately bear the title chosen, "Watchwords?" This collection comprises only short poems inter-

scattered here and there with bright sayings in prose for which Mr. O'Reilly was so justly noted. Miss Conway has shown great taste in the selections made, and the work must be eagerly sought for by admirers of the dead poet.

CUNNINGHAM, FRANCIS A. *Songs of the Catholic Year.* Boston: Flynn & Mahony. c. 1890. 8vo, cl., pp. 62.

A collection of poems commemorative of the various fast or feast days of the Roman Catholic Church.

FAWCETT, EDGAR. *Songs of Doubt and Dream.* New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1891. 8vo, cl., gilt top, pp. 311, \$2.

If this volume is read by those of an analytical mind, they will find plenty of food for moralizing upon. The work is philosophical in character and deals with many of the existing evils of our present society; yet so adroitly has Mr. Fawcett placed the moral before the public that it is only upon second thought that it asserts itself.

GUNSAUL'S, FRANK W. *Phidias, and Other Poems.* Chicago: McClurg & Co., 1891. 12mo, ivory cl., gilt design on side, gilt top, Saxony paper, uncut edges, pp. 89, \$1.25.

An epic poem, in blank verse, of Greece in the days of Phidias, the artist, and Aspasia, a woman celebrated for her wit and beauty and her companionship and power over Pericles. Phidias was born about the year 497 B. C., and died about 431 B. C. "Phidias" is the principal poem and forms the greater part of the work. The rest of the poems are on miscellaneous themes and more modern in character. They are scholarly and refined. An appendix of notes is included.

HARGER, MARTHA. *Prayers from the Poets.* New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1891. 16mo, cloth, gilt, pp. 199.

Being a collection of poems of a supplicatory character, from the best known modern poets.

HARRIS, HUNTER LEE. *Twilight Songs and Other Youthful Poems.*

A dainty little white and gold brochure, with the author's picture as frontispiece. Mr. Harris is but a young man, yet his writings are promising. He says in "Retrospection" that:

There have been times when, out of twilight shades—
That time when sprites from shadowy coverts stir,
And fireflies flicker in the sheltered glades—
Sweet ghosts have come to me from days that were.

We cannot doubt from what follows that those "ghosts" were pleasing ones.

HENLY, WILLIAM ERNEST, Ed. *Lyra Heroica.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891. 16mo, cl., gilt, pp. 17 and 368.

This volume consists of a collection of poems from some of the best authors, beginning with the fifteenth century, till the present time, giving date of author's birth and death. It is admirably indexed and is further embellished by copious notes. It is a creditable piece of work for the publisher as well as author. The selections are well made and are calculated to stimulate heroism and chivalry in the breasts of its youthful readers.

HOVEY, RICHARD. *Launcelot and Guenevere.* New York: United States Book Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., gilt, gilt top, pp. 263, \$1.25.

The story of Launcelot and Guenevere is an old one, yet when clothed in such delightful phrase as is here embodied, it becomes new. It is a drama divided into, "The Quest of Merlin," and "The Marriage of Guenevere," followed by five acts. The poem is at times highly dramatic, and abounds in fine situations.

HUGGINS, CAPTAIN E. L. *Winona: A Dakota Legend, and Other Poems.* New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cl., gilt, gilt top, pp. 6 and 176.

The poem from which the book takes its title is a legend of the Dakota Indians. It is an interesting story told in a pleasing way. The volume is supplemented with other shorter poems, including translations from the French and German.

L'ANSON, MILES. *The Vision of Misery Hill: A Legend of the Sierra Nevada, and Miscellaneous Verse.* With illustrations by Harry Fenn and others. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1891. Sq. 8vo, cl., full gilt, pp. 7 and 150.

The work is handsomely gotten up, and typographically is a credit to the publishers. "The inspiration of these poems was nurtured in the Sierras, and the breath of the mountains is in each line," says the *Denver Times*.

JEFFERIS, MAREA WOOD. *In Memoriam, Faded, and Other Poems.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1891. 8vo, cl., pp. 63.

This volume should be well received, if for no other reason than that given by the author in the dedication: "To many poor and sick children, who have few comforts or pleasures in life, may the proceeds of this little book be the means of affording some relief and some joys, that they might otherwise not have."

LANG, ANDREW, Ed. *The Blue Book.* With numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford and Lancelot Speed. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., full gilt, pp. 20 and 351.

A collection of well-known verse from well-known authors.

LEPPINGWELL, C. W., Ed. *Lyrics of the Living Church.* Original poems compiled from *The Living Church.* Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., il., pp. 8 and 275, \$1.50.

This collection of poems would be of more interest had the editor added notes. The authors chosen are not, with a few exceptions, especially well known, and any information concerning them would be of interest to those most likely to require the work. The book is, on the whole, however, well edited and attractive.

MARTIN, W. WILSEY. *Quatrains, Life's Mystery, and other Poems.* London: Elkin Mathews, 1891. 18mo, cl., gilt, pp. 6 and 67.

Mr. Martin is one of the sweetest singers of our times, and so careful is he never to allow any imperfectly worked-out thought to appear in print, that one sometimes wonders if he is capable of writing anything but commonplace or mediocre.

MATSON, CORA A. *As the Cardinal Flower*. Fulton, N. Y.: F. Bennett. Small 8vo, cl., pp. 117, \$1.

The poems are fair, but the mechanical construction of the book is far from being the highest type of the art. The general appearance of the work is cheap. If the poems are worth publishing at all, they are worthy of a better covering, and what might otherwise have been an attractive volume has been spoiled by its inartistic finish.

MILLER, MARION MILLS, Lit. D. *Parnassus by Rail*. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1891. 16mo, cl., gilt, pp. 5 and 105, \$1.

A well gotten up little volume of poems, comprising "Shadow Songs," "Poems of Sigma Chi," "The Battle of Carme," "Verses Vain," "Inscriptions and Ascriptions," and "Translations and Paraphrases." The author has not followed the set forms for arranging metrical composition, but has wandered off into devious ways, bringing one by a delightful labyrinthian route to Parnassus.

PARKER, BENJAMIN S. *Hoosier Bards, with Sundry Wildwood and Other Rhymes*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1891. 16mo, cl., gilt, gilt top, por., pp. 110.

Mr. Parker is too well known to require much introduction to the reading public. His songs are of the heart, the simple promptings of nature. He aims neither to be critical nor trenchant. The birds, the flowers, the woods tell him their secrets, and he reveals them to us.

PERRY, LILLA CABOT. *From the Garden of Hellas*. New York: United States Book Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., gilt, gilt top, pp. 147, \$1.25.

This book comprises a collection of translations into verse from the Greek anthology. An index of authors is given in the order in which they were found in the Palatine Anthology. This, with the addition of good notes, makes the volume an attractive one. It is dedicated to James Russell Lowell.

PHILIPS, REV. S. DRYDEN, D. D. *Songs for All Seasons*. New York, Boston and Chicago: Silver, Burdett & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., pp. 14 and 406.

A Scriptural and poetic calendar for holidays, birthdays, and all days, with portrait of the author.

SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, GEORGE FRANCIS, M. A., D. Lit. *One in the Infinite*. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1891. 10mo, cl., gilt, pp. 12 and 426.

Mr. Armstrong is one of Ireland's most pleasing poets. He is a learned man, and capable of handling his theme with rare skill. His poems, whether of the classics or of Nature, show careful workmanship.

SEA, MRS. SOPHIA FOX. *Requiem Bells: A Memorial Poem*.

This poem was first read at the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead, in Cove Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky., May 25, 1889. For the benefit of the Women's Confederate Monument Association of Kentucky, this poem has been republished in a brochure and illustrated by Nicola Marshall. A portrait of Lincoln forms the frontispiece.

SNIDER, DENTON J. *Homer in Chios: An Epopee*. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., pp. 218.

It is the story of Homer's early life told by himself to his pupils. Mr. Snider is a poet. His diction is chaste, and in phraseology and style he reminds us of Swinburne, as attest the following lines:

Fair was the day when I first peeped into the workshop of Chalcon,
Chalcon, the smith, who wrought long ago in the city of Chios;
Now that day is the dawn of my life which I yet can remember,
All my hours run back to its joy as my very beginning,
And one beautiful moment then let in the light of existence,
Starting within me the strain that thrills through my days to this minute!
Still the old flash I can see as I peeped at the door of the workshop,
Memory whispers the tale of a world that I saw there,
Memory, muse of the past, is whispering faintly the story.

"Homer in Chios" deserves a lasting place in the annals of literature.

SNIDER, DENTON J. *Delphic Days: A Greek Idyl*. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., pp. 6 and 226.

Mr. Snider seems to find his happiest inspiration from among the ancient Greeks and Romans. His writings are incomparably the best that have come to us for some time. They are fervid and rhythmical, glowing with tropical sunshine, pregnant with the scent of frankincense and myrrh, and the soft breezes blown to us from the Land of Olives, of mystery, and of song. A copious addition of notes further enhances the volume.

SSOSSO, LORENZO. *Poems of Humanity and Abelard to Heloise*. San Francisco: E. R. Griffith & Sons, 1891. 16mo, hf. cl., gilt, pp. 227.

When we come to consider the early environments of Mr. Sosso, his poems appear to us in the light of inspiration. From an article in *The Californian Illustrated Magazine* for February, we learn that Mr. Sosso is an Italian by birth, coming to this country when nine years of age. His father kept a bar and the boy began life under circumstances that would have ruined most other boys. Denied education, spending his few pennies in a second-hand book store, hiding his treasures to preserve them, the wonder is he has ever accomplished anything in the literary line, and taking his rapid advancement as a prophecy of what the future will do for him, or more correctly speaking, what he will do with his future, we may expect him to gain the very pinnacle of fame. Surely a nature like Sosso's is able to

"Clasp hands with fate
And mould her to his will.

STEVENS, ORRIN CEDESMAN. *An Idyl of the Sun, and Other Poems*. Holyoke: Griffith, Axtell & Cady Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., pp. 212, \$1.25.

Pathos and philosophy are here blended into a delightful whole. Mr. Stevens is erudite. "An Idyl of the Sun," "The Common Man," "The Wonderful Workman," and "The Bridegroom," show a highly imaginative and a versatile genius.

TRADDLES, MOSES. *Poems, Sketches*. Cincinnati: Keating Co., 1890. Black leatherette, 12mo, pp. 64, 70c.

Had the author signed himself Twaddles instead of Traddles, it would have been more in keeping with its contents.

ALBERT S. The Day Dawneth. Boston: L. Prang & Company.

This firm of Prang & Co. are well known for their artistic work in getting up books and cards for all occasions. This poem is one of their most beautiful works, and is fittingly illustrated by W. H. Beal. It is handsomely bound, and will make a desirable Easter gift.

WILLIAMS, JOHN. Wayside Poems. Boston, Mass.: New-England Union, 1891. 8vo, cl., gilt, pp. 10 and 200.

The author in his preface says, "The selections presented, not so much because of their poetic quality as for the rare qualities of character that lie behind them." Poetry should be poetic in structure and sentiment. A chromo may represent all that is meant in its more costly original, yet it is difficult to so convince the public, and it is no less so to satisfy the poetic instinct that a handful of jingles can be accepted for what is meant rather than for what they are.

MRS. REV. DWIGHT. A Birthday Idyl. Published by the press of E. M. Grover, Syracuse, N. Y.

A faint little brochure, for which this author's most happy inspiration, suitable for a birthday.

MCLELLAN, I. Mc. The Fate of the Leaf. Baltimore: Cushing & Company, 1891. 16mo, cl., pp. 47.

Available in "rhyme," for which there is no "reason."

SWINBURNE, EMMA. Wildwood Chimes. Cincinnati: Robert E. & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., silver, por., pp. 135, \$1.25.

These poems, as the title indicates, are the whisperings of nature to a ready interpreter. They are ringing upon the nerves after a long diet of prose, and in reading, one's mind reverts to the freshness of their youth; those happy school-days when we used the butterfly, hunted the wild berries, and sung and frolicked the whole live-long day, and when wearied with the day's sport we lay down to rest, wondering what new misdeeds we could perpetrate on the morrow.

VIENNA. The Amazon: A Lyrical Drama. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent, 1891. 12mo, cl. pp. 93. \$1.00.

The author is evidently *en rapport* with ancient times, and being of an idealistic nature her delusions are pleasing and harmonious. She is philosophical as well in her summing up of life.

Like the dawn that melts away,
Drown'd in the heart of day,
Life is beautiful and brief;
Death the dropping of a leaf.

* * * * *

'Tis too true, alas! too sad and true your words.
What deeds of might can stay the common doom
Of all the pride and glory of the world?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BYERS, S. H. M. The Happy Isles, and Other Poems. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., silver, pp. 162.

CARY, RICHARD L., JR. (HYDER ALI). Tales of the Turf and Rank Outsiders. With thirty-one original illustrations by Gean Smith. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co., 1891. Sq. 8vo, cl., gilt, pp. 167, \$2.50.

HARLAN, CALEB, M. D. Ida Randolph of Virginia: A Historical Novel in Verse. Philadelphia, 1891. Author's edition. Third edition, revised. 12mo, cl., gilt, por., pp. 102, \$1.

HAYWARD, M. L. C. Verses. Author's edition, 1891. A brochure containing twenty-three pages.

IMRIE, JOHN. Songs and Miscellaneous Poems. With music and illustrations, and an introduction by G. Mercer Adam, Toronto, Can. Toronto: Imrie & Graham, 1891. 12mo, cl., gilt, pp. 348.

O'HARA, JOHN BARNARD, M. A. Story of the South. London, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Locke & Co., 1891. 16mo, cl. gilt design, pp. 149.

THOMPSON, CHARLES LEMUEL. Etchings in Verse. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 1890.

WOODS, VIRNA. The Amazons: A Lyrical Drama. Meadville, Penn.: Flood & Vincent, 1891. 12mo, cl., pp. 73.

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IBID. *Selections from the Poetical Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne, from the latest edition of his works, edited by R. H. Stoddard*. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 1884. 12mo, pp. xxii and 634.

IBID. *Marino Faliero: a Tragedy*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1885. 12mo, pp. viii and 151.

IBID. *Select Poems*. New York: Worthington Co., 1887. 12mo, pp. 230.

IBID. *Lochrine: a Tragedy*. New York: John B. Alden, 1887. 12mo, pp. 60.

LOTHROP, HARRIET M. S. *The Minute Man*. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 1886. 12mo, pp. 30.

IBID. *Miscellaneous poems*.

ADAMS, CHARLES FOLEN. *Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems*. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1877. 12mo, pp. 147.

IBID. *Dialect Ballads*. New York: Harper & Bros., 1887. 12mo, pp. 136.

IBID. *Miscellaneous poems*.

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EBERHART, GILBERT L. *Miscellaneous poems*.

CRONKHITE, HENRY M., M. D. *Reymond; A Drama of the American Revolution*. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886. 12mo, pp. 101.

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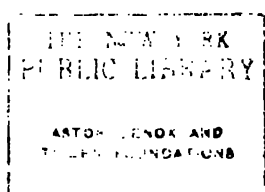
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Chas. Warren Stoddard.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. IV.

No. 3.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

IT HAS been said that poets are "born," not "made." That may or may not be true, as we find those to-day writing acceptable verse to whom ten years ago the thought of their own capabilities in rhyming had never occurred to them, and who were not a little surprised when at last they found themselves dropping into metrical form of expression. Others, again, evince an early talent or desire for poetical phrasing, and seem to have been "to the manner born." Still, in determining as to whether or not the true poet was not so created at his birth, the questions will always arise: Did not the one whose muse came to him late in life possess the poetic instinct in his youth without the knowledge of its existence, or is it a plant of forced growth, born of a desire to compete with his fellow writers? The thought is too abstruse to be dealt with at this time, but if there is a distinction to be made between a "born" and a "made" poet, certainly Harriet Prescott Spofford has all the advantage due to birth. Her early environments were characterized by charming landscape, romantic and picturesque scenery on the one hand, and sturdy New England ancestry and teachings on the other. Nature has wisely preserved her equilibrium here. Many famous people are allied to the Prescott family, notably Sir William Pepperell, Sir John Brydges, and the historian, Prescott, while more recently, Secretary of State Evarts and the famous Hoar brothers. Believers in heredity will here find abundant evidence with which to substantiate their theory. Harriet Elizabeth Prescott was born in Calais, Maine, April 3rd, 1835. At fourteen years of age she entered the Putnam High School, in Newburyport, Mass. Her graduation from that school followed in due time, and she later closed her school-life in the Pinkerton Academy in Derry, N. H. At the age of seventeen years she gained the Putnam school prize for the best essay on "Hamlet." Soon after, her first published story appeared, and, being asked for others, she supplied one-hun-

dred during the next three years. The pay being so small, having been reduced from five dollars to two-and-a-half dollars, she declined to send more, and "In a Cellar" was sent to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which James Russell Lowell, at that time its editor, at first declined to publish, believing it to be a translation, and upon being assured of its genuineness, not only printed the story, but sent its author a check for \$100 with a letter of commendation. That established her literary reputation, and her contributions, both prose and poetry, found their way into the leading periodicals of the country. In 1865, in Newburyport, Harriet Prescott was united in marriage to Richard S. Spofford, a Boston lawyer. Some years after Deer Island in the Merrimack river, near Newburyport, Maine, was purchased, and has since been Mrs. Spofford's home, although inclination has led her to sojourn in various other places in the meantime. In 1888 Mr. Spofford died, and Mrs. Spofford has since passed her winters mostly in Boston or Washington. There is little to add concerning Mrs. Spofford's personality that has not already been said; beside, one has but to read her writings to know her to be of a religious nature and a hard worker and close student. Not satisfied with the endowments nature has lavished upon her, she has labored to perfect herself and to realize more fully her own ideals. She has published "Sir Rohan's Ghost" (Boston, 1859); "The Amber Gods, and Other Stories" (Boston, 1863); "Azarian" (1864); "New England Legends" (Boston, 1871); "The Thief in the Night" (Boston, 1872); "Art Decoration Applied to Furniture" (New York, 1877); "The Servant-Girl Question" (Boston, 1881); "Poems" (Boston, 1881); "Hester Stanley at St. Mark's" (Boston, 1882); "The Marquis of Carabas" (Boston, 1882), and "Ballads About Authors" (Boston, 1887). In style, Mrs. Spofford is chaste and classical. She does not aim at sensationalism, and throughout her writings an air of peace and purity reigns, an insignia of the royal soul within the woman. N. L. M.

THE PINE TREE.

BEFORE your atoms came together,
 I was full-grown, a tower of strength,
 Seen by the sailors out at sea,
 With great storms measuring all my length,
 Making my mighty minstrelsy,
 Companion of the ancient weather.

Yours! Just as much the stars that shiver
 When the frost sparkles overhead!
 Call yours as soon those viewless airs
 That sing in the clear vault and tread
 The clouds! Less yours than theirs—
 The fish-hawks swooping round the river!

In the primeval depths, embowering
 My broad boughs with my branching peers,
 My gums I spilled in precious drops—
 Ay, even in those elder years
 The eagle building in my tops,
 Along my boughs the panther cowering.

Beneath my shade the red man slipping,
 Himself a shadow, stole away;
 A paler shadow follows him!
 Races may go, or races stay,
 The cone upon my loftiest limb
 The winds will many a year be stripping;

And there the hidden day be throwing
 His fires, though dark the dead prime be
 Before the bird shake off the dew.

Ah! what songs have been sung to me;
 What songs will yet be sung, when you
 Are dust upon the four winds blowing!

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

AH, happy day, refuse to go!
 Hang in the heavens forever so!
 Forever in mid-afternoon,
 Ah, happy day of happy June!
 Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
 The piny wood with perfume fill,
 And breathe across the singing sea
 Land-scented breezes, that shall be
 Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
 Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
 Hang in the heavens forever so!
 And long not for thy blushing rest
 In the soft bosom of the west,
 But bid gray evening get her back
 With all the stars upon her track!

Forget the dark, forget the dew,
 The mystery of the midnight blue,
 And only spread thy wide warm wings
 While summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
 Hang in the heavens forever so!
 Forever let thy tender mist
 Lie like dissolving amethyst
 Deep in the distant dales, and shed
 Thy mellow glory overhead!
 Yet wilt thou wander,—call the thrush,
 And have the wilds and waters hush
 To hear his passion-broken tune,
 Ah, happy day of happy June!

AN APRIL MADRIGAL.

IN those charmed ages, dark and rich
 With mystery, when, sailing first,
 The mariner on unknown seas
 And summer shores bewildered burst,—
 He planted there some royal sign
 And claimed the place by right divine:

So I, who came when April skies
 Lighten the land and get me glee,
 And flushed with sleep the fair earth turns
 Her rosy side to welcome me,
 Claim the glad month my fief and fere,
 And take possession of the year.

I take possession of the year;
 Yet as a viceroy I do hold,
 The bloom from off the sea I strip,
 The freshness from the budding mold,
 All fragrances, all balms that be,
 My Sovereign, I hoard for thee!

THE TRODDEN VIOLET.

A VIOLET in the morning dew,
 With sunshine melting in its spheres,
 Whose honey all the wild bees knew,
 And birds and breezes, happy crew—
 A violet in the morning dew
 Was like her in the early years.

A violet trodden under foot,
 Its breath with piercing perfume rife,
 The birds and bees and breezes mute,
 And only tears about the root—
 A violet trodden under foot
 Was like her in her later life.

Sweetness past telling did she shed,
 When day by day brought darker dole,
 And sorrows with a heavy tread
 Crushed her and bruised the lovely head—
 Sweetness past telling did she shed,
 As the bruised violet sheds its soul.

So was the spikenard bruised and crushed,
 And so the precious ointment filled
 With odor that about it gushed
 As if, within, whole gardens blushed—
 So was the spikenard bruised and crushed
 That over the Lord's feet was spilled.

O HAD I KNOWN!

If I had thought so soon she would have died,
 He said, I had been tenderer in my speech,
 I had a moment lingered at her side,
 And held her, e'er she passed beyond my reach,
 If I had thought so soon she would have died.

That day she looked up with her startled eyes,
 Like some hurt creature where the woods are
 deep,
 With kisses I had stilled those breaking sighs,
 With kisses closed those eyelids into sleep,
 That day she looked up with her startled eyes.

O, had I known she would have died so soon,
 Love had not wasted on a barren land,
 Love, like those rivers under torrid noon,
 Lost on the desert, poured out on the sand—
 O, had I known she would have died so soon!

SOONER OR LATER.

SOONER or later the storms shall beat
 Over my slumbers from head to feet;
 Sooner or later the winds will rave
 In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
 Nothing their sound shall signify;
 Nothing the headstone's fret of rain;
 Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
 With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
 Sooner or later, in summer air,
 Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel, in that deep laid rest,
 The slanting light fall over my breast,
 Nor even note in those hidden hours
 The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
 Shall add their hush to my mute repose,
 Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
 And heap my bed with the dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
 Its touch no colder can make the dream
 That reck's not the sweet and sacred dread,
 Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
 And fill the noon with its golden hum;
 Sooner or later on half-poised wing
 The bluebird's warble about me ring,

Ring and chirrup, and whistle with glee,
 Nothing his music means to me;
 None of these beautiful things shall know
 How soundly their love sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
 The stars shall over me wing their flight;
 Sooner or later the darkling dew
 Catch their white sparks in their silent noose.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
 That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
 Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow,
 Sooner or latter—Oh, why not now?

WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A STITCH is always drooping in the everlasting
 knitting,
 And the needles that I threaded, no, you couldn't
 count to-day;
 And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my
 head was splitting,
 When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks
 they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and
 the Epistles,
 When the other boys were burning tar-barrels
 down the street;
 And I've stayed and learned my verses when I
 heard their willow whistles,
 And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in
 both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to
 evening meeting,
 When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be
 off;

And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or
two of greeting,
First on one foot and the other and 'most stran-
gled with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till
you are scarlet,
It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"
Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a
young varlet,
And then she looks so wo-begone I have to take
it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in
her pocket—
There never was a pocket that was half so big
and deep—
And she lets the candle in my room burn 'way down
to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I
am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one
is scattering;
She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way
to make you grow;
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is
battering;
And when I tear my jacket, I know just where
to go!

And when I've been in swimming after father's
said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to the
rule,
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says, "I
wouldn't;
The boy that won't go swimming such a day
would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she
gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a
mouse—
And who she is by this time there is no need of
guessing;
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have
about the house!

MAGDALEN.

If any woman of us all,
If any woman of the street,
Before the Lord should pause and fall,
And with her long hair wipe his feet;

He, whom with yearning hearts we love,
And fain would see with human eyes
Around our living pathway move,
And underneath our daily skies;

The Maker of the heavens and earth,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
In whom the universe had birth,
But breathing of our breath one breath;

If any woman of the street
Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh—
Of her long tresses wipe his feet,
And with her kisses kiss their flesh,

How round that woman would we throng!
How willingly would clasp her hands,
Fresh from that touch divine, and long
To gather up the twice-blest strands!

How eagerly with her would change
Our trivial innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
Could we but also claim that deed!

FIRST AND LAST.

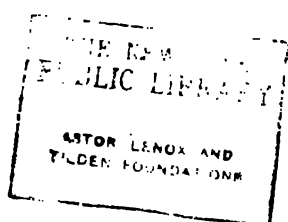
Just come from Heaven, how bright and fair
The soft locks of the baby's hair,
As if the unshut gates still shed
The shining halo round his head!

Just entering Heaven, what sacred snows
Upon the old man's brow repose!
For there the opening gates have strewn
The glory from the great white throne.

ECHO.

We laughed—a hundred voices rose
In airiest fairest laughter;
We sang—a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.
One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silvery and clearly.
And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing.

—*Inside Plum Island.*





J. Donahoe

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

DONAHOE was born in Brimfield, February 27th, 1853. He is a well-known member of the Connecticut bar, ranking high in profession; he has been since 1883 a City Court of the City and Town of Middletown and since 1886 has held the office of Judge. Judge Donahoe is known to his friends as a high-souled gentleman, possessed of noble and noble impulses, desiring to do good and to esting evil. Three months after his removal to Connecticut, and there he has since lived. His parents, like most were not wealthy; it was therefore his duty to assist in earning his living from an early age. At twelve years of age, with advantages of but little schooling, his literary life began, and he might be seen miles a day in all sorts of weather doing his work. With his fifteenth year he began for education. The effort to accomplish a severe task, calling for sacrifice, and drudgery. He worked over to obtain money to purchase books, and went into the night at his studies, wasting valuable time for want of a competent teacher. In 1871 he entered Wesleyan University, where he was elected poet of his class. He left college at the end of his first year to study of law. While engaged in his legal studies he taught school and did such other things as were convenient, so as to prevent his expense on his parents. In 1875 he was admitted to the bar and at once opened an office. He was there married two years later, to Miss Sarah A. D'Arsey, of Middletown. Not meeting the success desired in Meriden, he returned to Middletown in 1878. There he has succeeded, in spite of titles with adversity, in establishing a profitable business. In 1885 three children were carried away, within a few days of each other, by scarlet fever, and his loving wife was lost when their death came in 1887. Judge Donahoe, though while still a boy, the local papers publishing his first efforts. In later years he has appeared in papers and magazines of national reputation. In 1888 appeared his volume, "Idyls of Israel, and Other Poems," which has been well received both by the public. This book was followed in 1891 by the "Songs of the Country-side," is a collection. Several of his songs have

been set to music by Mr. Frederic Vinal, the rising young musician of Chicago. "When Night is on the Hills," and a Christmas hymn, "The Wondrous Vision," are perhaps the most popular of these songs. In the Middletown *Constitution* appeared during 1889 a series of articles on "Social Studies," showing that Judge Donahoe is conscious of the tendencies of the times and able to appreciate the aspirations of the people. He is of an inquiring and growing mind, and it may be taken as an assured fact that his good work of the past will be supplemented by even better in the future. On October 7th, 1891, Judge Donahoe was united in marriage to Miss Sarah A. D'Arsey, a lady of culture and education and a fitting helpmeet for her distinguished husband. J. J. F.

JUNE.

UP FROM the fragrant fields, all purple and white
with clover,
Softly the songs of birds arise and the murmur
of bees;
Down from the azure skies, that never a cloud flows
over,
Comes the fluttering wind and plays in the dark-
some trees.

Herds on the hill-side graze, and down in the val-
ley lower,
Where, like a ray of heaven, the river rolls silent
along,
Out of the distant meadow the clattering sound of
the mower
Rises in mingled chorus joined with the hay-
makers' song.

All day long in the elm, on their swaying perches
swinging,
New-fledged orioles utter their restless, querulous
notes,
While thro' the blue of the sky the swallows, flit-
ting and flinging,
Send their slender twitterings down from a thou-
sand throats.

Oft from the shadowy forest, robed in its darkest
splendor,
Wild and weird the wood-thrush winds his golden
horn;
Wild and weird is the sound, and it sings of love as
tender,—
Oh, the glory of love that lives in a bright June
morn!

SONG.

"FOREVERMORE! forevermore
The moon shall hear my moan!
For thou art born on foreign shore,
And I am here alone!

"A thousand leagues of sea and land,
Bleak land and stormy sea,
Stretch out a weary wilderness
Between my love and me.

"And all the hours, the golden hours
Our days of pleasure gave,
Are dead, as were the tender flowers
When winter winds did rave.

"And I'm alone, and thou'rt alone,
Alone forevermore!
And eve and morn, and night and noon,
The cold waves lash the shore."

ABSENCE.

THE night comes down, and my love's away,
Away o'er the wide, wide sea;
The night comes down, and the stars shine out,
But they bring not my love to me.

The stars shine out, and the cold dew falls,
And chill is the wind in the tree;
And the pale moon wanes as the hours go by;
But my love comes not to me.

The pale moon wanes as the hours go by,
The day-star wakes from the sea,
And the red clouds curl on the brow of the morn,—
Yet my love is away from me.

But the stars will fade, and the clouds turn gray,
The wind will die in the tree;
All, all will change, but my heart is true,
And my love will come back to me.

AFTER THE MIST.

I WALKED in the mist of the morning,
Where verdure lay dead on the lea,
While arose from the south like a warning
The roar of the surge of the sea.
And the sun was enshrouded in shadows,
The mist often shuddered in showers,
And the breezes that breathed from the meadows
Were faint with the scent of dead flowers.

Yet I felt in my pulses the throbbing
Of hope, as I hurried away
To the woods, where, in weariness sobbing,
They hung o'er the hillside so gray.
Then I paused in the pass of the mountain,
And saw the clouds breaking above,
And there sang at my feet a sweet fountain
In tones like the voice of a dove.

Oh, then in my heart the wild throbbing
Grew still by the stream where I lay,
And the wood hushed its wearisome sobbing,
And glowed in the glory of day;
And I marked, in the meadowlands growing,
Sweet flowerets both fragrant and bright,
While the blue sea afar was a-flowing
In silence of beauty and light.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

OH, sing away, sweet warbler! Let there be
No ending to the song; for like a ray
Caught from the deep past, in thy rapturous lay
A world of memory liveth unto me!
Thy tender strain is a soft odor, born
Of dewy roses in life's careless morn.

What angel poured that melting melody
Into thy small, warm heart, O, happy bird?
What tones of heavenly music hast thou heard,
That so thou sing'st with such fine harmony,
Teaching the flowery valley to rejoice
And thrill responsive to thy silver voice?

The clear spring gurgles down its pebbly bars,
Singing its low, soft music over and over;
The hum of bees comes up from the white clover
Mingled with fragrance; whilst like falling stars
Thy swift, bright notes across the valley float,
Till every worldly care is quite forgot.

And here on the green turf I lie and dream,
Drinking the perfect sweetness of the day,
And feel within my soul the gentle ray
Of childhood innocence, the golden gleam
Of closing heaven that shineth not in vain;
Sing on, sweet bird, nor cease the holy strain!

TO THE ROBIN.

SWEET minstrel of the orchard, now thy lay
Wakes with its ringing tones the drowsy morn,
The sun up-rising drives the shades away
And drinks thy voice upon the west-wind borne.

d in the morning dews thy fervid breast
 'hou bathest, rejoicing still in gurgling song;
 I when the day is dying in the west,
 'hy sad farewell is heard the lawns along.

I from the shadows of the blooming trees
 A varying mood all day thou swayest my soul;
 A rapturous trills, and now calm cadences,
 'hou hast a tone each passion to control.

orrow, born of memory, overpower
 My mind, I hear thy music and rejoice;
 'ain ambition fret, or anger sour,
 'hen to my soul how soothing is thy voice!

: world were sad without thee! O, my friend,
 ing still your love so sweet, your joy so calm;
 every care thy warbling gives an end,
 o every wound of woe 'tis healing balm.

WHEN NIGHT IS ON THE HILLS.

WHEN night is sleeping on the hills,
 And silent are the hours,
 When Heaven its balmy dew distills
 To bathe the weeping flowers,
 Alone beneath the circling spheres
 With heavy heart I go,
 And steep the green with flowing tears
 Where thou art lying low,
 My love,
 Where thou art lying low.

Oh, then thy spirit comes to me
 From thy bright home above;
 Thy angel form I can not see,
 But hear thy words of love;
 Thy gentle voice my bosom thrills
 With soothing hope and cheer;
 When night is sleeping on the hills
 I know that thou art near,
 My love,
 I know that thou art near.

GETHESEMANE.

tired world-workers, rise! and for a space
 'tch with the Master in this lonely place,
 'his bleak and sorrowful Gethsemane;
 'lo! the darkness deepens, and the light
 every star is banished from the night,
 and through the trees the wind moans wearily.

! louder than the wind, a mournful moan,
 'ound of woe and want, an awful groan
 'p-welleth from the world so drearily!

Oh, hush, poor world, that sound of wild despair!
 The night is dark indeed, but sweetly prayer
 Wakes from the heart of sad Gethsemane.

And sleep not now, though weary nigh to death;
 For see the Master, how He suffereth!
 Yet near at hand His hour of strength must be,
 And see ye not the angels with the cup?
 Oh, sleep not, lift your fainting spirits up!
 See, love and hope rise from Gethsemane!

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

IN the black earth my buried body lies,
 With eyelids closed against the feverish day,
 Cold and insensate as the covering clay
 That hides the narrow room from the broad skies;
 In the moist grave it lies, and at the head
 A marble tombstone fondly legended.

And one comes weeping to my grave each day,
 And, strewing flowers bedewed in tear drops,
 calls
 Upon my name against the voiceless walls,
 As if beneath the moldering turf I lay;
 Grieving, he tells in bitter, mad distress
 His sorrow, and ceaseless love, and loneliness.

But I among the purging shadows go
 Of this dark nether region, vast and strange,
 In shuddering gloom that never knoweth change,
 Moving on restless pinions to and fro,
 Reft of the light of God's eternal day,
 Till every earthly stain shall pass away.

And, hovering ever on unresting wing,
 I bide the eternal mercy with a fire
 Of deathless love and wasting, wild desire
 To look upon the face of God, my King.
 Oh, thou, in tears so idle and so vain,
 How would thy prayers redeem me from this pain!

With thee, with thee, O weeping love of mine,
 My earthly thoughts full oft were wont to stray;
 In shady paths we loitered when the day
 Was full of light and pleasure's sun did shine;
 And earth so mad with happiness did seem
 'Twas very heaven, and death was but a dream.

Ah, me, thou hast not yet forgotten me!
 But oh, to me the memory were more sweet
 Expressed in prayer to Heaven's mercy seat;
 So from the stains of earth I should be free,
 The gates of glory open, and the night
 Pass swift away in everlasting light.

HELEN A. MANVILLE.

HELEN ADELIA MANVILLE, born Wood, was for many years known to the literary world as Nellie A. Mann. Under the *non de plume* she contributed largely for leading periodicals east and west, and obtained a national reputation as a writer of acceptable verse. At the zenith of her fame she decided to renounce the pen-name and assume her own. Acting upon that resolution, she had only succeeded in making the latter name familiar, virtually winning laurels for two cognomens, when ill-health and many cares necessitated a suspension of literary work. A collection of her poems was published in 1875, under the title of "Heart Echoes," which contains but a small proportion of her voluminous verse. Mrs. Manville was born in New Berlin, Chenango county, N. Y., August 3rd, 1839. Accompanying her father, Colonel Artemus Wood, she removed to the West at an early date, where she was married and has since resided in La Crosse, Wis. She has one child, Marion. On the maternal side of the house she inherits literary talent from several members of her mother's family who won local celebrity, and is connected with the Carys from whom Alice and Phoebe were descended, and also the house of Douglas, whose distinguished representative was Stephen A. The chief characteristics of Mrs. Manville's verse are natural melody, smoothness of versification and exalted inspiration. No thought ever emanated from her mind which was not refining and uplifting in its tendency. Her spirituality is pronounced, and an abiding faith in a supreme wisdom, whose dictations proceed from infinite love, has carried many a message of comfort to sorrowing hearts, and inspired strangers to become her grateful friends. This quality of sympathy and understanding of others' trials and sorrows is peculiar to her verse and to the earnest sincere womanliness of the woman herself. J. W.

ALL THAT IS LEFT.

A DASH of rain on the window-pane,
The sob of the solemn sea,
And the beautiful past, too fair to last,
Comes back like a ghost to me.
With a weird-like tramp, through the Day's white
camp,
It comes to my heart and knocks,
And the Key of Thought, by Remembrance
wrought,
Its wondrous door unlocks.

O the hopes that are gone—that have drifted or
And over the sea of Fate!
O the joys gone by with that desolate cry,
The saddest of all "Too late!"
On the shore of the Lost wrecks ruthlessly to
Are all that is left to me
Of the dreams that I dreamed, and the star
gleamed
Once out of the sweet "To be."

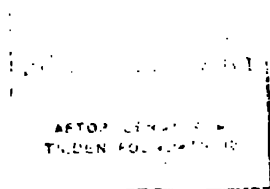
IF.

IF I COULD but subdue this wild unrest,
If I could think and dream no more of thee
If I could still this voice within my breast,
Forgetting, dear, the sad reality,
That, severed by the cruel hand of Fate,
Our lives on earth can never blend as one;
If, rather than these haunting words, "Too late!"
My lips could only say, "Thy will be done!"
I should be happier, I know;
I wish each dreary hour that it were so.

If hand of mine could curb the swooping wing
If I could stay the sun upon his march,
If I could fashion chains wherewith to bind
The stars forever to the sun-lit arch,
Then, then, I might have hope to stay
This tide to love that spurns control,
And put thy wistful face away
From out the gallery of my soul.
But vain, so vain is my endeavor,
As I have loved, so will I love thee ever.

IN THE DUST.

WE TOIL from the rise to the set of the sun,
But the tasks of the earth-life never are done.
We lay our plans, but they fail us quite,
Our castles fall in a single night;
The days clasp hands with the days that are dead
And still we never are comforted.
Our lives, O alas! are not what they seem,
We walk in a maze, for we live in a dream;
We hunger and thirst for what never may be
We long as the bird of the air to be free;
But the shackles of Fate weigh us down to
dust,
The chain of our hopes is moth-eaten, and rust
Is wearing its way to our hearts' very core.
Alas, and alas! for the fond dreams of yore!
Hopes still allure us we never can grasp;
Hands of our loved ones slip out of our clasp;





Lucy C. Peterson



Helen A. Mansville

e turf of the kirk-yard long Summers has laid
 er the beds that the Death-angel made,
 aves, whose dark shadows we had not forseen,
 and the sunlight are looming between.
 ne, and O me! but I long for the day
 en the clouds that hang o'er us shall all roll
 away;
 ng for the time when, life's ills being o'er,
 e spirit shall hunger and thirst nevermore.

DROWNED.

UND in the river! I stop with a shiver
 Of horror and dread!
 nebody's daughter drawn up from the water,
 Pallid and dead.
 e's hot, restless fever not long since did leave
 her;
 Her sins—at the best
 e remembers them not—gives them never a
 thought:
 Ay, let them rest!

h thousands to blame her and none to reclaim
 her,
 What wonder despair
 I her down to the river? The kindly Peace
 Giver
 Has answered her prayer.

her sake who bore her lay the warm mantle
 o'er her
 Of pity and love;
 o late to befriend her); God's mercy attend her,
 Storm-beaten dove.

a flower on her bosom, a poor withered blossom,
 Like her now at rest;
 her white brow so chilly no rose bring, or
 lily—
 The cypress is best.

e coffin's dark cover the fair face lay over,
 Hiding within
 that is human the while of the woman,
 Poor Magdalen!

weak and so sinning, her deep shame beginning
 Far back in the years;
 ough ye know not, nor love her, drop kindly
 above her
 The tribute of tears.

rs for a sinner, though too late to win her
 From death or from shame;

Nor lay in the casket—for the Lamb's sake I ask it—
 With her all the blame.

For the dear sake of Jesus the Savior, who sees us
 To error so prone,
 So weak and so human, O blame not the woman,
 The woman alone.

Deceit 'twas that lured her; her fond heart assured
 her
 He spoke only truth,
 Whose hand stole the blossom of peace from her
 bosom
 Far back in her youth.

O'er the dusky eyes' splendor, once love-lit and
 tender,
 Death's curtain drops low.
 Saved now from all error, forgetting death's terror,
And happier so.

Lay the grave's grassy cover so kindly above her,
 Life's short story read:—
 Somebody's daughter drawn up from the water,
 Pallid and dead.

PULL YOUR OWN WEEDS.

If you've weeds in your garden, my dear friend, I
 pray,
 Do not stand looking over the fence
 To your neighbor's domains, just over the way,
 Your own are the most consequence.
 Uproot them while yet there is daylight to work,
 Tear them up, root and branch, from your soil;
 They are sure to do mischief, so I pray do not
 shirk;
 You'll be amply repaid for your toil.

The advice would apply to the Garden of Life,
 'Tis so seldom we see our own weeds;
 For watching a neighbor, or, worse yet, his wife,
 And counting their many misdeeds,
 We pass our own follies, our faults we disguise
 In the garments of selfish conceit;
 We're ever perfection (in our own eyes),
But O! for the sinners we meet!

Let us pull our *own* weeds, and work with a will
 While yet there is one to be found,
 Nor point o'er the way in derision until
 We have carefully tilled our own ground.
 For, watching the faults of others, we see
 Not the ones in our own hearts so rife;
 Let us pull for ourselves—let others' weeds be,
 Till we clean our own Garden of Life.

A NIGHT-WATCH.

ALL night the fingers of the rain
Have tapped against my window-pane;
All night the sobbing of the sea
E'en in my dreams has haunted me;
So, flinging off the bonds of sleep,
The lonesome watch I fain would keep.

I think of faces I have missed,
Of lips my own have often kissed,
Now smileless, silent all the day,
Beneath the grasses hid away;
And calling, calling unto me,
I hear the sad voice of the sea.

Its waters low but solemn boom,
Make dreary echoes in the gloom;
And restless waves, with white arms tossed
On high, and sheeted like a ghost,
Seem beckoning to me, as I watch
To see Day's white hand on the latch.

WAITING.

I know it is Summer, but down in my heart
The frosts of the Winter-time do not depart;
I know that the flowers are a-bloom on the plain,
That the dear blue-eyed violets are with us again;
That the birds have returned from the tropical
land,
And in the green meadows the zephyrs are bland;
But I heed not the chorus of winds or of birds;
I can not interpret their beautiful words.
My heart only questions, "Why is it, my sweet,
That Summer should find me my joy incomplete?"

Are you sleeping, my darling, and sleeping so
long,
Your heart has forgotten Love's beautiful song?
Are you dreaming, my sweetest, and never of me,
And ne'er of our hopes of the sweet yet-to-be?
Has another one wooed you with rapturous song,
That your feet, O beloved, have tarried so long?
Do other eyes lovingly look in your own,
And other lips whisper, "My beautiful one!"
That Summer should come, in her bonnet of blue,
And find me still watching and waiting for you?

WOMANHOOD.

WOMANHOOD has cares and tears,
Hopeless dreams, and hopeless years.
—*Marion.*

LUCY CREEMER PECKHAM.

LUCY CREEMER PECKHAM was born March 27th, 1842, in Milford, Conn. Her father, Joshua R. Gore, was a native of Hamden, Conn., and his parents and grandparents were Connecticut people. Her ancestors on the maternal side were among the first settlers of the old town of Milford, and her mother's name was Mary Smith. Lucy was the oldest of four children, and, when she was about seven years of age, the family removed to New Haven, and the children were all educated in the public schools of that city. The girls were brought up to be self-reliant and helpful. From eighteen to twenty-three Lucy assisted toward the well-being of the family by the use of her needle. In 1865 she was married to Charles N. Creemer, of New York, who died in 1878. She gained entrance to the New Haven School for Nurses at the hospital and faithfully discharged the duties of nurse until she was graduated. In August, 1880, she was sent to Pittsfield to take charge of the hospital called the House of Mercy. There she remained two years. As the work opened before her, she realized that deeper and more thorough knowledge of medical science would give her a still larger scope, so she resolved to enter college and pursue the regular curriculum. In 1882 she matriculated in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and was graduated in 1885. Since that year she has practiced medicine in her old home, New Haven, Conn. In August, 1889, she was married a second time. On the suggestion of her husband, John A. Peckham, who is in full sympathy with all her work, she selected from poems which she had written and published at intervals during many years, about forty, and had them published in book form in 1891. The title of the dainty volume is "Sea Moss." Dr. Peckham is a practical woman and has had a marked success in whatever she has undertaken. Her poems are the outcome of inspirations, and they have been put into form as they have sung themselves to her during the busy hours of the day or night.

AT THE SHORE.

THE waves swept up with their curling foam,
Fluffy and white, as they broke on the strand;
We lay on the beach to watch their flow
Over the pebbles that strewed the sand.

They covered the rocks with glittering gems,
Swinging and tumbling their salty spray,

ing out with the undertow,
backward and forward the livelong day.

muring tones from hidden deeps,
the song of life in her bosom wells,
sang soft to our listening hearts
ythmic story she ever tells,

e we live in the heart of God,
nite Love, of infinite Hope;
ouls forever at one with His will,
utless in their scope.

sang soft and low that day
ew, fair life that should waken soon;
hearts beat glad to the sweet refrain
waves' bright promise that afternoon.

TO MY FRIEND.

sweet, warm and loving human hearts,
pure, lofty souls and royal minds,
has singled thine, O friend, so dear;
x high above its trivial loves,
its homage with devotion true,
it's sweetest, noblest, best,
asks to be allowed its worship;
benignant smile and kindly glance,
l in peaceful benediction raised.
so strange to thee, thou spirit meek,
should seek such influence from thee,
otsteps oft have faltered in the way,
art has felt its dire distress and need,
nsatisfied, disappointment's cross
its heaviest weight on shoulders
l to their utmost with the strain?
ee, dear, the secret; 'tis because
all this I see unconquered good
ing in thy soul, unconquered kindness
all thy words. I know that Wisdom
laim her throne until she shares with Love
el leaf; dips his arrow points for pens
nk with which she issues edicts;
n she speaks through thee, my hope is
trong,
nore patient, my desires grow pure;
tone through all thy utterance swells,
my spirit learns that Love and Wisdom
e within thy heart. And if thy feet
their perfect tread, through human weak-
ness,
ge shall not fail; for I've not given
to the clay, that needs must crumble,
e soul that shapes its destiny
es it for a time a monarch's throne.

H. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

OH! Spirit, sweet and gracious, have you learned,
In your new Home, how dear you were to Earth?
Can you look now into our hearts to find
How we loved you, we women left behind
To miss your wholesome cheer? Have you dis-
cerned

The loneliness we feel, as reverently
We take your gifts to us? Do you know how
Your Christmas Symphony its music swells
Within our souls, to lift them up toward
"That great tideless stream, where all our voices
Meet and melt into the solemn silence?"
Have you sought out your New, Old Friends,
Whose far-off worship earth-like never told?
Do you know how your courage lent us strength
To meet and overcome a threatening fate?
Thou Queen of Loving Hearts! to whom the rich
And poor alike were known, is there a tribute
Dearer paid thy worth on Heaven's fair shore,
Where shining ones lead thee triumphant on
From joy to joy, than this our lonely hearts
Are offering now to thee, whose rounded life
Enriched the name of Woman? "She loved us!"
Through the marble door, beyond the stairway,
And the high walls that shut us out from thee,
We may not glance to see if thou dost smile,
To hear the echo of thy words; but if thou dost,
Then smile again, great soul, to hear us add
Our own refrain, Oh, Woman, we loved Thee!

UNAVAILING.

ONE day up toward a shelving shore
A careless wave at flood-tide crept,
Laughing and rippling more and more,
As near and nearer the waiting shore,
With dance and glitter and sparkle it swept.

At last with a touch like a kiss
The shore and the little wave met;
Then the wave leapt back to the ocean's breast
With a pain in its heart and strange unrest,
And the rugged shore as with tears was wet.

O, fain would the bright little wave
Have lingered to sport with the shore;
With its low happy murmur to woo it,
With its clatter and sparkle to sue it,
And play in delight at its side evermore.

But the little wave sobs and sighs
For the shore that it kissed and left;

And though hidden deep in the ocean's breast,
It never, no never'll be quite at rest,
And the shore is sad, of its smile bereft.

And echoing still, that moan of pain
Is ever heard by the patient shore,
That surf-beaten, storm-lashed, or still and lone
Listens for one low murmuring tone,
And waits the return of the wave evermore.

TO-DAY.

Now is the fullness of the perfect season!
This is the day holding all days in one.
The present hour enfolds both faith and reason
In its embrace, claiming a victory won.

The ache of hearts to-day is spent in healing;
The joys of life increase as it holds sway;
The times which hitherto seemed void of feeling
Are throbbing as a human pulse to-day.

The life which wraps the earth, a crimson ocean,
With ebb and flow, laps it on every side,
And surges with its ever-restless motion,
Claiming its own, with its own to abide.

Each noble deed to-day bears on its bosom
Was yesterday a yearning in some breast,
Responding to that longing for the fusion
Of good with good, throughout all life possessed.

To-day has clouds, but who would miss the
wonder?
The sunshine colors them with rosy light.
To-day has storms; the snow-flake, or the thunder,
Awakens us to visions of God's might.

That hearts have ached, must ache, e'er reason
teaches
Its lessons of the best, the highest skill
To-day has learned, and in its turn it preaches
A quick submission to a Mighty Will.

To-day, to-day a gladdening earth rejoices
And Life drinks deeper of the crimson flood;
While what seemed ill in yesterday, all voices
Within its soul to-day declare was good.

The glorious Past sends all its beams to brighten
The radiant splendor of this peerless shine;
And the fair Sun of Righteousness shall lighten
The East and West with Reason's rays divine.

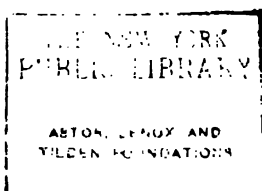
ESTHER T. HOUSH.

Among the many women-workers for temperance and humanity there is none more devoted or earnest in the strife than Mrs. Housh. Although she has written for many years, yet it was about 1877, the date of her connection with "Woman at Work," published in Louisville, Ky., that Mrs. Housh first became known to the public at large. Five years later the publication was removed to Brattleboro, Vt., and re-christened "The Woman's Magazine," and in 1891 was suspended, Mrs. Housh taking an editorial position on the "Household" of Boston. While in Brattleboro, editing "The Woman's Magazine," she was called to the superintendency of the National Press Work for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a position she filled most acceptably for five years. For several years she was president of the Vermont Woman's Christian Temperance Union, having previously served as recording secretary for the same organization. Mrs. Housh's writings are acceptable to both old and young readers, but it is said of her that she loves most to please the children. She is a native of Ross county, Ohio, and was married to Mr. Housh at her grandfather's home, near Champaign, Ill., more than thirty years ago. Her son, Frank, has been associated with her in her work, having been the publisher of "Woman at Work." H. M.

WOMAN'S GOLDEN HOUR.

LISTEN to the echoes stealing
Through the years!
Echoes evermore revealing
All the fears
Of the first brave-hearted woman,
Loving, earnest, tender, human,
At the gate,
Where the rusty lock a-creaking,
And the voice of man a-speaking,
Bid her wait.

Wait! outside the door of learning;
Wait! her plea forever spurning;
Wait alway!
Wait, because she was a woman,
Loving, earnest, tender, human,
Till the day
When the chains should all be broken,
For the Lord himself had spoken:
"Bond nor free,"
But "one in Christ" the world shall be.





*Very truly,
Erlene T. Housh,*

"Knock! It shall be opened" to thee;
 Knock away!
 This was truly woman's duty,
 To obey.
 So the echoes came a-stealing,
 All her faith and love revealing,
 Till the door,
 Barred and bolted e'er before,
 Barred no more,
 Now swings a welcome open wide,
 To man and woman side by side.

SHALL we count the battles fought when the victory's won?
 Chant the dirges while the song of triumph floateth on?
 Tell of crosses by the way, tell of sorrow's power,
 While the bells are pealing out the glorious woman's hour?

Blending with the joyous pæans are the echoes of the years,
 Speed they with a message of the brave heart's hopes and fears;
 Crowns await the soul that conquers foes without, within;
 Cowards win not in the race, but victors enter in.

Woman's hour! Ah, can it be my longing eyes behold
 Woman standing on the threshold of the age of gold,
 With the gift of healing, taught of mind and trained of hand,
 Woman, queenly in her right to "comfort and command?"

The motherhood of woman is her richest boon of life;
 Her holiest birth-right is to be a loved and honored wife;
 In her bosom is the refuge for the sick and tempest riven,
 In her faith that holds to God the surest hope of Heaven.

Ah! she could not be physician to the body worn and ill
 Without bringing of the manna that each daily dews distill,
 Manna of her love and blessing, manna of a Father's care,
 He who comforts as a mother, sweetest title written there!

With glad hosannas then we hail the age, the age of gold,
 When purer laws and purer love shall human life enfold,
 When all the doors of sin are barred, the doors of wisdom wide,
 With welcome for the woman who can stand by manhood's side,
 He crowned a king by rightful rule, she queen by regal power,
 Of royal self-blood in the noon of woman's golden hour!

THE ALPINE FLOWER.

Down, down, o'er rocky ledge the chamois hunter fell,
 Till shelving of a fissure chanced his feet to stay.
 Far, far above him rose the white-capped Alpine heights;
 A precipice below. Above, the mountain goat
 With flying feet mocked his despair. The eternal snow,
 Gleaming in the sunshine, winged no prayer to heaven
 On airy flight or icy spire, but shimmered down
 Its glory to the depths below, lighting his tomb.

The weary day was folded in its stern repose
 By dreary curtains of the night. The burning eyes
 Of myriad stars looked down, the while o'er cloud-flecked blue
 The moon trailed silver robes. Oh, solitude so grand!
 Thy speech too deep for human words! Silence,
 whose hush
 Startles to fear at distant roar of glacier's sweep,
 Then vast, profound, as o'er creation's morn held sway.

At last the awful hours sped by and daylight dawned,
 And looking up to greet the light, he saw a flower,
 A little blue-fringed gentian, growing in the rock.
 Borne by the careless wind, the seed had fallen there
 In crevice bare; now for him smiled its lovely bloom.
 "Promise of good! Shall God," thought he,
 "Care for the flower and not for me?"
 And lifting up his voice, there rang
 O'er cliff and mountain glade:
 "God is our refuge and our strength,
 In straits a present aid."

Higher than Alpine crags the echoes of that song
 Moved on and on until they reached a human ear.
 Or did an angel, listening, swiftly bear the need
 To Him who hears our lowliest cry of faith and trust?

Ah, who may know? but answering shouts rolled
 down and down,

Until the hymn, so like a wailing prayer begun,
 Rose like a mighty chorus to the sky again.

How cruel seemed thy fate, O flower of Alpine
 vale,

To find a barren rock whereon to rest!

And yet thy blue-fringed petals wept glad tears of
 joy

When, folded to a loving mother's breast,
 The mission of thy life was told, that saved her boy.
 And like a precious treasure to this day
 In sacred Bible lid thou'rt hid away!

BUILDING THE YEARS.

In the solemn hush of the midnight hour,
 Just twelve months ago, with pride and power,
 The New Year stood where the old had passed
 'Neath the quiet stars, to his rest at last.
 And the earth was so white and so still! Ah, me!
 What would the days of the New Year be?

Then I heard a rustle and a whirl of wings,
 And the air was full of curious things;
 Wee little maidens with bundles of keys,
 Humming like hives of summer-time bees;
 With brushes and easels, and soft waving plumes,
 And caskets that hint of sweetest perfumes.

*"We're building the years: each one as they go,
 We cover with mantles of silvery snow;
 But we stop not to mourn, as you, o'er the tomb,
 For the old must go, and the new must come."*
 And the spirits were off on their mission away,
 Ere the first faint flush of the new born day.

But the rose-light told of their trailing through,
 For every night with its deeper blue
 Brought earlier morn, till the tinkling keys
 Of the raindrops came with the southern breeze.
 These mischievous elves had their work begun,
 Where the unlocked brooks to the rivers run.

For a sound of looms and weavers was heard,
 And the sleepy earth with joy was stirred,
 As a carpet green wove over its brown,
 With its tendril tacks to hold it down;
 And an unseen hand dashed gold in the face
 Of the buttercup smiling with innocent grace.

And up in the trees was a rush of knitting;
 Snow caps on gray heads little fingers were fitting.
 Till apple blossoms scented the fresh spring air,
 And the artists were busy everywhere,
 Bluening the violet, pinking the rose,
 And whitening the lily, opening to close.

Then they lulled the hours as they dreamed along
 With the monotone hum of the summer-time song,
 While they purpled the grape and reddened the
 glow

Of the peaches that hung on the topmost bough
 And the spinners had spun a silken gown
 For the tasseled corn as their heads bent down.

And a mosaic cover of gold was spread
 Where the fields were ripening the people's bread;
 And the woods in crimson banners were gay,
 And browner and browner the nuts each day,
 Till the white frost came, and the squirrel his store
 For winter had found, and the summer was o'er.

Then the jewelers came with their art, the last,
 With crystals to gem the year as it passed;
 And a whirl of snow and sleet and rain,
 And a gleam of light to charm us again,
 Till they brought the wealth of Christmas cheer,
 And are off to begin another New Year.

So build they the years! Are they wiser than we,
 Who build but for Time? We, for Eternity?
 For in their own place each day does its best,
 Content with the future to leave all the rest;
 Yet each year counts one on the dial of Time,
 As its rhythmic bell peals the New Year chime.

And the earth forgets the throe of its pain,
 When it greets the spring and the flowers again;
 And shadows and darkness are left by the way,
 When its sunrise bursts on the glory of day;
 So should we forget life's sorrow and loss;
 So share we its labor, so bear we its cross.

No day is so dull but there's something of beauty;
 No life is so poor but there's something of duty
 That each one must do; but, while we're repining,
 The long night is gone, and the bright sun is shining;
 And all nature smiles with gladness and cheer,
 As it brings once more a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BABYHOOD.

Deep mystery of human life, that holds
 Within the tiny form the hopes of heaven,
 The love and joy of earth!

—The Angel Whisper.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE, the only son of the late Philip Henry Gosse, the naturalist, was born in London on the 21st of September, 1849. For some years he acted as Assistant Librarian in the British Museum, but in 1875 he became transferred to the Board of Trade, a post which he still holds. His principal poetical works are "Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets," written in conjunction with John Arthur Blaikie, 1870; "On Viol and Flute," 1873; "King Erik," a tragedy, 1876; "The Unknown Lover," a drama, 1878; "New Poems," 1879; "The Masque of Painters," 1885, and "Iridausi in Exile, and other Poems," 1886. He has written three monographs, "Gray" ("English Poets of Letters" series); "Raleigh" ("English Poets of Letters"), and "Congreve" ("Great Writers"). He also edited the best edition of Gray's works. He was married in 1875. In 1885 he succeeded Mr. Leslie Stephen as Clark Lecturer in English Literature in Trinity College, Cambridge, being at the same time made an honorary M. A. of that University. F. A. H. E.

PROEM.

If thou disdain the sacred Muse,
Beware lest Nature, past recall,
Indignant at that crime, refuse
Thee entrance to her audience-hall;
Beware lest sea, and sky, and all
That bears reflection of her face
Be blotted with a hueless pall
Of unillumined commonplace.

The moving heavens, in rhythmic time,
Roll, if thou watch them or refrain;
The waves upon the shore in rhyme
Beat, heedless of thy loss or gain;
Not they, but thou, hast lived in vain,
If thou art deaf and blind and dumb,
Parched in the heart of morning rain,
And in the flaming altar numb.

Ah! desolate hour when that shall be,
When dew and sunlight, rain and wind,
Shall seem but trivial things to thee,
Unloved, unheeded, undivined;
Nay, rather let that morning find
Thy molten soul exhaled and gone,
Than in a living death resigned
So darkly still to labor on.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD CITIES.

Where are the cities of the plain
And where the shrines of rapt Bethel?
And Calah built of Tubal-Cain?
And Shinar whence King Amraphel
Came out in arms, and fought, and fell?
Decoyed into the pits of slime
By Siddim, and sent sheer to hell;
Where are the cities of old time?

Where now is Karnak, that great fane,
With granite built, a miracle?
And Luxor smooth without a stain,
Whose graven scripture still we spell?
The jackal and the owl may tell,
Dark snakes around their ruins climb,
They fade like echo in a shell;
Where are the cities of old time?

And where is white Shushan again,
Where Vashti's beauty bore the bell,
And all the Jewish oil and grain
Were brought to Mithridath to sell,
Where Nehemiah would not dwell,
Because another town sublime
Decoyed him with her oracle?
Where are the cities of old time?

ENVOI.

Prince, with a dolorous, ceaseless knell
Above their wasted toil and crime
The waters of oblivion swell:
Where are the cities of old time?

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

"OUT in the meadows the young grass springs,
Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O swallows, and fly with us,
Now that horizons are luminous!
Evening and morning the world of light,
Spreading and kindling, is infinite!"

Far away, by the sea in the south,
The hills of olive and the slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,
Under the heavens that beam and burn;
And all the swallows were gathered there,
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the larks, but flew,
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
 Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said:
 "Musical thought in the mild air floats,
 Spring is coming, and winter is dead!
 Come, O swallows, and stir the air,
 For the buds are all bursting unaware,
 And the drooping eaves and the elm trees long
 To hear the sound of your low sweet song."

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
 Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
 Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
 The call of the thrushes from far, from far;
 Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once,
 Broke out singing the old sweet tones,
 Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
 The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
 Shine with the earliest daffodils,
 When, before sunrise, the cold, clear hours
 Gleam with a promise that noon fulfills,
 Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
 Perched on a spray by a rivulet side,
 Swallows, O swallows, come back again
 To swoop and herald the April rain.

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
 Of the alien birds in their African air,
 And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
 And met in the broad white dreamy square,
 And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
 From the fountain her broad-lipped, earthen cup,
 Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
 "To-morrow the swallows will northward fly!"

LYING IN THE GRASS.

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass,
 I see the world through hot air as through glass,
 And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
 I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
 With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
 Rich glowing color on bare throat and head,
 My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
 I seem to move with them in harmony,—
 A fourth is mowing, and the fourth am I.

The music of scythes that glide and leap,
 The young men whistling as their great arms sweep
 And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
 The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
 And all the lassitude of happy things

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
 That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
 And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
 A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,
 A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
 And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
 Her even-song of love is but half-said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes—
 Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose
 They climb up where the deepest shadows close—

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there—
 I watch his rough hands meet beneath his hair—
 Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer—

Ah, now the rosy children come to play,
 And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay.
 The clear, high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
 They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad—
 Their muffled screams and laughter make me glad—

I long to go and play among them there;
 Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
 And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair—

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
 And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
 What god-head sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
 That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
 And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portrayed,
 Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
 And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
 A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
 Of little children playing in his sight;

2.
THIS SEW
S. 100.

33.

THE
PUBLIC
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Samuel Winston Peck.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire, and young delight, and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright window
through,
The mowers are all gone, and I go, too.

THE BATH.

WITH rosy palms against her bosom pressed
To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,
Lysidice glides down, till, silver-cold,
The water girdles half her glowing breast;
A yellow butterfly on flowery quest
Rifles the roses that her tresses hold:
A breeze came wandering through the fold on
fold
Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.
Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewed
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies.
What vision gratifies those gentle eyes?
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood
Where, while the whole arena shrieks for blood,
Hot in the sand a gladiator dies.

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN age comes by and lays his frosty hands
So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce aware
Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear,
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands;
When time has bound these limbs of mine with
bands,
And hushed mine ears, and silvered all my hair,
May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair
Trouble my soul that meekly girded stands.

As silent rivers into silent lakes,
Through hush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,
Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away,
As ceases in a lamp at break of day
The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He received the rudiments of his education in one of the old field schools of the South, subsequently attending a public school in Illinois, and finally was graduated from the University of Alabama. Three years later he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Bellevue Hospital Medical College. He has never practiced his profession, preferring rather to give the world the music that "Physics pain," the lightening, brightening influence of his melodious measures. The parents of Mr. Peck were of Northern birth, his father being a native of New York, his mother of Connecticut. His father came of Welsh ancestry, his mother was of English descent. Her maiden name was Lucy Randall. The State of Alabama greatly honored his father, E. Wolsey Peck, who was at one time Chief Justice of the State and a lawyer of splendid abilities. He died in 1888, at the advanced age of 89 years. Since the death of his mother, in 1889, Mr. Peck has lived alone in the family mansion near Tuscaloosa. He never, strange to say, made his bow to the muses until he had attained his twenty-fourth year, that is to say, he went through life unconscious of the gift of song until that time. He is what may be termed a successful poet. His first poem, published in the New York *Evening Post*, was a success; so with "Century Songs and Lyrics," and all the fascinating verse which appeared over his name. Of his poem "Mignon," a serenade, Henry W. Grady said: "Nothing more exquisite has ever been written." Joel Chandler Harris, an excellent critic in poetical matters, said of the writer recently: "Peck does not need the services of a musician; his songs set themselves to music." His first volume, "Cap and Bells," pleased instantly and has gone into the third edition. Another volume of songs is now in press and will add to the poet's fast-growing fame. It may be said of him that he has sung his way into the hearts of the people. He sings for the sake of song and for the love of it, and his verse is as near perfect as art can make it.

F. L. S.

A KNOT OF BLUE.

(FOR THE BOYS OF YALE).

SHE hath no gems of luster bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.

Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me.
And what I said, or what I did
That morn, I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid,
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,
That little knot of blue.

ALL FOR YOU.

THE love in my heart is as strong as the hills
And as deep as the fathomless sea,
Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills
The soul of summer with glee.
'Tis faithful, fair as the light of the stars
That beams in the boundless blue,
No selfish mote its radiance mars,
And, sweetheart, 'tis all for you.

All for you!
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever,
Till the angels doubt,
And the stars turn out,
I am yours, sweetheart, forever.

The love in my heart, I know not why
Nor how it came to be,
But the bliss that is mine no gold can buy,
Since love hath come to me.
O, love, love, love! There's nothing so sweet,
To search the wide world through;
My heart is so full of it, every beat
Cries out it is all for you.

All for you!
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever.
Till the angels doubt,
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, sweetheart, forever.

BESSIE BROWN, M. D.

'Twas April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming;
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown;
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town,
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way,
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face, so bright she bore,
I hope that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I, too, grew ill;
My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill,
And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor.

THE DAISY.

THE moon was fair, the night was still,
The summer mists were creeping,
And down the valley by the rill
A tiny fay lay sleeping.

The night was still in fairyland,
Puck strayed, a merry fellow
On mischief bent, within his hand
A shield of white and yellow.

In fairyland, the story goes,
The Fay—Puck never missed her,
But dropped the shield, and on his toes
He slyly crept and kissed her.

The story goes, at morning tide,
The hills no longer hazy,
The shepherds all with wonder eyed
The shield, a dewy daisy.

MIGNON.

ACROSS the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew.
The stars seem kind,
And e'en the wind
Hath pity for my woe,
Ah, must I sue in vain, *ma belle*?
Say no, Mignon, say no!

Ere long the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through;
Let not my heart unanswered ache
That beats alone for you.
Your casement ope,
And bid me hope,
Give me one smile to bless,
A word will ease my pain *ma belle*;
Say yes, Mignon, say yes!

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER.

THE dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh,
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corpses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly;
But hark, what sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom?
It is the cannon's thunder,
It is the voice of doom!

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,
And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high;
The grave and holy brother
To God is saying mass,
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass?

THE ORANGE TREE.

SHE stood beneath the orange tree
With its breathing blooms of white,
And waved a parting kiss to me
Through the waving amber light,
And the evening wind rose mournfully
To meet the coming night.

The stars came out, and I sailed away,
Away through the Mexique Sea,
Away, away, for I could not stay,
And oft on bended knee
I prayed for her I left that day
Beneath the orange tree.

'Tis eventide, and again to me
The summer breezes sigh,
The orange flowers are fair to see,
So tenderly they lie,
But oh! there's a grave 'neath the orange tree,
And I would that I could die!

LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER.

OVER and over the purple clover,
Under the greenwood tree,
Sweet Bessie came straying, for wild flowers
Maying,
And sang in her maiden glee:
"O hey, O ho!
There's a laddy I know
Who joys my face to see,
Fair blossoms I pray, now what shall I say
When Robin comes wooing o' me,
Dear heart,
When Robin comes wooing o' me?"

Over and under the boughs asunder,
 Through the wood came Robin ere long;
 In the olden fashion he caroled his passion,
 And the hawthorn swayed to his song :
 "O hey, O ho!
 The way I know,
 She dropped me this flower to tell :
 But what she will say this blossoming day
 Would that I knew it as well,
 Dear heart,
 Would that I knew it as well."

Over and over the fragrant clover
 The bees went humming till late
 And where is the laddy, and what luck had he
 A-wooing his blithesome mate ?
 O hey, O ho!
 They walk full slow,
 Brown Robin and blushing Bess :
 But what did she say in the wood to-day ?
 I think I will leave you to guess,
 Dear heart,
 I think I will leave you to guess.

AUTUMN GLEE.

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
 For, watch the rain amid the leaves;
 With silver fingers dimly seen
 It makes each leaf a tambourine,
 And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
 To kiss the brow of mother earth,
 Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
 It nods a greeting as you pass.
 Oh! hear the rain amid the leaves—
 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
 For, list the wind among the sheaves;
 Far sweeter than the breath of May
 Or storied scents of old Cathay,
 It blends the perfumes rare and good
 Of spicy pine and hickory wood,
 And with a voice as gay as rhyme
 It prates of rilled mint and thyme.
 Oh! scent the wind among the sheaves—
 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
 Behold the wondrous web she weaves!
 By viewless hands her thread is spun
 Of evening vapors shyly won.
 Across the grass from side to side
 A myriad unseen shuttles glide
 Throughout the night, till on the height
 Aurora leads the laggard light.
 Behold the wondrous web she weaves—
 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

HON. HORACE P. BIDDLE.

HORACE P. BIDDLE was born in the State of Ohio, in what was then Fairfield county, but which is now Hocking county, on the 24th of March, 1811. In his boyhood he received an elementary English education. He afterwards, however, acquired sufficient knowledge, to the eye, of the Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese languages to translate correctly, and as a student of Sir William Jones he acquired some knowledge of several of the Eastern languages. When questioned on the subject of language, he is apt to reply that his "eyes know something of several languages of which his ears, tongue and lips know nothing." Mr. Biddle from early boyhood was not only a lover, but a faithful student, of his books as well as in the great school of the world. In his early manhood he felt a desire to study law and make it his profession, and accordingly took up a line of preparatory studies, natural philosophy, history, Delolme, Hallam's Constitutional England, etc. At the age of twenty-five he applied to the Hon. Thomas Ewing, then a U. S. Senator from Ohio, for advice with regard to the study and practice of the law. He was kindly received by that distinguished man and, after a careful examination, much encouraged. Mr. Ewing recommended him to H. H. Hunter, an eminent lawyer of Lancaster, Ohio, in whose office he was cordially received, and, after studying over two years, was admitted in Cincinnati to the Common Pleas and Supreme Court of Ohio, and in Columbus to the Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States. After his admission Mr. Biddle "traveled the circuit" a year in Ohio, and in 1839 settled and opened an office in Longansport, Ind. He soon won a lucrative practice, rose to the first rank in the profession, and received the highest judicial honors of the State. He was also a member of the Constitution Convention which formed the present constitution of the State. Though Mr. Biddle never neglected his professional studies for any other pursuits, he yet carried on a line of studies in philosophy, science and literature through life. He is of the opinion that these accompanying studies did not interfere with nor lessen his ability as a lawyer, but rather strengthened him in his profession.

Mr. Biddle is the author of several books in science, "The Musical Scale"; in philosophy, "Elements of Knowledge"; in poetry "A Few Poems," "Biddle's Poems," "American Boyhood," "Glances at the World," and a volume entitled "Prose Miscellany." He also has written sev-

eral other books and pamphlets which have been privately printed, but not published, and it is supposed that he has something still in manuscript. In January, 1881, a few weeks before he arrived at the age of seventy, Mr. Biddle retired from all active participation in the current affairs of life. During the first year of his retirement he published all the above books except the "Musical Scale," and the first book of poems, though they essentially existed in manuscript before that time—some of them, indeed, for several years. He still resides in his "Island Home," on an island in the Wabash river, amid his books which he playfully calls his "seven-thousand friends"—but Mr. Biddle is not without "troops of friends" besides these.

E. P. R.

WHO IS SHE.

HER eye is bright, her brow is fair,
Soft azure tints are playing there;
As these her raven locks enshroud,
You see the sky, a star and cloud!

Her lips are like the budding rose,
Just as the leaves its tints disclose;
Her cheeks more like a flower full blown,
Their modest blushes all their own!

Her eyes can tell you what they will,
Her lips can speak while they are still;
And then her smile, so warm and bright,
You feel it like a flash of light!

And thoughts so play around her face,
Their shades of meaning you can trace,
As though they were expressed in full
And told the secret of her soul!

And when she speaks, her low, soft words
Are sweeter than the songs of birds;
And then her mild and sweet discourse
Is musical as warbled verse!

WHERE THE WATER-CRESSES GROW.

WHERE the water-cresses grow,
There I saw, as white as snow,
All begemmed with dew, a hand
Waving such a sweet command
That the tender water-cresses
Seemed to love its soft caresses.

Not a jewel on its fingers,
Yet the flashing light that lingers

Round a diamond is not sweeter
Than their beauty, although fleeter;
Bright as sunlight on the mountain,
Shining on the dimpled fountain.

Timidly, alone I wandered
Where the cresses grow, and pondered
O'er that hand and its fair owner—
Could the sun not make it browner?
Would she come again, or no,
Where the water-cresses grow?

In a cottage not afar,
By the path across the bar,
There I sought that gentle hand—
Winning it at Love's command.
Now, no more alone I go
Where the water-cresses grow.

SPRING TIME.

WHEN spring flowers blossom the song-birds will
come;

The roses are silent, the blue-bells are dumb;
But the plumage of birds and the beauty of flowers,
With fragrance and song, will enliven the bowers.

The earth will be green and the sky will be blue,
All nature will waken and burst forth anew,
All beings created will lift up their voice,
And mountains will echo and streams will rejoice.

The sun, on his journey, will cherish the fields,
And kiss the bright waves that glitter like shields;
Fresh showers will fall when the clouds spread their
wings,
And fountains pellucid will leap from their springs.

When low sink the sunbeams, the moonlight will
shine,
And starlight will twinkle like gems from the mine,
And dew-drops will answer the rays from above,
And hearts will respond to the hearts that they love!

HOME MEMORIES.

I HAD a mother, but, ere six summers' sun
Had kissed my boyish locks, she was no more.
Thus gone, my guide, when life had just begun,
And I too young my guardian to deplore,
Yet memory wanders back to days of yore
And finds one tender place no time can hide;
'Tis deeply printed in my bosom's core;
'Twas when she faintly called me to her side,
Kissed my wet cheek, begged blessings on her
boy and died!

I had a father and I had a home;
 It was an humble cottage near the grove.
 I left my father and the humble dome,
 While yet my chin the boy did plainly prove;
 He gave me all he had to give, his love;
 And well my heart remembers how the tear
 Stole down his aged cheek, and how I strove
 To hide my own. Again, ere sped a year,
 I came; the cottage stood, my father was not
 there!

And there was one whose name I never speak,
 Lest some unfeeling ear should hear it told;
 Perchance I breathe it in my dreams, but wake
 To know that now her answering lips are cold.
 How miserly the wounded heart will hold
 Its cherished thoughts and count them o'er and
 o'er!

As soon it would unto the knife unfold
 Its half-healed wounds, and gash them to the core,
 As tell them to the world deeper to probe the sore!

I strewed my friendships as doth Autumn seeds;
 Some fell on soil that paid my heart ten-fold,
 And some on earth that naught will yield but weeds;
 Some fell on rocks and perished with the cold;
 Some serpents grew, to catch me in their fold
 And spit their venom on my wandering feet,
 Or, reptile-like, to sting me from their hold,
 Wily as he who made our mother eat,
 Vile things, unworthy of my love, alike my hate!

Such was my home; I left it when a lad.
 Years, years had fled; again I sought the door;
 None met me there to make my bosom glad;
 My father and my mother were no more!
 I raised the humble latch and paced the floor;
 The hearth was cold, and desolate the room;
 I spoke, the walls gave back a hollow roar;
 The winds were sighing through the open dome,
 And whispering to my soul: "This is no more
 your home!"

THE BIRTH OF CUPID.

A TEAR-DROP fell from an angel's eye,
 And lodged in the cup of a flower;
 While trembling there, 'twas embraced by a sigh
 And Cupid was born in the bower!

Thus sprung from embraces so sweetly impressed
 The child of a sigh and a tear,
 And reared on the sweets of a flow'ret's breast,
 Why marvel he's wayward, sweet, tender and
 dear?

THE WORLD.

How fondly we think during innocent childhood,
 That the world is a garden where flowers e'er
 spring,
 A beautiful vale, or a sweet-scented wildwood,
 Where 'mid the green branches the birds gaily
 sing.

But, alas! sad experience tells us too plainly
 That our garden's a desert where beasts ever
 prow!;
 The vale and the wildwood a wilderness lonely,
 And the song of the birds some hideous howl!

WHAT IS LOVE?

TELL me, sweet poet, what is love?
 Tell me, wise sage, what thou can'st prove!
 Ovid once taught the art of love,
 And many sages sought to prove
 That love is that, and love is this;
 That love is agony and bliss;
 That love is wisdom, love is folly;
 That love is mirth and melancholy;
 That love is frenzied passion solely;
 That love is sacred yet unholy.

The sage's truth and the poet's fiction
 Are endless in their contradiction.
 When love is true it has no art—
 'Tis Nature's wisdom in the heart;
 And as it is not mind nor thought,
 It ne'er by lesson can be taught.
 'Tis only love that teaches love,
 And love alone itself can prove.
 Go, teach a heart that never felt;
 Blend precious metals ere they melt;
 Go, warble music to the deaf,
 Or show the blind the lily's leaf.

Ask not the poet nor the sage;
 Seek not to learn from word or page;
 A single heart-throb teaches more
 Than poet's muse or sages' lore;
 The simplest pair, sweetheart and swain,
 The dullest of the vale or plain,
 Know more than those who never loved,
 And what the wisest never proved.
 What love is, with its joy and woe,
 None but the lover e'er can know;
 To those who never felt the flame
 Love can be nothing but a name.

THE COTTAGE FLOWER.

I KNOW a spot where I love to go,
The dearest of all to me,
'Tis where, when the zephyrs gently blow,
They bend the tall poplar tree!

Where the waves of the streamlet dancing play
O'er the rocks like a tiny sea;
Where the moon looks down with her sweetest ray
On the cot by the poplar tree!

But 'tis not the tree, nor the cot that's there,
That I love the best to see;
For I know a flower more sweet and fair,
That blooms by the poplar tree!

I've gazed on the flower of many a spot
And still was wild as the bee,
But I've seen the one that lives in the cot
That stands by the poplar tree!

INVOCATION.

O LOVE! by thee we breathe and live,
All mystery revealing;
Without thee life could not survive,
Nor soul, nor heart, nor feeling,
Nor passion, nor emotion, thought,
Nor joy, nor consolation;
Without thy spirit these were naught,
Thou parent of creation!

LIFE.

The summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Forever come and go,
And with them take away or bring
Our happiness and woe.
Around the globe the seasons sweep,
The night succeeds the day;
We play and love, we work and weep,
Then hope, and pass away!

—Home and Parents.

BROTHERHOOD.

A noble boyhood, free and frank,
A noble manhood makes;
'Tis not the name, nor blood, nor rank,
That either saves or wrecks.
For all mankind are not of blood
Born to a common right;
All have one common Father, God,
Who rules us in his might!
—Childhood and Age.

HARVEY N. BLOOMER.

HARVEY NELSON BLOOMER was born in the City of New York, 12th January, 1871. After receiving a good education he obtained a position with Chas. Scribner's Son, of New York City. During his school life he wrote several poems and edited a school paper, but after entering the Scribner's employ his love for literature was increased by the literary atmosphere in which he was.

As part of his work was to look over the papers in which were reviews of all current literature, he thus acquired a very good knowledge of what was going on in the world of letters. He soon became very ambitious to have his name in print, and his poetical genius soon brought his hopes to reality. His first poem was published and paid for by the *Young Men's Journal*, and he was requested to become a regular contributor. Since then he has improved wonderfully and has written steadily. Among the periodicals to which Mr. Bloomer has contributed are: *Puck*, *Judge*, *Young Men's Journal*, *Boston Budget*, *Western Rural*, *The Jury*, *Overland Magazine*, *Riverside Magazine*, *Golden Days*, *New York Herald*, and he has lately become sporting editor of the *Outing Magazine*, leaving the Scribners' March 11th, 1891. Love for literature has kept him from going into business with his father, who is a member of the New York Produce Exchange. Mr. Bloomer's later poems show most remarkable improvement. He is well known by all the city editors and has a large number of friends, who seem to see a great deal to admire in this young journalist.

A. M. S.

RINGS.

I GAVE my lady a moonstone ring;
It is for luck, they say;
And I wish her well,
Sweet Isabel,
Until her dying day.

I gave my dear a turquoise ring
To match her bonny eyes;
It is fair, forsooth,
But the eyes of youth
Naught matches but the skies.

I gave my sweetheart a crimson ring,
A ruby, deep and true,
Like a drop, blood-red,
From the heart, I said,
That will live or die for you.

But a gold band now can I give my love;
 From that she will never part;
 And the setting 'twill be
 Of what is to me
 The rarest of gems—her heart.

KISS MY EYELIDS DOWN.

THE light is fading down the sky,
 The shadows grow and multiply,
 I hear the thrush's evening song;
 But I have borne with toil and wrong
 So long, so long,
 Dim dreams my drowsy senses drown,
 So, darling, kiss my eyelids down.

My life's brief spring went wasted by,
 My summer's ended fruitlessly,
 I learned to hunger, strive and wait;
 I found you, love, O, happy fate,
 So late, so late;
 Now all my fields are turning brown,
 So, darling, kiss my eyelids down.

 O, blessed sleep! O, perfect rest!
 Thus pillowed on your faithful breast;
 Nor life nor death is wholly dear;
 O, tender heart, since you are here,
 So dear, so dear,
 Sweet love, my soul's sufficient crown;
 Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down.

A CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR friend, I sit alone to-night,
 And so to you I fain would write,
 But not in hum-drum black and white,
 With common ink and paper.
 Such words as I would say to you
 Should blazoned be in tender hue,
 As monks of old in missive drew
 Initials tall and taper.

If I could borrow just a part
 Of all their quaint, symbolic art,
 I might translate what's in my heart,
 Perhaps, in fitting fashion.
 But where's the modern pen can hold
 Sufficient store of red and gold
 To paint the leaflet, snowy cold,
 With tints of pain or passion?

In vain you'll seek them on this page,
 Fair fancies form a by-gone age;
 Yet if you wish my thoughts to gage,
 There is a sort of gleaming,

Love's golden gains that through them sl
 So do not heed these written signs,
 For you must read between the lines
 To gather all my meaning.

LOVE'S RETURN.

THEY had a quarrel, and she sent
 His letters back next day;
 His ring and all his presents went
 To him without delay.

"Pray send my kisses back to me,"
 He wrote, "could you forget them?
 She answered quickly that he
 Must come himself and get them.

JUNE LOVE.

O, LOVE is weak,
 Which counts the answers and the gains,
 Weighs all the losses and the pains,
 And eagerly each fond word drains,
 A joy to seek.

Where love is strong,
 It never tarries to take heed,
 Or know if its returns exceed
 Its gifts; in its sweet haste no greed,
 No strife belong.

It hardly asks
 If it be love at all to take,
 So barren seems, when it can make
 Such bliss, for the loved's sake,
 Of little tasks.

ON CLOTHES.

I've always heard that girls were fond
 Of having lots of clothes,
 And shoes, and gloves, and hats,
 And all such things as those.

And that they thought of nothing else
 Than getting a new gown,
 And each one longed to have more frocks
 Than all the rest in town.

But Mamie's not that sort of girl;
 For clothes she little cares;
 If this you doubt, just look and see
 The bathing suit she wears.

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J. B. Taylor, M.D.
(S. Q. Lufkin.)

JAMES BALL NAYLOR, M. D.

JAMES BALL NAYLOR, was born in Penn-township, Morgan county, Ohio, October 4th, 1861. His opportunities for acquiring education were limited, but he took a thorough course in the common schools and re-inforced that by extensive self-study. Soon after attaining his majority he began the study of his profession and was graduated from Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio, in March, 1886. Since his graduation Dr. Naylor has devoted himself to active practice, and has already taken high rank in his profession. He is a hard student, a close observer and untiring worker in whatever field of labor he enters. In 1889 he began to write for the press, and from the beginning his poems as they were published in the *Morgan County Democrat*, attracted attention and were the subject of favorable comment. They had in them the ring of the true metal, and the public were not slow to appreciate that fact. Since then Dr. Naylor has written a number of poems for many of the best daily and weekly papers in the country, as well as several leading medical journals. His growing reputation has in no way spoiled his disposition for best work, and that he has as yet but fairly entered in a successful literary career is the measure of the belief shared by those who have watched his efforts closest and who know him best. J. B. T.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

THE mid-day sun rises overhead,
His smiling face a copper-red,
And through the crisp, frost-bitten air,
From grassy knoll to hill-top bare,
A hazy vapor breathes;
Like one, who, laughing at a joke,
Exhales a puff of fragrant smoke,
And hiding half his jolly face
Behind the folds of floating lace,
Peeps through the filmy wreaths.

Adown yon hazel-lined ravine,
The ragged sandstone cliffs between,
Where fallen leaves, all gold and red,
Are clogging fast the stony bed,
A silver ribbon shines;
And through the smoky atmosphere
There floats aloft, now dull, now clear,
The water's tinkling sound, and then
It whispers through the rocky glen,
Like night wind in the pines.

Among the shocks of bladed corn,
Where Plenty fills her lavish horn,
A flock of black-birds speeding south
Have paused to feed each hungry mouth,
And chatter, fight and scream.
Across the plowed and seeded fields,
Where fresh-cast grain a harvest yields
The chipmunk, sleek and brown, a pair
Of south-bound geese divides the air;
Their snowy pinions gleam.

The year is growing rich and old,
The yellow corn, like heaps of gold,
And purple grapes, whose clusters shine
Like amethysts from Asia's mine,
Are riches vast, untold.
The luscious apples overhead
Are precious rubies shining-red.
The hale year hums a harvest song,
Enjoys his wealth, thinks life is long;
But he is growing old!

BLUE EYES ARE PEEPING AT ME.

WHEN the birds sing their songs in the gray morning light,
And the blushing east heralds the sun;
When my spirit awakes from the slumber of night,
And rejoices that day is begun;
I hear a sweet voice—'tis a dear little girl's,
Shouting in innocent glee,
And a pair of blue eyes, from under brown curls,
Are roguishly peeping at me.

I'm at work in my office, I hear a low sound,
And the door on its hinges swings wide;
I cease from my labor and, turning around,
Find a wee, bonny form at my side.
A sweet, childish face is uplifted to mine,
A small hand caresses my knee,
And from under brown tresses, so silken and fine,
Two blue eyes are peeping at me.

'Tis night, and ensconced in my big easy chair,
I'm perusing a late magazine;
A small graceful form has ascended the stair,
And will quickly appear on the scene.
Then a speedy farewell to both paper and book,
Au revoir to all sweet reverie,
For sparkling with fun, from yon shadowy nook,
Blue eyes will be peeping at me.

And so I imagine, whatever I do,
Or wherever I chance to be,
That those little eyes so surpassingly blue,
Are continually peeping at me.

And I earnestly hope, when my sails are unfurled,
 To embark on eternity's sea,
 When I take a last look at this beautiful world,
 That those blue eyes 'll be peeping at me.

THE ICE KING.

FROM out the sunless, snow-bound north
 The cruel Ice King issued forth,
 And, speeding south, with chilling force
 He swept the flowers from his course.
 He locked the river in a vise,
 And set his teeth of flinty ice
 Deep in the bosom of the lake;
 And where the long sedge-grasses quake,
 He placed his heavy ice-clogged feet
 And trailed a snowy winding sheet.

The luscious autumn fruit he nipped,
 The singing brook he fiercely gripped
 And held it in a clutch so chill
 Its laughing voice was frozen still.
 He climbed the mountain, gray and tall,
 And frowned upon the water-fall;
 One bubbling cry, one final leap,
 And, wrapped in dreamless, deathlike sleep,
 The waters stand a glassy tower,
 To show the Ice King's wondrous power.

* * * * *

The sweet south wind, a gay young thing,
 Smiled warmly on the stern old king;
 His frosted cheek she fondly kissed,
 The great, grim god could not resist,
 But, laughing, shook his hoary beard,
 And toward the Northland disappeared!

WHEN NIGHT STALKS IN.

WHEN Night stalks in!
 A veil of somber, ragged lace
 Is thrown across the fair moon's face;
 The demons of the upper air
 Are howling, shrieking everywhere;
 They raise one universal shout
 As Heaven's lamps are blotted out,
 And haggard Night, amidst the din,
 Is swiftly, surely ushered in.

When Night stalks in!
 The sooty clouds drop slowly down,
 And fogs of dingy yellow crown
 The chimney tops. The feeble glare
 Of lamps illumine the outer air;
 Anon, the sweeping rain and sleet
 Invade the darkened, slush-paved street,
 And revelry, and death, and sin
 With gruesome night are ushered in.

When Night stalks in!
 The river, lashed by icy rain,
 With sullen moan betrays its pain,
 And, rushing past the bridge's piers,
 It foams and frets in useless tears.
 Along the wet, deserted street,
 Where traffic's pulse was wont to beat,
 Dense blackness holds, and o'er the to
 Night's sable garments settle down.

A LITTLE SPRIG OF GOLDEN-ROD.

THE meadow fields were brown and bare
 A hint of frost was in the air,
 The autumn sun shone round and red,
 And fleecy clouds were overhead,
 When peeping from the way-side sod,
 I found this sprig of golden-rod.

It sent no perfume, rich and rare,
 To permeate the noontide air,
 But, springing from the mossy mold,
 It gleamed a gem of purest gold,
 And meekly in the breeze did nod,
 This little sprig of golden-rod.

So, Birdie dear, I give to you
 This little flower of golden hue.
 Tho' you a humble station fill,
 Oh, may you do the holy will
 Of him who's recognized as God,
 E'en by this sprig of golden-rod!

FLINT AND STEEL.

THOUGH the steel be the finest that ever
 wrought,
 And be polished a silver-bright,
 Yet no glittering spark will be struck in the da
 To scatter the gloom of night,
 Unless the steel, with resounding peal,
 The opposing flint doth smite.

Though a man have the strength of a Hercule
 And an arm like a weaver's beam,
 Yet no hammer will swing and no anvil will r
 No fire in the forge will gleam,
 If he drop his hand at Sloth's command,
 And idly sit and dream.

Should a mind have a scope that is infinite,
 And be keen as a tempered blade,
 Yet its quota to truth will be meager forsooth,
 No conquest will ever be made,
 If against the hosts that ignorance boasts
 Its forces be not arrayed.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD was born in Rochester, N. Y., August 7th, 1843, and received his education in New York City and California, to which State he removed with his father when but twelve years of age. In 1864 he made a voyage to the Hawaiian Islands, where he has since passed much time, and, as traveling correspondent for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, visited many of the islands of the South Seas, Europe, Asia, Africa and the Pacific slope from Alaska to Mexico. Mr. Stoddard began very early to cultivate, during his travels and by a keen sense of observation, the poetic spirit, which has since borne such beautiful fruits in his prose as well as poetry, and has proved himself a worthy master of the art of going everywhere and seeing everything, retaining at the same time the rare faculty of clothing his descriptions of life and travel in such language that the most commonplace incident becomes a veritable poem, while one is impelled to turn again and again to his finer efforts, finding at each reading some new beauty of thought and expression. Mr. Stoddard for a short time stood before the footlights as an actor. Has contributed to many magazines and has also frequently appeared upon the lecture platform. In 1885-86 he was professor of English literature in Notre Dame College, in Indiana, and at present occupies the position of lecturer upon English literature in the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. Among other books which bear his name as author are "Poems," "South Sea Idyls," "Mashallah, a Flight into Egypt," "The Lepers of Molokai," and a sweet and reverent book to tell why and how he became a Catholic; and if proof were needed to emphasize the fact of his fine spirit and spiritual perception, it is surely found in "A Troubled Heart." "South Sea Idyls" has been a classic ever since its first appearance, and the reader is at once carried away to the charm of far distant lands, while the poem "Premonition" is described by a well-known writer as a perfect lyric.

H. S.

ARABESQUE.

EYES whose every glance is such
I feel it like a velvet touch;

Eyes that all my comfort slay,
Yet grieve me when they turn away;

Eyes that flicker without fire;
That look and burn without desire;

That seem to darken while they beam,
And dart a shadow with each gleam;

Eyes that smolder while they sleep,
And glow like planets when they peep
From an unfathomable deep;

Eyes that wound for pleasure's sake,
That languish when they triumph take,
And slumber most when most awake;

Eyes that blur and blind my sight;
That see my pain, that know my plight.
O, thrill me, kill me with delight,
Ye dark moons in a silver night!

SAIL HO!

I HEARD a rustle in my garden patch,
I saw a shadow bow beneath my thatch,
One morning while the dawn was breaking fast;
And, coming near, a nervous hand was passed
Across my face, and some one bade me wake,
And "hasten to the cliff, for Heaven's sake:
A sail was shining in the eastern sea!"
"A sail!" I gasped; "the Saints compassion me.
Go you and fire the signal-pyre!" I said.
The shadow turned, and in a moment fled;
And soon I followed pale, and scant of breath,
For on that chance was staked my life or death.
I skirted the long shore of the lagoon,
Shining and moist, shaped like a crescent moon,
And scaled the rocky battlements that rise,
Like a great wall, against the eastern skies;
The morning air blew down a fragrant whiff,
Combing the wind-burnt grasses on the cliff.
The cactus' thousand thorny palms were spread
Against a sun-cloud hanging, hot and red,
In the horizon; and a little way
Off, in the bright, blue depths of dawning day,
A fair and flickering atom, star-like, pale,
I saw a sole and solitary sail.
Then, down I knelt and prayed. The biting fire
Curled the green balsams of my signal-pyre,
And sent a bold, black shaft into the air,
That towered above the shadows and grew fair,
Like to a palm in stature, full of grace,
Waving its sable plumes before the face
Of all the world; and, as it would appear,
Commanding that the voyager should draw near.
I shut away the sight, in deep suspense,
Half drugged with the rich odors of the dense
And multiplying fumes that hung about,
And half afraid to struggle with my doubt.
The sun arose, and all the world was gay;
The sweet winds spirited the mists away,

I lifted up my eyes, where I was bowed,
 And, through the portals of a golden cloud,
 Beheld the vessel, by fair breezes fanned,
 Trimming her sails, and making for the land.
 But when she shaped her course toward the shore,
 And I was sure my banishment was o'er,
 Somehow I was not happy, for I grew
 So jealous of the solitude I knew,
 And loved my Island dearer than before!

IN CLOVER.

O SUN! be very slow to set;
 Sweet blossoms, kiss me on the mouth;
 O birds! you seem a chain of jet
 Blown over from the south.

O cloud! press onward to the hill;
 He needs you for his failing streams;
 The sun shall be my solace still,
 And feed me with his beams.

And you, round-shouldered bumble-bee,
 You smuggler! breaking my repose,
 I'll slyly watch you now and see
 Where all the honey grows.

O, there is room enough for two;
 I'd sooner be your friend than not,
 Forgetful of the world, as true,
 I would it were forgot.

THE TOAST.

FILL me this glass—it is antique Venetian,
 Fair as a bubble from the Adrian sea;
 Pour me a draught of nectar—Cyprian, Grecian,
 None of the *ordinaire* this night for me.

I drink, my boys, to that entrancing vision,
 A dream o' the summer's night I'll ne'er forget;
 I drink to her, green o' the land elysian,
 The dear, delicious girl I never met.

Here's to the heart she gave me as I slumbered,
 The arms that drew me to a haven of bliss;
 The waiting moments, rapturous, unnumbered,
 World without end, the chrism of the kiss!

Here's to the dreamland home, our Eden dwelling,
 Unchanged forever and forever more;
 And to our mutual love, immortal, swelling
 Melodiously upon the shadowy shore.

Here's to that perfect one, mine own, mine only,
 And to that dreamful life she shapes for me;
 And to those other joys, O earth, how lonely!
 The babes I've never dandled on my knee!

EXILE.

UNDER heavy eyelids lie
 Glowing breadths of tropic sky;
 A cloud like incense in the west;
 An isle upon the ocean's breast;
 Long, crested waves that haste to reach
 And perish on a snow-white beach;
 A shining shallop, trim and frail,
 Borne down upon a spicy gale;
 Two lovers in the ocean vast,
 Two lovers loving well at last
 Within the shadow of the sail.

Under heavy eyelids creep
 Fitful shadows fraught with sleep;
 Subtle odors in the air
 Pause and tremble everywhere;
 Melancholy night-birds sing;
 Fire-flies are on the wing;
 In those fragrant dells of fern
 Round the cactus blossoms burn;
 "Two lovers fleeing from the past,
 Two lovers loving well at last,
 Shall never to the world return."

A PARABLE OF NATURE.

THE parables of Nature run
 From the glow-worm to the sun;
 There is no land, there is no speech
 Nor language, but her voices teach
 Therein a truth to every one,
 And multitudinous tongues confess
 The marvel of her fruitfulness.

I know an answer unaware
 Given an unbeliever's prayer,
 Who hastens now his joy to tell.

The valley springs had ceased to flow;
 For many days no water fell
 From out the desert of the sky;
 Thirsting, I cried to the Most High,
 With fiery thirst I cried to heaven:
 "Unto the prophet it was given,
 When leading forth his erring flock,
 To smite upon the dusty rock,
 That, smitten, sweated living streams.
 Alas! no staff prophetic brings
 My stumbling feet to hidden springs."

With this I turned. A few faint gleams
Of amber sunshine seemed to place
A golden ladder out of space;
I followed to its radiant base,
And lo! a tabernacle set
Beneath a mossy minaret,
A sanctuary decked with grace.

It was a simple woodland shrine,
With walls of bark and rails of vine,
A thousand bees with drowsy drone,
Their luscious harvest now complete,
Suddenly sounded a retreat,
And left me with their treasure sweet.

When the last belted bee had flown,
Each golden-girdled pillager
His song of triumph did prefer,
Leaving me in the wood alone.
I gathered the delicious spoil;
My heart was full; the bounteous hoard
With deft and cautious hand was stored
In the scented hollow of my gourd.

Onward I tracked the hidden vales,
Whose secret dell no keeper hath,
And whither leads no broader path
Than the bird wings, or wild goat trails;
And whereunto no stranger goes
But scents this secret of the air;
The green asylum of the rose
Is sheltered in the shadow there.

Upon the marge of the savanna
A soft gale shook the wild banana;
Its yellow nuggets in a shower
Heaped at the entrance of a bower
Seemed offerings of heavenly manna.
And scarce did I this harvest reap,
With a few guavas freshly cut,
With pungent limes,—how quickly pressed!—
When lo! a spinning cocoanut
Out of its quaint and airy nest
With sudden impulse seemed to leap.

On mossy pillows that might steep
A wakeful brow in dreams of peace,
My spirit found its sure release;
The waving mantle of the bough
Spread a thin shadow on my brow,
And poppy leaves prolonged my sleep.

Such is a life of faith; to ask
For meat, and lo! a limping kid
Caught in the jungle, but half hid;

For drink, and lo! the gilded flask
Of the plump orange, which I rid
Of its rich nectar, unforbid.

Thus in my hunger was I stayed
With fruits, and thus my feet were led
In the strange paths where, unafraid,
I journeyed and was comforted!

THE COCOA TREE.

CAST on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me;
Onward I drifted till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nest against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case;
Widowed within this solitary place,
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibers stiffen and grow numb,
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never
come.

ALBATROSS.

TIME can not age thy sinews, nor the gale
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,
Lone sentry of the deep!
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form
Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,
Grow blank in utter death?
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee
bare,
Invulnerable spirit of the air,
And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave,
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,
Caught by the shrieking blast,
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked,
On an eternity of waters rocked,
Defiant to the last!

SOLITAIRE.

Hour after hour
 I measure these lean ribs of weary land
 And count the wind-cut ruffles in the sand,
 With sparkling strips of sun and strips of shade;
 I see the aloe bud, and bloom, and fade,
 Hour after hour.

Day after day,
 Bright is the morning sun, and fierce the noon;
 The pulseless air cleaves to me in a swoon;
 The low-voiced water-fall, with muffled note,
 The hoarse sea howling from some cavern throat,
 Are all my answers while I watch and pray,
 Day after day.

Year after year
 I feel my o'ertasked sight begin to fail
 With vainly watching for some phantom-sail,
 Entombed within my crystal wall of sea;
 No tender human footstep quickens me;
 No sweet and homely human appear
 Year after year.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

TRUSTING a golden hour, I set my sail
 Where mellow winds prevail;
 I was alone upon the waters wide;
 No dear companion nestled at my side;
 Strange currents beat against my shallop frail,
 I could not stem the tide.

A hand invisible, but firm and bold,
 My fixed helm controlled;
 On, on I drifted to a glowing land,
 Wherein the air was fraught with odors bland;
 The ripples slid in many a shining fold
 Along the sloping sand.

Peace made her nest within a sheltered bower,
 The forests were in flower;
 And there I heard a voice, with heart elate,
 A winning voice, prophetic, like a fate—
 A voice that blessed with me the happy hour
 That bore me to my mate.

MERIDIAN.

THE sea is blazing all around;
 An idle bark is inward bound;
 The ripples lap upon the reef;
 The gulls' dull flight is low and brief;

The long beach-grass begins to fade;
 The sea-crabs sidle to a shade;
 The cocoa hangs its nutted head,
 And nothing stirs; the wind is dead.

The peopled plain is still as death;
 No cricket chirps, for lack of breath;
 A scorching dust is in the air;
 The glitter blinds me everywhere;
 The hills are limned in colors fleet
 And quiver in the noon-day heat;
 The lizards sleep upon the wall,
 An empty sky is over all.

ONE LIFE.

Upon the woven leaf,
 Upon the ruined flower,
 I find my life portrayed in brief,
 My life from hour to hour.

A frail leaf fit to die;
 A young bud fed with dew;
 The faithful air of heaven by,
 While no wind roughly blew.

All day for my delight,
 From dawn to dark my own,
 One butterfly, delaying flight,
 That left me not alone.

A humming-bird to float
 Upon a breath, a bee
 To blow a long complaining note,
 Invited were of me.

A rill below a rock,
 A pool to revel in,
 A lonely lad, a wandering flock,
 Were all my kith and kin.

A tropic time of growth,
 A twilight long and mild;
 Delay, O Autumn! I am loth
 To meet thee—well beguiled.

Forbid a leaf to fade,
 Forbid a bough to fall,
 Until one perfect bloom be made
 More beautiful than all.

I know that Time and Death
 Will wither me away;
 Yet of that perfect flower one breath
 May brighten all the day.

MARIA CLIFF.

S CLIFF was born in London, in 1861, but is at present living at Nisbet Hall, Fulneck, and beautifully situated residence overlooking the lovely Valley of Tong, lying between Leeds and Bradford, and almost directly opposite to Nisbet Hall, the mansion of Sir Robert Tempest, which stately pile overlooks the whole from east to west. The situation, although somewhat marred by the glimpse of distant coal and iron works, is yet one full of poetic interest. Is it to be wondered at that any one with the gift of poesy within should find its door opened and its fountain bursting forth in this favored locality, more especially when the subject has been well educated and its artistic faculties trained?

Cliff is not merely a poet, but also an artist and musical composer of no mean merit. But, under circumstances and surroundings may and may not develop the faculty of poetry, the effect of nature is quite independent of them. Cliff is a child of nature's own production, confident, impulsive, sensitive, true. Thus poetry is before all things natural; there is no need to shine by a crowd of similes and metaphors, by the use of lofty-sounding sentences, or of grand and abstruse ideas, such as characterize the work of our more pretentious poets. Neither is she a prolific writer. The most of her poetry has been written during the last five years, her first appearance in print being in 1884. Of the private life of Maria Cliff little need be said, or if told would only tend to interest the reader. She claims descent from a family of Huguenots who escaped from France during the massacre of St. Bartholemew, her father, John Cliff, Esq., F. G. S. F. R. Historical Society, is the oldest grandson of John Cliff, one of the famous fire brick works at Workely, Leeds. J. T. B.

ROSE-ELLEN.

(PREMATURE DEATH.)

From thy stem so early! Can it be
Heaven prefers the radiant bloom of youth,
And 'rest blossoms of humanity,
Rest heart of innocence and truth,
All its number? Ah! it must be so,
And the sweet voice lingered longer here.
It must be so; or yet thy beauty's glow
Will remained for some one to revere!
Heaven in its justice doth not slay,

Except God give its holy hand the power,
Nor doth grief bitterly upon us lay
Without his ord'ring. Thus hopefully we lower
Thy body, low within the silent tomb,
Believing thy sweet soul hath pierced its gloom!

"CHILL OCTOBER'S" SONG.

I'm chill October, come at last,
As true as in old ages past!
September's blown his parting blast
To warn you of my coming!
And I am come to warn you. List!
Of lurking winds and spiteful mist,
Which seldom yet a cheek has kissed,
Except in vicious cunning!

Behind yon hills, in half repose,
Sleeping, because no aim he knows,
November lurks, with freezing nose,
Half grumbling and half roaming!
He loves me not! He scorns my face!
Too well I bear the power to grace
These empty boughs—he *can't* replace—
Therefore he loveth not!
Like some grim ghost behind a grave,
Crouched, frightened at the sunset wave,
Or any sound his own feet gave,
That dismal creature waiteth!
So pale his cheeks with idleness,
So mean his eyes with greediness
To slay the blooming loveliness
Of Earth, my blood goes freezing!
No hope, while he is hovering o'er
The haunts of birds, and scant the store
The ant shall claim; she sings no more,
But on her hill sits sneezing!

So come, ye lovers of the bowers,
Cull the few joys which still are ours!
Admire my forests, since bright flowers
No more rise plentiful!
Grasp me, dear brother, by the hand,
Nor grieve that o'er the dismal land
My son shall wield his misty wand;
Am I *not* beautiful?

THE ANSWER.

TO THE "ROSE OF YOUTH"
(From the German.)

You tell us, howso swift it pass,
I must hold fast youth's weather-glass,
That in my bosom all unseen
Youths' rose must bloom like evergreen,
But what if it lies withered?

I never blamed the day for dying.
The golden cloud above for flying,
Nor yet the stream because 'twas flowing,
Or spring, which blesseth me in going;
I loved, but never gathered!

I know that years will follow years,
Yet say not thou "love knows no fears."
In a faithful heart deep lies my Rose,
And lo! it only buds, not blows,
For the tears have weighed it wet!

It droops! within my heart entwined
So close I love its leaves to bind!
That rose of youth no sun can know;
Deceit hath crushed those petals low!
For men are not angels yet!

Still, thou sayest it shall blossom;
That 't will blossom yet in evening glow?
Oh! shall I plant it or still forget,
In a faithful heart? Well, let it blow!
Let it die! Who cares? Who'll know?

CHILDHOOD.

MAN's childhood is one long, unfinished prayer,
Which language can't express, nor signs declare.
Ah! happy childhood! envied much of them
Whose road in life is set with many a thorn!
When love had rear'd, not bruised, the gentle stem
Which bare the flowers of his thoughts unborn!
When he could rest, forgetting every ill,
And wake again the morrow's joys to meet!

But earth's great cities hold a million feet
Bleeding and chafed, unblest in kindness still,
Whose very life-dawn wakened unto sighs,
Whose baby-griefs no mother's fondness stays,
Who live on, suffering thro' their lonely days,
Begun, to end, where wars unheeded rise!
Their tears fall thicker, faster, every hour,
But those little hands have never press'd a flower!

* * * * *

Those children, traveling by two paths on earth,
Are all one Father's, and each tiny heart
He knows and numbers, giving it a part
Where it shall know beyond the gate of death!

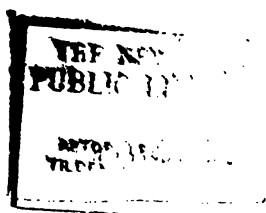
JUNE.

Yet, tho' so bright with gladness,
Bright June was born to bear,
Like men, its shades of sadness!
Its sigh, its pain, its tear!

—June.

JULIA DITTO YOUNG.

JULIA EVELYN DITTO was born in Buffalo, N. Y., December 4th, 1857. Her father, the late John A. Ditto, was widely known as a man of great skill in his profession, civil engineering, and was for two terms city engineer of Buffalo. Her mother, formerly Miss Margaret McKenna, was not without literary ambitions, but circumstances combined to develop her artistic talents in another direction, and she has produced many fine oil paintings. Mrs. Young is, however, by no means the first of her family to achieve literary distinction, for she is the niece of Miss Margaret Emma Ditto, of Wellesley, Mass., the well-known writer of humorous and original boys' stories. Julia received her education in a grammar-school and in the State Normal School in Buffalo. Miss Ditto was married December 30th, 1876, to Robert D. Young, at present cashier of the Erie County Savings Bank. Two sons have blessed this union. The elder, Sydney, was born October 22nd, 1877, and died March 28th, 1882; the younger, Lawrence, is a bright and promising boy. Mrs. Young's first literary efforts date back to her early childhood. Once, when she was about six years old, she complained to her mother with bitter weeping that her sister had purloined her chief treasure. "'Tis only a button tied to a string!" said the younger girl with scorn. "I don't care, it's my leading character, and my story can't go on without it!" was the reply. As soon as she could write, she wrote various verses and tales. Her first appearance in print was in the *Buffalo Evening Post*, of September 13th, 1871, the opening words of the story, "Shriek upon shriek rent the air, mingled with yells," being startling enough to attract the attention of editor and reader. Shortly afterwards the *Buffalo Express* printed an article from her pen on Fort Erie, its jaunty inaccuracies calling forth from several villagers indignant responses. A little later the first money she earned by writing came to her in the shape of a check for ten dollars from *Peterson's Magazine*, and great was her satisfaction at receiving this practical proof of her ability. She continued to write for *Peterson's*, and for several years wrote a great deal for Frank Leslie's publications. She has written many short stories, remarkable for the versatility of literary talent they display, touching as they do the sublime and the ridiculous with equal felicity, and evoking harmonies in many keys, from the gravest to the gay. Mrs. Young has also won laurels in the domain of poetry and made some capital translations of French and German poems into English verse. In November, 1890, Mrs. Young published





Julia Ditto Young.



K. E. Cornway.

"Adrift: a Story of Niagara." Mr. and Mrs. Young reside in a pretty home on West Ferry street, Buffalo, which is the center of much simple and cordial hospitality. Mrs. Young is the fortunate possessor of excellent health and spirits, and looks forward to a long and pleasant career of story-telling for the public. C. W. M.

HEAVEN.

We dream sometimes of that dim, far-off land,
Our journey's end, our home, our second birth;
We only dream; we can not understand
That wondrous riddance of the woes of earth.
No failure there, no loss and no decay,
No tempest, but clear shining after rain;
Like mists life's myriad cares shall fade away,
While all good things we knew on earth remain.

The singer's voice in sweeter strains shall rise;
The poet's verse in nobler numbers flow;
Fair landscapes wait the painter's raptured eyes;
And gazers on the stars at last shall know
The very heart of all their mysteries;
And Nature's faithful lovers shall not end
Their lifelong quest of blossoms, birds and bees,
But placid hours in peaceful wood-craft spend.

They who on earth were doomed to dwell
In crowded cities' heavy stifling air,
May wander through a cool and ferny dell,
Beside fresh waters fringed with flowers rare.
The pale and shrunken victims of disease,
And they who writhed beneath the lash of pain,
Shall healing find in every passing breeze
And all their pristine bounding strength regain.

The worker's worn and weary hands shall rest,
The bent back straightened in a gracious ease;
The heart cease aching in the mourner's breast;
The baffled student then may grasp the keys
Of soul and sense and many a mighty truth;
And they who faint with age, life's last, worst
ill,
Shall quaff the spring of sweet eternal youth
And face the long, fair future, children still.

IN EXTREMIS.

IF THE world were about to end,
And its doom were known to you,
Tell me, O, timid and soft-eyed friend,
What would you do?

"I would seek out one I know,
And say what I never can say,
And little I'd reck of humanity's woe
In that sweet day.

"For to me his glad reply
A thousand times were worth
Seeing mankind in agonies die,
And ruin of earth!"

THE PRISM.

O, FAIR amalgam of harmonious hue!
Within the magic of thy tiny round,
In little, all earth's glories shall be found;
The sunset's gorgeous flame bursts on the view,
The skies unfold illimitably blue,
Red's martial music sets the pulse a-bound,
Wood violets sweetly strew the mossy ground,
And yellow wheat-fields wave, gold-ripened through.

And thou, O, keystone color, vernal green!
How many a merry memory dost thou bring
Of maids and knights in fabled forest-scene,
Down Sherwood, Arden, Windsor, wandering,
And something in thy emerald ray serene
Bids "Hope!" and bears a blessed hint of Spring.

A PREFERENCE.

FULL oft when I a vigil keep
To search the sky's unfathomed deep,
I fancy that the Will Divine,
Which taught yon brilliant orbs to shine,
Decreed to every glittering star
A gifted race more God-like far
Than men, whose thoughts are crystal clear,
Whose pure hearts lodge not hate nor fear,
Whose kingly deeds are nobly done,
Whose heaven even at birth is won,
Whose lives serenely glide away,
Unvexed by passion, crime, decay;
While our poor helpless world alone
Was doomed to sweat, and toil and groan,
To stagger 'neath a load of pain,
Besmirched with many a bloody stain,
Despairing victim of a curse,
The charnel of the universe!

Yet, Earth, my Earth, I'd rather be
One of the wretches cumbering thee,
To share thy agony and sin,
If only so my soul might win

That joy which, childlike, will not go
Where comes not first her sister, woe;
That rapture sweet beyond all praise,
Because so brief a space it stays.
Thy kindest lesson, Earth, is this :
Who knows not anguish, knows not bliss.

THAT STORMY NIGHT.

THAT stormy night when, soft and slow,
From Heaven's bosom fell the snow,
And moaned the wind in elegies,
Beneath the bending, ice-hung trees
We walked together, long ago.

And we were happy, love, you know!
We looked, and laughed and whispered low,
And recked not of the biting breeze
That stormy night.

Now, days of languid, restful ease;
Nor starry nights the southron seas,
Nor wine, like airs in Spring that blow,
Shall bring again such joy,—Ah, no!
For Nature had strange power to please,
That stormy night!

FLOWERING CURRANTS.

AH! never again their golden bloom
Shall flood the dark with a rich perfume,
But a face shall rise up out of the gloom,
A face with passionate eyes,
And a wonder of mingled joy and pain
Shall sweep across my dizzying brain,
And the old, old love I thought was slain
Once more in its might shall rise!

CONSIDERATION.

DARK discontent and envy base,
Two fierce tormentors, held me thrall;
They stamped with gloom my tear-wet face
And filled my heart with bitter gall.
But midst my selfish, senseless woe,
I heard at last a chiding voice :
"O, foolish mortal, weep not so!
Thy blessings number, and rejoice!
To them one instant's thought but give,
So shalt thou courage find to live,
So shall thy hard and hideous mood
Merge into one of gratitude."

An instant only? Minutes blent
To hours and days, nor did suffice
To tell the bounties God hath sent,
All undeserved, beyond all price.
Ah, wretched ingrate! overfilled
Is joy's sweet cup with richest wine!
Let murmurs be forever stilled,
Let praise employ these lips of mine.
And here I scorn the hated sway
Of those two tyrants gaunt and grim,
Who set with pits and thorns my way
And made the sun in heaven dim.

PORCELAIN PAINTING.

DAINTILY shell-shaped is the cup,
A feather's weight as I hold it up,
Frail as a bubble, creamily white,
Fairies fashioned a thing so slight.

Mine is the task, with subtle skill
And loving labor, to change at will
This snow-drop's hue to a lovely sheen
Of delicate color, faintest green,
Like grass in earliest spring-time seen,
Tenderest lavender, palest pink,
Or the melting blue that makes one think
Of August skies; and then, you know,
Round it a spray of flowers must go,
The daisy stars that gemmed our way
Through the warm wide fields one happy day
The lily we found in the little pond,
The *fleur de lis* of the marsh beyond,
The scarlet sumach's leaves that stood
Sentinel at the edge of the wood,
The velvety moss, the maples red,
Or fragile and fluttering ferns instead,
Or some rich rose's crimson gloom,
Or sweet confusion of apple bloom.

And so, whenever I drink my tea,
My cup shall always bring to me,
Though loud abroad the north-winds blow,
And wildly whirls the driven snow,
A thought of the summer ceased to be.

A SUICIDE.

COULD he but sell that which he casts away,
This man, of life's sweet self aweary grown,
A million times the wealth of famed Cathay
Were his, and kings would crawl before his
throne.

KATHERINE ELENOR CONWAY.

KATHERINE ELENOR CONWAY was born in Rochester, N. Y., 6th September, 1851. She is the daughter of cultivated Celtic parents who came to this country from the west of Ireland. On her mother's side are traditions of nobility for many generations, several of her ancestors having been prominent ecclesiastics in the Roman Catholic Church. The name is of remote Welsh origin, but there is a slight trace of English blood in the family, but the family pride is all in their own and the Conways are "good rebels,"

The name Conway has been notable in Irish journalism. Katherine's sister, Miss Mary, is the head of the *Collegio Americano* Ayres, Argentine Republic. Several names and blood have been promiscuously mixed with journalism in New York, Kansas, and elsewhere. John Conway, editor of the *Journal*, St. Paul, Minn. The father of Katherine was a successful railroad contractor and bridge-builder; also active in politics. From the age of fifteen years Katherine was in school. From eleven to fifteen were spent in St. Demas, Buffalo, N. Y., where her inclination for literature was strengthened by a gifted teacher. At the age of fifteen, when her first poem appeared, Katherine was under the imputation of ten dollars was the price usually paid for the honor of appearing in his collection, and she supposed that, wishing to some one of her family had been guilty of notable extravagance. Her busy mind instinctively outreaching for wider fields of knowledge, and in her aspirations she was as her sympathetic friend and adviser, John Quaid, of Rochester, N. Y. Her first journalism was done on the *Rochester Advertiser*. She edited for five years the *Kind Journal*, a little religious monthly. Assistant editor of the *Buffalo Catholic Times* from 1880 to 1883. In that year she was invited to visit Boston to recover failing health. There she met for the first time the editor who had given her the recognition for her poems by a check for \$100. John Boyle O'Reilly. An opportune meeting upon the staff of the *Pilot*, Mr. O'Reilly considered it at the close of her visit to Miss Conway, who accepted and entered upon her new life in the autumn of 1883. Besides a liberal amount of opportunities for outside literary work were afforded the young editor's way by her generous patronage. Two years previous to that change, in

1881, Katherine Conway had gathered her vagrant poems into a volume, which was published with the appropriate title, "On the Sunrise Slope." Miss Conway's next venture through the hands of the publisher was in editing Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters' collection, called "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints as Illustrated in Art." She has lately brought out a very successful little volume, "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly," with an introductory chapter on O'Reilly as poet and literary writer. Miss Conway is a woman without a grievance. Her toil has been hard and long, but she has won recognition and made steady progress. Her influence is wide. She organized the first Catholic reading circle in Boston, of which she is still president. For years the chosen chairman of the literary entertainments of the New England Woman's Press Association, which office she has resigned, she has made an admirable presiding officer on occasions when any notable literary visitors to Boston were gathered about the board, and has done much to advance the dignity and preserve the harmony of that organization. Miss Conway has lately been honored by being chosen president of the press department of the Isabella Association, in connection with the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. She is still on the *Pilot* as associate editor, with James Jeffrey Roche chief editor. Miss Conway's life has been a full and generous one, overflowing with thought and help for others.

C. W. M.

A SONG IN MAY-TIME.

A SONG for the joyful May-time,
A song like the song of a bird,
A song of the heart in its play-time,
With never a sorrowful word!

A song—but whence shall I win it,
Winged like the butterflies,
With the fresh-leaved wood's breath in it,
And the glow of the glad sunrise?

This is the song you ask, dear,
Would I could do your will!
But set me a song as a task, dear,
A test of the singer's skill!

A dweller in cities ever,
A toiler within the walls,
'Mid the tumult of man's endeavor,
Where the unseen fetter galls,

Little I know of the tender,
Blithe songs that the free birds sing,
Little I know of the splendor
Of the wild wood's blossoming;

And less of the heart's sweet play-time,
 So brief was mine, you know;
 And the flowers of my beautiful May-time
 Died under a strange, late snow.

Out of my life the cheery,
 Sweet spirit of youth is fled;
 My songs are the sighs of the weary,
 Or plaints for my dear ones dead.

Yet you've loved this sad song-voice, dear,
 You would give it a nobler range,
 And because of your honor and choice, dear,
 'Twere fair to ring out and rejoice, dear,
 With the mirth of the May-time change.

O! joy to be your joy-bringer,
 When 'tis joy, dear, even to pray
 That a fairer and gladder singer
 Will sing your song of the May!

NOT OUT OF SIGHT.

SO SAD in life, even when thy lips were smiling,
 Those comforting, compassionate eyes of thine;
 So eloquent, another's pain beguiling,
 "Lo, my friend grieves, and all his grief is mine."
 Who knew thee came to thee in trust unbounded.
 Was ever depth thine own soul had not sounded?

I wonder is it joy to thee in Heaven,
 Oh, loving, helping, giving—now to know
 The love and grief to thy dear memory given.
 Thou art not gone—we can not let thee go—
 Beyond our reach—ah yes!—and crowned with light!
 But still in sight—oh, never out of sight!

And shall it be in vain, oh, dear befriender?
 Nay, ours the blame, if thou no blessing bring,
 Thou art unchanged, man-brave and woman-
 tender,

And Christ-like merciful and pitying.
 Look with remembering eyes to God, while we
 Look on thee and grow faintly like to thee.

A MEMORY.

OH, ye virginal white rosebuds, all dewy, sweet
 and tender,
 Swaying on your frail, frail stems, though ne'er a
 breeze doth blow,
 I love ye for that fairer bud that perished 'mid the
 splendor
 Of the song and sun and fragrance two summer-
 tides ago!

I called her oft our rosebud; no flow'ret's name
 seemed meeter
 For the pure and joyful promise of her lovely
 girlish grace;
 But past my art to picture, than all my dreaming
 sweeter,
 The glorious, wondrous spirit-light upon her fair
 young face.

Oh, the baleful fever-breath our fragile blossom
 blighting!
 Oh, the bitter chalice to our darling's young lips
 pressed!
 Oh, the fitful gleams of false, false hope, a while
 our darkness lighting!
 Oh, the days and nights of agony and woful wild
 unrest!

But the Lord Himself was with her to pity her and
 love her;
 Earthly lover shared not her maiden heart with
 Him,
 And the gentle Virgin Mother and the angels bent
 above her,
 And their glory round her brightened as the
 lights of time grew dim!

My friend, my chosen sister, child and woman
 strangely blended,
 Did thy spirit go out gladly, leaving blessing as
 it fled?
 For all its living loveliness thy face in death tran-
 scended,
 Purer than the snowy blossoms o'er thy virgin-
 vesture spread.

Oh, heart that loved me loyally, that prized my
 poor endeavor,
 Did I love thee purely, truly, I would be glad for
 thee!
 But oh, my life without thee! Lord of the bright
 forever,
 Forgive my plaint, who knowest what my darling
 was to me!

IN A STRANGE LAND.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God
 fulfills Himself in many ways."

BEHOLD, your quest is ended,
 And the new land, strange and splendid,
 No longer luring from afar, is firm beneath your
 tread;
 And the way is free before ye,
 The skies unclouded o'er ye,
 And the past is dusk and darkness, and the dead
 have earthed their dead.

NEW YORK
LIBRARY

ANTON LEO AND
FRONZ LEO



Lou J. Beauchamp

ur Cross and raise your Altar;
 e ye thus and falter?
 or love-lorn maidens? Ye late were
 and brave.
 vorth a strong man's weeping?
 land hath in keeping
 : old could give ye, a death-dart and
 ave.

ne with fruitless yearning;
 : not there's no returning?
 l sea's between ye and your far off
 rland.
 st it threatens, brave ye!
 n yourselves I save ye,
 that bore ye hither ablaze upon the
 id!

INADEQUATE.

loving is in having, dear;
 you wake in weariness,
 way in heart-sickness and fear,
 om hands that now you'd kneel to kiss.
 o your life-dream fulfilled, aghast;
 d this dream, as other dreams, had
 ed!

loving is in having. Light
 a firefly; quench the flame that glows
 or the Exhaustless, Infinite,
 nall dewdrop in the heart of a rose.
 oving will be having, never,
 ; All, you're sure of it Forever!

REMEMBER!

RARE, O PIISIMA VIRGO MARIA."

Mother, throned in Heaven's splendor,
 on this earth has it been said
 rt who sought thy pity tender
 comforted.

of world-friendship's changing fashion,
 upt of world-treasures utterly,
 in thy mercy and compassion,
 ast to thee.

thee my needs in my entreating,
 it in human hearts by the Divine
 one, when soft His Heart was beating,
 er, close to Thine?

Him Who on thy breast was cherished,
 er in the world's redemption pain!
 e said that I have perished,
 e came yet in vain!

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

LIKE many other writers of to-day, Lou J. Beauchamp is a "newspaper man." Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 14th, 1851, he left the public schools of that city in his fourteenth year for the printer's "case" in the office of the *Weekly Telegraph*, Hamilton, Ohio. From that office, when the paper was known as the Hamilton *Intelligencer*, some of the best-known men of the nation have graduated, included among the many being W. D. Howells, Whitelaw Reid, John A. Cockerill, and the late Hon. D. Campbell, U. S. Minister to Mexico. Before he was twenty-one years of age, Mr. Beauchamp was telegraph, news and literary editor of the Cincinnati *Daily Star*, now the *Times-Star*, and, following that position, has been connected with leading dailies in Dayton, Ohio, Fort Wayne, Logansport and Lafayette, Ind. About fifteen years ago he was accidentally called on to speak on the subject of temperance at his home, Hamilton, Ohio, and developed so much ability for platform work that he has been lecturing ever since on that subject, as well as on literary and humorous topics, in the lecture-courses of the country. He has up to date given four-thousand public addresses in all the States and Territories of the United States, as well as in all the British Provinces, Canada, England and Scotland. He is one of the busiest men in his line, his time being now all taken for the current year and far into 1893. His years of travel in this country and in Europe, his wide reading, his knowledge of human nature, and the natural poetic and humorous temperament that are his by inheritance make him a power as a public lecturer. He is remarkably full of magnetism, and from his début on the platform has been called "The Western Gough." Mr. Beauchamp never writes a poem to order, his principal work of brain and pen being in prose, but, when a poem keeps singing through his mind, demanding expression in rhyme and rhythm, he allows his muse its liberty, but he has not a very high opinion of his gifts in that direction. He is the author of two books, "This, That and the Other," a collection of stories, poems and sketches, now out of print, but which was a financial success, and "Sunshine," a work written for boys and young men on temperance, self-education and success in life. Although in print twelve years, a new edition is demanded each year, and this success has been won entirely on the merits of the work, as it has never been advertised. Mr. Beauchamp is above all things else a friend and helper of young men, and is continually by voice and pen trying to waken them to

high aims. He has a beautiful home at Hamilton, Ohio, with a large and valuable library and many rare and handsome objects of art gathered in his travels in this country and in Europe, in addition to the many sent him by the young men to whom he has been a "friend in need." J. M. G.

WAITING.

Out in the night the black bats flutter;
Here in my heart all is cold and dead,
While the passionate cries that my lips oft utter
Fall on my soul with a weight like lead.

The words came late, but the words came truly:
"She whom you loved has sank to sleep;
Under the flowers of the spring we laid her,
Laid her where grasses and daisies leap."

I turned to the night, and the night seemed chill;
I turned to the sky and no hope could scan;
I said: "I will lay me down and slumber,
And wake far away from my fellow man."

So I turned for a last long glance at the heavens,
And lo! rose the moon o'er a wall of cloud;
It covered the earth with a golden glory
And lifted a life by a dead heart bowed.

So I still abide in the haunts of men,
And rush with the rabble, and move with the mass,
But my heart is afar in the silent city
Covered with daisies amid the grass.

And by and by, when my life is older,
I'll go to the grave and take it away,
And, journeying up by the pathway of glory,
Give it to her in a perfect day.

WHAT BABY LEFT.

A LITTLE shoe and a lock of hair,
The latter as bright as the sun;
A glove so small sure fairy ne'er
Wore such a tiny one;
A rubber rattle, and, last of all,
A frock as white as the snow,
Are lying together, all in a heap,
Under the lamplight's glow.

They were found just now in the bottom drawer
Of a bureau old and worn,
And they brought the blood in a surging stream
To the brain of a mother forlorn;
For never again shall a tiny hand
Be warmed by this tiny glove;
And never again shall the baby's kiss
Make stronger a mother's love.

The little white frock shall be worn no more,
For the fashion has changed of late;
She wears the garment washed in blood
That is worn in the angel state;
And the little shoe, all worn and frayed,
Whose patter was music sweet
To the mother's ear, no more shall sound
To the step of the baby's feet.

For under a mound all covered with bloom,
A mound so narrow and short,
Is the body of one who was all too fair
For aught save the heavenly court;
And there my baby is resting sweet,
While I sit idly here,
With only a frock, a rattle and shoe,
And a mother's blinding tear.

But by and by, when I, too, rest
In the churchyard, lone and drear,
My spirit will climb to the glittering stars,
Afar from the ache and tear;
And there, in the golden, gracious light
Of eternity's breaking day,
I shall clasp my babe to the mother breast
Forever and for aye.

LOVE AND DEATH.

TO-DAY we are walking hand in hand,
And our loves knit us close as the winds,
meet
And join their forces in one great blast
Of the winter's cold or the summer's heat;
To-morrow—who knows? You may walk alone
Or sit by a form strangely still and white,
That will not respond to your kisses or tears;
The lips will be cold and the eyes flash no li

You will think I am dead, and your heart may
And your lips will fail to keep back the moan
As you think of life's path so dark and drear,
And you who must travel it ever alone,
But it will not be so; men fall to dust,
But love lives on in an endless life,
And mine for you shall be true and strong,
And hold you free from all care and strife.

Nay, do not weep; it is better so.
An earth-love fails in the crowded street,
For faces of women have power to change
The living heart to a living cheat;
But the grave lays a bar on love that flies
As butterflies flit from flower to flower,
And the love that springs from a dead man's to
Holds fast to its own with a deathless power.

us walk till the shadows come,
 feel we are one for the years of time.
 n will sink from our eyes full soon,
 will rise at once in a sweeter clime,
 earthly body of mine will fall
 re way, by and by, and the heart grow chill,
 e love of my soul will follow you on,
 bless you, and guard you, and guide you still.

tears? Nay, nay, my own true one!
 journey I take through the dark is brief;
 wake in a land of eternal light,
 know nevermore aught of pain or grief.
 can not live on the love I leave,
 hunger for more as the years grow late,
 wn, bid the heart's faint beating cease,
 I'll be waiting outside the gate.

ay she is dead, that her life went out
 night as the clock struck eight,
 re bride of a year at the altar stood
 n with another mate,
 e called Death, who bore her away
 couch more quiet than mine,
 the love-kiss comes from the lips of the worm,
 the grave-damp symbols the wine.

se, and the liars who speak it know
 they lie, for she left me but now,
 re old-time light shining out of her eyes,
 the old-time kiss on my brow!
 th wants her body, 'tis his, I say!
 love and her kisses are mine,
 e love is as sweet as the love of gods,
 the kisses are sweeter than wine.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

me but gold," the beggar cried,
 d the world shall blossom and bloom
 has not done since the Eden days
 ere brought out of chaos and gloom!
 I drive gaunt hunger from off the earth,
 poor into plenty shall have a new birth,
 heavy hearts shall have cause for mirth,
 And in pleasure shall all abide."

a message came in legal lore:
 is dead, and his wealth is thine."
 igned the papers and got the gold,
 d in velvet sat at his wine;
 winds without howled shrill and cold;
 gs and tatters a woman old
 e begging, for hunger had made her bold,
 And he spurned her from his door.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN holds a prominent position in the circle of Scottish bards who have made for themselves a home in the New World. A native of Johnston, in Renfrewshire, Scotland, he was born in 1820. His father, a mechanic by trade, was the possessor of considerable poetic talent, and the son at an early age became strongly imbued with his spirit, and soon established a reputation for himself in the neighborhood as a writer of rather intelligent verses. His education, however, amounted to very little, and it certainly speaks well for him now that he is in nearly all respects a self-educated man. As a boy he was fond of reading, and he early acquired a thorough acquaintance with history and general literature. His father died while returning from a visit to Canada, leaving a widow and four small children unprovided for. Alexander was first set to work in a cotton factory, but soon left that occupation and became a tailor's apprentice. While a young man he took an active interest in the Chartist movement, and many of his early efforts in verse were full of sympathy and encouragement for those who were struggling for more freedom. In 1840 he immigrated to Canada and went to work on a farm. He was thus engaged for many years, during which time, however, he gave vent to his thoughts and reflections in poems of so beautiful and valuable a character that they stamped him as no ordinary man, and sent his name ringing throughout the Dominion. In 1855 he was induced to publish a small collection of his poems. It found a ready sale and was followed in 1858 by another volume, entitled "Lyrics," which also found a very favorable reception. Three years later appeared his "Emigrant and Other Poems," and in 1874 "Poems and Songs," a large octavo volume; containing nearly all of his poetical writings up to that date. He resides in Amaranth, Ont.

J. D. R.

LOVE.

WE'VE muckle to vex us puir sons of a day,
 As we journey along on life's wearisome way;
 But what are the troubles by which we're oppressd,
 If love makes our bosoms the hame o' her rest.

When love lights the hearthstane, there's joy in
 the ha',
 And a sunshiny streak on ilk bosom doth fa';
 The ingle blinks blither, affections increase,
 And the cottage she turns to a palace o' peace.

Where'er she approaches, a' hearts grow sincere,
 She hallows a' places, makes every spot dear;
 For wang canna breathe in the sphere o' her grace,
 And hate flees awa' frae the licht o' her face.

Where'er she approaches, where'er she appears,
 She comes ay to comfort, and wipe awa' tears,
 To help on the weary and lichten their load,
 And cheer them wi' sangs on their wearisome road.

And O, her sweet smile makes the fallen look up,
 It's the ae blessed drape in their sorrowfu' cup!
 Then O, may this heart o' mine never grow sere;
 O, let me, 'boon a' things, hold somebody dear

O, leave me but love, tho' my roostree should fa',
 And the gear we hae gather'd take wings an' awa';
 For riches and grandeur, the things we hold dear,
 Are a' but vain glories, and die wi' us here;
 But love burns the brighter wi' our parting breath,
 And lights us, at last, through the valley of death.

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
 Drops down on the heart like dew,
 And the sunbeams gleam
 Like a blessed dream
 Afar on the mountains blue.
 Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
 In her faded widow's cap;
 She is sitting alone
 On the old gray stone,
 With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
 And the burn is wimpling by;
 The primroses peep
 From their sylvan keep,
 And the lark is in the sky.
 Beneath that shade her children played,
 But they're all away with death,
 And she sits alone
 On that old gray stone,
 To hear what the spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
 And her eyes are waxing dim,
 But the page is bright
 With a living light,
 And her heart leaps up to Him
 Who pours the mystic harmony
 Which, the soul can hear;
 She is not alone
 On the old gray stone,
 Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now,
 But the eye that never sleeps
 Looks on her in love
 From the heavens above,
 And with quiet joy she weeps;
 For she feels the balm of bliss is poured
 In her lone heart's deepest rut;
 And the widow lone
 On the old gray stone
 Has a peace the world knows not.

GOD.

God of the great old solemn woods,
 God of the desert solitudes
 And trackless sea,
 God of the crowded city vast,
 God of the present and the past,
 Can man know Thee?

God of the blue sky overhead,
 Of the green earth on which we tread,
 Of time and space,
 God of the worlds which Time conceals,
 God of the worlds which Death reveals
 To all our race,

From out Thy wrath the earthquakes leap
 And shake the world's foundation deep.
 Till Nature groans:
 In agony the mountains call,
 And ocean bellows throughout all
 Her frightened zones.

But when Thy smile its glory sheds,
 The lilies lift their lovely heads,
 And the primrose rare,
 And the daisies decked with pearls
 Richer than the proudest earls
 On their mantles wear.

These Thy preachers of the wild-wood,
 Keep they not the heart of childhood
 Fresh within us still?
 Spite of all our life's sad story,
 There are gleams of Thee and glory
 In the daffodil.

And old Nature's heart rejoices,
 And the rivers lift their voices,
 And the sounding sea,
 And the mountains old and hoary,
 With their diadems of glory,
 Shout, Lord, to Thee!



John Albert Murphy.
— " —

JOHN ALBERT MURPHY.

REV. JOHN ALBERT MURPHY, A.M., D.D., is the son of John and Mary Livengood Murphy, born on the 24th of January, 1837. The romantic scenery of Davidson county, N. C., on the sunrise side of the Appalachian Highlands, gave impress to his young mind. He was a farmer's boy and received his rudimentary education in Peedy Run, a noted country school in his neighborhood. Afterward he received a collegiate education in Catawba College, which institution conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1889. He entered the school-room as a teacher, as early as the age of sixteen, at which time he, also, began to preach irregularly. In June of 1856 he was married to Miss Louisa Jane Yokley. Removing to the West in 1856, he became prominent in the Gospel ministry, filling charges in Missouri and Texas. He was twice a member-elect of the International Sunday-school convention, representing the State of Missouri first, afterward the State of Texas. From boyhood he has been a contributor to the press, in both prose and verse. Besides contributions to periodical literature, he has served on the editorial staff both of secular and religious journals.

R. B. S.

SILENT, YET SINGING.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY W.
LONGLELLOW.

The evening's silver fringe
Burns in the fires of sunset sacrifice,
And flames with orange blushes tinge
The tempest skies.

The stars through azure burn
And print their image on the crystal sea,
While nectar fills the Parian urn
Held for thee.

The harp of golden strings,
Removed to Gothic domes of stars and suns,
Now with elysian sweetness sings
To favored ones.

Soft lingering strains remain
To soothe the heart which sorrow's veil enshrouds;
The poet walks the azure plain
Beyond the clouds.

Some strange mysterious law
The star of genius turns elsewhere to shine;
Eclipsed on earth, the rays withdrawn
To worlds divine.

No, never to return!

To hallowed rest thy weary spirit yields,
When evening lights like camp-fires burn
On amber fields.

With bards of old renown,
Whose ancient songs still fill the living air,
Thou hast obtained the starry crown
The laureates wear.

SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

THE forest crown of yon twin sister hills
Slow rises on the orange-tinted sky;
A silver line the mystic circle fills,
Where heaven and earth's unreckoned boundaries lie.

No dizzy fleck, or skirt, or sunset haze
Coasts near the mask the darkened headlands wear,
But coral streaks entangled in the maze
Blend in the twilight glory of the year.

From quiet plains the ridges brown and bare
Tiptoe to kiss the fast receding light;
The stern embattled woods lift in the air
Their arms of gold till almost out of sight.

The child of night steals on a steady pace,
And darkness slowly hides the mountain's breast;
The year lies dying in the eve's embrace,
Stretched toward the closing gateway of the West.

A torch still greets the shrouded hemisphere
And bears aloft its rosy cone on high;
At last from view its glories disappear,
And diamonds glow and glisten in the sky.

Twelve times distinct the iron tongue of time
Tolls out the knell of Eighteen-Eighty-Two,
And on the midnight air in tones sublime
Proclaims the infant year so fresh and new.

HALLELUJAH! CHRIST IS BORN.

ARCTURUS, distant, pale and chill,
Hangs on the azure walls of light,
And hoar Orion aids to fill
The glittering diadem of night.

The ancient light of Pleiades,
With trembling 'neath the spacious gleam,
Burns double in the crystal seas
Before the Infinite Supreme.

The starry depths of hazy blue
Return the glory, passing on
Where curious angel cohorts view
In rapt amaze the Holy One.

One stranger star, whose dazzling hues
Paled the bright retinue till morn,
Engaged to tell the wondrous news
Of peace on earth, of Jesus born.

Like braided gold with spotless snow,
The plume of angels flashed along
Beneath the saffron arch below,
Resounding with His natal song.

All hail! responsive joys arise;
From earth the growing anthems swell,
And fill the welkin of the skies
With the new name, IMMANUEL.

We come, O Christ, to worship Thee;
Thy coming stars and angels told;
Our offerings, Lord, shall richer be,
Than frankincense and myrrh and gold.

With countless voices lifted high,
We greet the splendor of this morn,
And join with angels in the cry,
"All hallelujah! Christ is born."

REQUIEM OF THE SOUTH.

MEMORIAL DAY OF GENERAL GRANT.

WE join this sad memorial day
To mourn the noblest of the brave,
And, naught withholding, gently lay
The costliest offering that we have,
A southern flower upon his grave.

Once scattered far in wild affright
Without the mystic Union line,
The southern stars now lend their light
And in one constellation shine
Upon the hero's Parian shrine.

Our fields embalm the victor's name
With richest perfumes from the West,
And grow the laurel wreath of fame
Now laid upon his peaceful breast,
An emblem of immortal rest.

We join the North with heart and hand,
And carve in marble at his head
The sword surrendered from our land,
Both ensign of our honored dead
And of the glory o'er him spread.

* * * * *

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT, "Peleg Wright," was born in Newburgh, N. Y., October, 1842. He served in the Union army during the Civil War, gaining the rank of major. Afterwards he entered business in New York City. His poems have been collected as "Love And the Gamins" (1877), and "Mask and Domino" (1888). A.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

PROPER eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, enough sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes,
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could 'a seen 'em growin',
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Layin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus,
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her her all about you—
How I brought you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it)
Sich a imp you was, you know!
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn your livin',
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch,
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day."
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay.

seems to me, ole feller,
quite yourself to-night;
chirk—it's been a fortnit
yer eyes has been so bright.
Well, I'm glad to hear it!
they're mighty pretty, Joe,
of 'em's made you happy?
I thought it would, you know.

the country, did you?
rs growin' everywhere!
ne when you're better, Joey,
I kin take you there.
in Heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
much about it, though;
fly as wot I might be
em topics, little Joe.

heard it hinted somewheres
n Heaven's golden gates
s everlastin' cheerful—
that's what the Bible states.
a, there, folks don't git hungry;
d people, w'en they dies,
eirselves well fixed forever—
y boy, wot ails yer eyes!

they looked a little sing'ler,
o! Don't you have no fear;
was made fur such as you is—
ot makes you look so queer?
ake up! Oh, don't look that way!
y boy! Hold up yer head!
er flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey.
y God! can Joe be dead?

I WANT.

I don't know what I want; I'm tired of
ything;
be a queen or something—no, a bearded
s,
crown and wolfish eyes, and manners
e and bold,
olumed highwayman, or a paladin of old.

re such poor creatures, slaves of circum-
ce and fate,
e warrior's glory and the conquerer's
ndid state;
, you are so mortal slow; I wish you could
hanged
tamount, with tastes quite violent and
inged.

I'd like an earthquake, that I would—oh, puss,
I'll tell you what,
Some planets have two suns and different colors,
too, at that;
Now there would be variety; two mornings every
day—
One green or brown, for instance, and the other
crimson, say.

What splendid lights, what curious shades, what
transformation scenes!
What queer surprises, puss, just think, what lovely
pinks and greens!
How funny Gus would look! He is so poky and
so flat!
But such complexions! After all, I shouldn't fancy
that.

I'll never marry Gus, of that I'm very sure at least;
I'd sooner be a bandit's bride, united by a priest.
Oh, there you are, sir! No, indeed! I'll not be
kissed at all!
No, sir, I've changed my mind; we *won't* be mar-
ried in the fall.

Now *do* be still. I've changed my mind. My
privilege, I believe—
Oh, horrible! What's this? A daddy-long-legs on
my sleeve!
Oh, Gus, come quick! I'm deadly faint! Do take
the thing away!
Yes, yes, I'll promise *anything*! I'll marry you to-
day!

PRO AND CON.

WHEN ships come over the sea, my love,
Come over the shining sea,
Like maidens walking a minuet,
White-raimented daintily;
Oh what do they bring under each white wing,
What songs do the sailors sing,
While the breezes frolic along the deep,
And the crested billows behind them sweep,
As over the sea, the shining sea,
The ships come sailing so merrily?

When ships come over the sea, my dear,
Come over the stormy sea,
The cordage creaks in the whistling winds,
And the sails flap dismally,
And the sailors swear, till the raw, damp air
Is visibly tinged with a sulphurous glare,
And the seasick passengers faintly groan,
And the sea-gulls scream, and the wild winds moan,
As over the sea, the storm-swept sea,
The ships come laboring wearily.

AT ODDS WITH LIFE.

'Tis a toilsome path to climb,
 But all climbing is sublime
 (If you think so). One flight more,
 Yonder is the studio door.
 Artists' eyries should be high,
 Don't you think so? Near the sky;
 Up above the small affairs
 Of our lower life of cares;
 Up, far up, in regions where
 Stars and comets float in air;
 In an atmosphere that brings
 Glimpses of unusual things
 Unto those who dare to soar
 To the shifting, changeful shore
 Of strange fancies, fair and far,
 Tired, Elsie? Here we are.

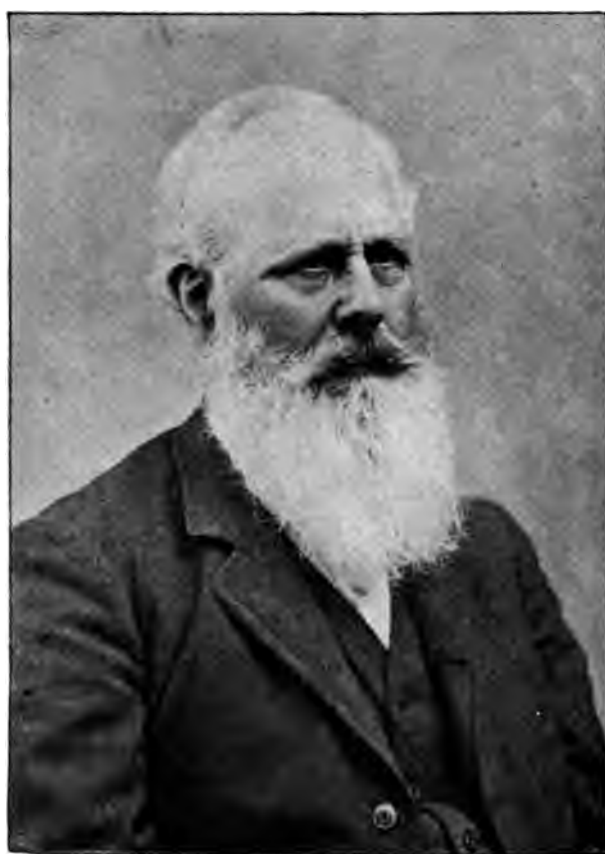
No one here. Sit down, my dear.
 Rest a moment. It is clear
 He will soon return. You see?
 Palette, brushes, carelessly
 Flung about in artist fashion.
 Ah, these men of fire and passion
 Love disorder, and it seems
 To befit a man of dreams.
 Let me whisper something, dear;
 I've a fancy—though I fear
 'T is irreverent indeed—
 That our average artists need
 Something more of that fine fire
 Which ethereal dreams inspire,
 To redeem them from the trace
 Of an easy common-place.

This the merit of our friend:
 He begins where others end.
 With all their fidelity,
 Color, form and harmony,
 He has something better worth,
 Something of a nobler birth,
 Born of earthquakes, lightnings, storms.
 He has friends in fairy forms,
 Such as throng the midnight hours,
 Play with meteoric showers,
 Ride auroras through the sky,
 Mount the crescent moon on high,
 Then go fishing down the night
 After stars of faded light;
 Familiar, he, of elf and gnome;
 All fantastic shapes that roam
 Sceptered, winged, a glorious band,
 Through the mystery-haunted land—
 Wondrous land of fire-fly gleams—
 Seen of poets in their dreams.

But the dreamers, men who see
 Shadowy forms of mystery
 In the earth, and sea and sky,
 Men whose wingèd fancies fly
 To the uttermost, remote
 Realms where shapes ethereal float,
 Men whose fine sense subtly hears
 Music from the distant spheres,
 Often miss their heritage
 In this heartless, hurrying age,
 Though, too late, their fame may be
 Handed to posterity.
 For they seem at odds with life,
 Armored feebly for its strife.
 And our friend, whose picture there
 Shadows forth such white despair,
 Hath his trials, I surmise;
 For, within his hungry eyes,
 When I saw him last, I read
 Something curious, vague and dread.
 Then I said that I would buy
 This Prometheus, and his eye
 Lit up strangely, with a fire
 Born of some extreme desire.
 Think you famine's specter stood
 With him in his solitude?

Had we sooner come, indeed,
 It perhaps had served his need.
 But you like it? Then to-day
 There shall be no more delay.
 See what vigor, grandeur, gloom,
 What an atmosphere of doom,
 What a hopeless, vast despair,
 In that figure lying there
 Chained with iron links and rods!
 Awful eyes, that judge the gods!
 Face of agony untold,
 Yet contemptuous, scornful, bold!
 Bare, cold rocks, uplifted high
 To a lowering, thunderous sky;
 And a sea in league with fate
 Making all things desolate!
 Yes, with somber feeling tainted,
 But a picture grandly painted.
 Such a canvas lifts the soul
 Out of habit's dull control,
 Plumes Imagination's wing
 And crowns the artist like a king.

What a strange collection here!
 Curious, is it not, my dear?
 Rubbish, some good folks would say,
 In their lofty, stupid way,
 Lacking insight. Who can tell
 What suggestions herein dwell?



*Yours respectfully,
William Read.*

See this travesty in wood
Of a human attitude;
There a figure stuffed with hair,
Semblance of a lady fair;
Bits of armor, china, lace,
Plaster hands, a foot, a face,
A sword, a Malay creese, a knife
Fit to take a pirate's life;
Gobelin tapestry, faded, rare,
Screening in yon alcove there
Such a dismal effigy
Hanging from a beam. You see?

Well, my gentleman is late.
Elsie, since we still must wait,
What thing better can I do
Than to make love, sweet, to you?
Nay, no prudery, my dear!
What vague presence do you fear!
Rosy lips, one little kiss!
Elsie, darling, what is this?
Trembling, and your face is white!
What has frozen you with fright?
Tell me, precious! Speak to me!
Do you dread yon effigy?
No, no, no, my sweet, 't is naught!
'T is not living, as you thought!
See, 't is nothing you should fear!
It is—horror! What is here?
Come away! come! come! 't is true,
This is not a place for you!

ERE SUMMER PASS AWAY.

OVE, dear love, the summer sun is shining,
And life is beautiful with tint and tune;
I all things rare and sweet, enwrapt, entwining,
Lie dreaming in the murmurous air of June;
O love me, love, ere summer pass away,
I dark and cold shall dawn a loveless day.

OVE, dear love, come nearer still and nearer,
Or youth and hope to-day go hand in hand;
The air is softer and the sky is clearer
Or all the low words whispered through the land;
O love me, love, ere all this pass away,
I the wintry winds bemoan a loveless day.

OVE, dear love, for joy of thy caressess,
Or all the love-light in thy lustrous eyes,
All the perfume of thy silken tresses,
Soft enchantment on the fair world lies;
O love me, love, lest all should pass away,
I death draw near upon a loveless day.

REV. WILLIAM READ.

WILLIAM READ, born November 10th, 1825, in Barrington, R. I., was the seventh child in a family of seven sons and one daughter. His parents were Rev. John Read, a Baptist clergyman, and Sally Freeman Read. His grandfather, Ephraim Read, was a Revolutionary soldier. The family is descended from John Read, born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1598, a participant in the great Massachusetts Land Patent, of which Gov. Winthrop was leader. There are seven generations from John Read to William Read, inclusive.

The childhood of John Read was spent in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut, where his father was occupied in pastoral relations. When fifteen, the son became very desirous of an education, thereafter making a persistent effort to obtain it. About that time he began to write poetry. He became a teacher when eighteen, and from that time was frequently employed in giving lectures and addresses on various subjects. He continued to teach six years, meanwhile studying and writing. During those years Mr. Read formed an acquaintance with William Russell and his son, who is now Rev. Francis T. Russell, M. A., lecturer in elocution in several important theological institutions. Both of these gentlemen were Mr. Read's instructors in elocution; and his acquaintance with the son especially, has been one of the pleasures and advantages of his life.

October 14th, 1849, Mr. Read was married to Miss Susan M. Austin. She has been his companion in literature, having written acceptable prose for magazines and papers. Their children are Rev. S. A. Read, pastor of the Baptist Church, Agawam, Mass., Rev. E. A. Read, pastor of the Baptist church, Wauseon, Ohio, and Jane Maria Read, a sketch of whose life appeared in *The Magazine of Poetry* for April, 1889. Rev. Mr. Read's ministerial life, which began in November, 1849, has continued forty-one years, in Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire, a much larger proportion of the time in Massachusetts. He has published one volume of poems, "The Re-strung Harp," 1889. J. M. R.

THE RE-STRUNG HARP.

IN years ago my harp was laid away,
The harp o'er which my fingers used to stray,
And wake its ready strings to varied tones,
Now gay, and now suppressed and trembling
moans.

The years have come and gone in rapid flight,
And left me gray of hair and dim of sight;
My harp, untouched, forgotten, long has lain,
All hushed its notes to songs of joy or pain.

To-day, as recollection backward turned,
And scenes long past within my memory burned,
My harp, with dust and cobwebs covered o'er,
Persistent claimed my consciousness once more.

And can it be re-strung and tuned again?
And will the ear take pleasure in its strain?
Ah, me! why hath it lain unused so long,
If I and it have yet the power of song?

But, as I questioned, thought and feeling grew,
And mingled scenes and interests, old and new;
Old dreams came rushing on me, thick and fast,
And seemed as much of present as of past.

I placed and tuned new chords upon my lyre;
I felt within my heart poetic fire;
I swept the sounding wires with fingers bold,
And joyed to hear their echoes as of old.

POETRY.

I.

A FIRE that burneth with a glow
Unquenched within the poet's heart;
The rapture that choice spirits know,
In which the sordid have no part.

II.

The quenchless burning in the breast
Of thoughts and feelings deep and high;
The lullaby to quiet rest,
For souls that throb, and moan and sigh.

III.

The deepest thrill that hearts can know,
The sweetest tones that tongue can voice,
The soul's full flood in matchless flow,
The purest thoughts in words most choice.

AFTER A TEMPEST.

AN hour ago dark clouds upon us frowned,
And Nature trembled at the thunder's sound,
But now the glorious sun has cast its light
Upon the clouds which scatter in their flight,
And Nature smiles at its returning smile;
Let human hearts, therefore, rejoice the while.

May not the thinking mind a lesson gain
From lightning, thunder, frowning clouds and rain?
We see them spend their fury, pass away,
And leave the earth more verdant, fresh and gay.
'Tis thus with man. A season he may feel
Oppression's grip and Envy's poisoned steel;
But soon the sun of truth will burst the cloud
That o'er his hopes has cast a dark'ning shroud;
And he may stand in honest pride upright,
Beyond the reach of hateful Envy's blight.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TOUCH not, touch not the tempting wine!
There's woe to him who madly sips
The poisoned nectar of the vine,
Drink fit for only demon's lips!

'Tis true the liquor may allure
The once corrupted appetite,
And love of pleasure may assure
The conscience that "to drink is right."

Your friends may urge you to partake
The drunkard's soul-destroying drink,
Not thinking that by this you break
Of virtue's chain a golden link.

Heed neither friends nor pleasure's call;
But dash the damning cup away,
Or ere beneath its power you fall
And feel its black and burning sway!

For in the cup, concealed from sight,
There lies the fatal adder's sting;
And he who drinks will feel the bite
Which thoughts of guilt and ruin bring.

LIVE AND LEARN.

ALL men must learn of wrong and right
From lessons dark and lessons bright,
And thus are formed the heart and mind
The higher plains of life to find.

Mow not the grass that's in the swath;
Spin not the wool that's in the cloth;
The moment gone will not return;
Expended fuel ne'er will burn.

"It might have been," the poet cries,
"It might have been," the sad one sighs;
But vain regrets are best forgot,
And wishes vain remembered not.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY, born in 1817 and beginning to write at the age of seventeen, had already gained some distinction when the spirited poets directly associated with the "Young Ireland" period came upon the stage. His work is varied, comprehensive and valuable. In 1846 he edited the "Poets and Dramatists of Ireland" and the "Book of Irish Ballads," and in 1850 the first collection of his own poems appeared under the title of "Ballads, Poems and Lyrics." In 1853 he began to translate the plays of the Spanish dramatist, Calderon, and this work he continued at intervals for twenty years. Concerning it, the poet Longfellow wrote to the translator in 1857: "You are doing this work admirably, and seem to gain new strength and sweetness as you go on. It seems as if Calderon himself were behind you whispering and suggesting. And what better work could you do in your bright hours or in your dark hours than just this, which seems to have been put providentially in your hands." In 1857 a second collection of Mr. McCarthy's poems was published, bearing the title, "Under-Glimpses and Other Poems," and in the same year he also published the "Bell-Founder and Other Poems." A work entitled "Shelley's Early Life," which received much critical attention and showed careful research and study, appeared in 1872. His later poetical work consisted chiefly of noble centenary odes in honor of O'Connell (1875) and Moore (1879). Either of his longer poems, "Ferdiah," "The Voyage of St. Brendan," "The Bell-Founder" and the "Foray of Con O'Donnell," contains sufficient merit to entitle him to a place of honor among poets. Nature, patriotism and the affections inspired his shorter poems in almost equal degrees. The "Bridal of the Year" and the "Progress of the Rose" are as fine examples of the poetry of flowers as English verse contains. Mr. McCarthy was educated for the law, but literature proved his choice, and he followed it over forty years. Nearly all his life was passed in the place of his birth, Dublin, where he died April 7th, 1882. A volume containing all his poems and edited by his son, John McCarthy, was published in Dublin in 1884. D. C.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys
of our land,

In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads
sublime
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of
time!

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and
weak
The Roman's arch of triumph and the temple of
the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed
Gothic spires!
All are gone, one by one, but the temple of our
sires!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm
homes of the just;
For the proudest works of man as certainly, but
slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again, when in majesty and
mirth,
On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of
the Earth;
But for man in this world no springtide e'er returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time, the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has
its nest,
Thus Time o'er Egypt's tomb and the temples of
the West!

The names of their founders have vanished in the
gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the
tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast,
These temples of forgotten gods, these relics of
the past!

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and
the Dane,
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain,
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Nor-
man Peers,
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs
of later years!

How many different rites have these gray old tem-
ples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in these
chronicles of stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of love
and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was
in its youth?

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was
gone,
As a star from afar to the traveler it shone;
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray
old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of
the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the
sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics
from the shrine,
And the miter shining brighter with its diamonds
than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff and the vestments
of the Priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper
bell;
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the her-
mit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and
good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit
stood!

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth
impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb
to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old
temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the
past!

ITALIAN MYRTLES.

By many a soft Ligurian bay
The myrtles glisten green and bright,
Gleam with their flowers of snow by day,
And glow with fireflies thro' the night;
And yet, despite the cold and heat,
Are ever fresh and pure and sweet.

There is an island in the West,
Where living myrtles bloom and blow,
Hearts where the firefly love may rest
Within a paradise of snow,
Which yet, despite the cold and heat,
Are ever fresh and pure and sweet.

Deep in that gentle breast of thine,
Like fire and snow within the pearl,
Let purity and love combine,
O, warm, pure-hearted Irish girl!
And in the cold and in the heat,
Be ever fresh and pure and sweet.

Thy bosom bears as pure a snow
As e'er Italia's bowers can boast;
And though no firefly lends its glow,
As on the soft Ligurian coast,
'Tis warmed by an internal heat
Which ever keeps it pure and sweet.

The fireflies fade on misty eves;
The inner fires alone endure;
Like to the rain that wets the leaves,
Thy very sorrows keeps thee pure,
They temper a too ardent heat,
And keep thee ever pure and sweet.

WINGS FOR HOME.

My heart hath taken wings for home;
Away! away! it can not stay.
My heart hath taken wings for home,
Nor all that's best of Greece or Rome
Can stop its way.
My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home,
O Swallow, Swallow, lead the way!
O little bird! fly north with me,
I have a home beside the sea
Where thou canst sing and play.
My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home,
But thou, O little bird! wilt stay;
Thou hast thy young ones with thee here,
Thy mate floats with thee through the clear
Italian depths of day.
My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away! away! it can not stay.
One spring from Brunelleschi's dome,
To Venice by the Adrian foam,
Then westward be my way.
My heart hath taken wings for home,
Away!



MARGARET BOYLE.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May,
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May,
 Longing to escape from study,
 To the young face fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May,
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May,
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May,
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away:
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May.

LOVE.

Love's best language is unspoken,
 Yet how simply known;
 Eloquent in every token,
 Look and touch and tone.

—*Love's Language.*

MARGARET BOYLE.

IN Mapleshade, a lovely home situated on one of the western hills in the vicinity of the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, Margaret Boyle was born on the 19th of November, 1862. Blessed with parents distinguished for every Christian virtue, and surrounded by the comforts and care which devoted love and ample means alone can bestow upon childhood, her young life seemed the dawn of what must be a perfect day when, at the age of fifteen months, she was stricken with the illness (inflammation of the brain) which left her virtually if not totally blind. In the meantime her parents had removed to the City of New York, where the skill of the most celebrated oculists was invoked in her behalf, but without avail, and it remained only for affection to shed light upon her darkness and to open the eyes of her soul to the beautiful world about her. This labor of love was taken up and untiringly fulfilled by her devoted mother, brothers and sisters, who never wearied of describing what her eye could not see, and who read to her hour after hour all that was best calculated to elevate and instruct her heart and her mind, with the result that the little girl grew up with no morbid sensitiveness as to her affliction, singularly bright and winning in disposition, and intelligent and well informed far beyond her years. In 1865 her father died, and very soon after the family returned to their western home, where, when Margaret was six years old, a governess was chosen for her, and sent to the Asylum for the Blind in Columbus, Ohio, to be instructed in the methods of that institution, in order that she in turn might supplement the home teaching with such knowledge as would render her pupil independent in a measure of those about her. In this way Margaret learned to read fluently both the books and music specially prepared for the blind, and to do her own writing, although dictating to others, as being more rapid, has always been her favorite method of committing her thoughts to paper. One can scarcely wonder that a child so sensitive and thoughtful as she, into whose ever-listening ear nature sang her sweetest melodies, should have early developed a taste for poetry. Even the childish stories which, when quite small, she composed for the amusement of a younger brother, seemed naturally to fall into meter, and some of her sweetest verses were written when she was still little more than a child. As she advanced in years, the study of the poets became her greatest delight, and her familiarity with their works, even with those which are translations from the German and Italian, is astonishing. Of her own work comparatively little has been published, a few short

poems in some of the magazines, and some verses occasionally in the newspapers, but a great many of her lines are to be found "in the hearts of her friends," written as they often were in the loving memory of happy days and weary ones.

F. A. C.

THE HONEY-BEES.

FLOWERS are the prayers of Earth,
From her beating heart have birth,
Virtues, from whose censers rise
Perfumes toward the summer skies.
And the bees, the honey-bees,
Flying through the summer trees,
Through the fields in gladsome mood,
Through the blossoming underwood,
When the cooing pigeons tell
How the Night hath loosed her spell,
When the warbling heralds warn
Earth ere laughing Day is born,
When the brooks and rivers run
Blithelier in the rising sun,
While the gale above the hills
And the valleys throbs and thrills
With the fragrance of the morn
On his pinions soft upborne,
Up unto the opal sky,
As, when slower lips are dumb,
From the heart the soul's desire
Soars on wings of living fire,
Swift ascend to God on high;

Then, when Morning robed in light
Rises from the arms of Night,
Then, with loud and drowsy hum,
From the busy hives they come,
From the busy hives they go,
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Through the gardens chanting low,
Through the orchards and the meads,
Gather from the flowers and weeds,
Honey for their treasured store,
As a scholar doth his lore;

As an angel from above,
From the spirit-land of love,
Down-descending to the heart,
Beareth off the better part
Of our sorrow and our pain,
Flowers, brighter, sweeter made,
In their liquid pearls arrayed,
In their jewels of dew and rain.
And the angel's song of prayer
Soothes the bitterness of care
Ere it yield to mute despair.

As the doubt-veiled soul doth wait
In the shades her doubts create,
Till God's messenger appears,
And beneath love's glance vain fears
Vanish in a mist of tears,
Shadowed so, at Heaven's gate
Doubts Earth through her darkened state
Till the Day-star, steeped in song,
Lifts the veil that o'er her hung,
Lifts the mists that round her clung,
Till the Day glows glad and strong,
Till the murmurous morning breeze
Wafted o'er the solemn seas,
Whispers to the honey-bees,
And they fly with joy elate,
In the prayerful morning hours,
To the bosoms of the flowers,
O'er their willing hearts to reign,
Singing, all their sweets to drain.
So the poet wins his strain
From another's heart and brain,
Softer memory of whose name
Mingles with his hallowed fame.

Lives of bees and blossoms blend,
As the burthened flowers bend,
Bowing meekly to their fate,
Sweetest they that bear most weight.
Be not troubled, then, my friend,
Since the woes our God may send
Prove but blessings in the end.
For the honey that we give
In the love of God shall live,
In the Land of God increase,
Nor from out His Realm of peace
Ever pass, nor ever cease,
But, by power of ecstasy
Swelled to wondrous harmony,
Golden chords of rhapsody
Swept by angel fingers be
Praise poured full in measures free,
Music of rare psalmody
Ravishing Eternity.

A FAIRY PRINCESS.

FROM fairy-land a princess came,
With golden curls and soft blue eyes,
And now with smiles and now with sighs
This loving princess fair and sweet
Made conquest of our hearts complete.
In sooth it seems her dimpled hands
Are sceptered, but with fairy wands
By which she leaves her magic spell
To mortal eyes invisible.

A royal darling, and yet meek,
The blush that mantles on her cheek,
That flushes at your praise or blame,
Burns not with even childish shame;
But flames in modest joy or woe,
That she could please or vex you so,
An artless girl whose elfin glee
Is tempered by quick sympathy
And delicate simplicity.

SONG TO THE DAISY.

O DAISY, thou hast many names,
And all are sweet,
But as I mark thy skyward gaze,
Earth at thy feet,
Methinks of earth's poor poet thou
Art emblem meet.

For simple art thou in the midst
Of gayer flowers,
Lifting to God thy meek, bright face
Through suns and showers,
Nor wearing with the sultry breath
Of lengthened hours.

But innocent thou art and gay
As in the days
When Spring across the meadows came,
Chanting soft lays,
In garlands dressed and halo-crowned
With morning bays,

And still a child among the flowers
Thou art as then,
As poets, God's inspired ones, seem
But children when
They stand on this dear earth among
Their fellow-men.

A THOUGHT.

OUR fields rich sown, by angels strown
With bright-lipped blossoms here and there,
Show glorious in the setting sun,
Like lives of labor crowned with prayer.

HAWTHORN.

Here are sweet hawthorn blossoms that bid rest,
Singers of syph-land, light upon my breast,
Whispering to me of every voiceless word
That in the pulsings of the woodlands stirred,
Like maiden-friendship gathered from love's root,
Sweet scented flowers that shall bear no fruit.

—*A Souvenir to Marie.*

EMILY P. CARTER.

MRS. EMILY PEARMAIN CARTER was born in Grafton, Lorain county, Ohio, the youngest of two children born to Edward and Esther Pearmain. Her father died when she was an infant. Her mother is of Scotch descent, being the daughter of William McConnell, who was well known forty or fifty years ago in New York State and Ohio as a writer and poet.

After Mr. Pearmain's death his widow remained with her parents, and thus Mrs. Carter, when a child, was placed under the immediate care of her grandfather, and he, being an eminent scholar, took great pains with her early education. Mrs. Carter has always been intensely loyal and patriotic and has written a number of war poems, her "Battle of Fort Meigs" being perhaps her best. She has also written several poems for the Farmer's Institutes held in Wood county. At the close of the late war she was married to James W. Carter, who had served in the 111th and also in the 144th Ohio regiments. Immediately after marriage they settled upon a farm near Prairie Depot, Wood county, Ohio, where they still reside. The years have passed very quietly and happily, and Mrs. Carter has had plenty of time to devote to her writings, and, although they have not been published very extensively, she has considerable local fame as a poet. She has written a number of pioneer poems, and a few years ago assisted in writing the "History of Wood County." She has a good voice for public speaking and frequently recites her long poems to public audiences. She is an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and also of the Woman's Relief Corps. She is social in her nature, a woman of strong likes and dislikes, quick to resent a wrong and equally quick to forget and forgive an injury. A part of her girlhood was spent with relatives in Boston, Mass., and for several years she was a teacher in the public schools, but the years of her married life have been uneventful. She has no children, and when I asked her what I could write of her life her reply was, "I was born, I am married, I shall die; that is all."

E. C. P.

OUR HONORED DEAD.

To-day the living soldiers come
With slow and reverent tread,
They come to decorate with flowers
The graves of comrades dead,
Perchance to drop a silent tear
And breathe a tender sigh

In memory of those they knew
And loved in years gone by.

Oh! vanished years, come back once more
And let us see to-day
The long, long line stretched out again
In battle's stern array!
The waving flags, the suits of blue,
The flash of glittering spears,
I seem to see them all again,
And hear the oft-heard cheers.

The beat of drum and bugle note
That day bring back to me,
And then the faces that I saw
I seem once more to see,
The beardless boys whose cheeks were wet
With mother's fondest tears,
And the bronzed faces firm and set
Of man's maturer years.

The last farewell, the clasp of hands
We ne'er shall clasp again,
The last kiss pressed on lips and cheeks,
The wretchedness and pain
Of weary months grown into years
Come back to us once more,
And one day in each year we live
That sad remembrance o'er.

It is no legend old and weird
I would to-day repeat;
Those men were ours, our best beloved
Whose hearts in concord beat.
Why did they leave their home and friends
And, severing every tie,
Seek death in every horrid form
Beneath a southern sky?

Was it for glory? Went they forth
To gain themselves a name?
Did they desire the fate they met
Just for the sake of fame?
Was it for honor? Did they wish
To die a soldier's death
That they might win the praise of men,
Which passeth with a breath?

Was it for riches? Did the greed
Of gold tempt them to give
The peace and comfort of their homes,
Prizes for which men live?
Was it for pleasure? In the camp
Or marching did they find
Enjoyment that could excel
The joys they'd left behind?

Did dream of wild adventure thrill
Their heart and prompt the thought?
Was the sentry's lonely midnight watch
The goal for which they sought?
Did they prefer the tented field?
Was the sound of shot and shell,
Sweet to their ears, or the dying groan
When wounded comrade fell?

Go ask the living warrior why
He left his home to go;
Was it for reasons I have given,
And he will tell you no.
T'was love of country fired his brain
And nerved his faltering heart,
T'was love of country made him strong
To dare and do his part.

The soldiers who went forth to war
Had prospects bright and clear,
Their plans, their hopes were dear to them
As yours to you are dear;
They crushed them back, they gave them up,
Relinquished every tie;
"My country first of all," they said,
"For her we'll live or die."

What did they gain? a private's pay,
And if their lives they gave
On battle-field, in prison-pen,
An unmarked, nameless grave.
And sacrifices were not made
By those alone who fell;
Each wooden leg and empty sleeve
Their own sad story tell.

* * * * *

And what our gain who meet to-day
In peace from shore to shore,
A country bathed in blood and tears
But *free* forevermore?
Oh home! oh country, bitter price
That you have cost, and yet
From soldier's lips whoever heard
One murmur of regret?

* * * * *

The youthful mind should store this truth,
Which countless ages give:
To die or suffer for the right
Is greater than to live.
Then let us bring our choicest flowers,
Our homage come to pay,
And tell the story of their deeds
On each Memorial Day.



A. H. Morrison

ALFRED HECTOR MORRISON.

ALFRED HECTOR MORRISON was born in London, England, about 1842. At the age of 14 he sailed with his mother for Ceylon, to join his father who was formerly associated with Colonel Everest as official chief on the trigonometrical survey of British India. When about thirteen years of age he returned to England to complete his education which had been carefully supervised at home by his parents, his father being a graduate of St. John's University. He received an academical appointment in the classic and historical Salt Hill, near London.

After leaving college he began the study of medicine, finding it uncongenial to his tastes, went as physician on an East Indiaman for a voyage round the world. During that trip, which occupied three years, he visited Australia, the Philippines, and other islands in tropical seas, and rounded off his education at the celebrated capes, Good Hope, Horn and Cape of Good Hope. After returning to England Mr. Morrison was appointed for military schoolmaster in the Military Academy, Chelsea, and came out first prizeman in 1861. He also attended the science lectures in the Royal College of Mines, and obtained Queen's scholarship in chemistry, electricity and magnetism and natural geography. In 1871 he joined the Chest-ridge H. M. Royal Horse Artillery, at Aldershot, going to India overland *via* railway from Alexandria to Suez, but was transferred from the regiment to the First Royal Scots. His physical constitution was almost destroyed during his residency in India, and he was invalided home in 1876, after service at the Khyber Pass, Peshawar, Mur, Shahjehanpore, and in the Himalayas. His mastery of the Hindu and Urdu languages earned him the Government reward in 1875. The following year, after returning home *via* the Suez Canal, he went to Canada, where he has ever since resided. He became English master in the Brantford Collegiate Institute in 1883, and has shown himself to be one of the most successful teachers in the Dominion. That position he has lately relinquished, and will in future lead a retired life, devoting his time to literary pursuits. In 1886 he was married to Miss Isabel Ford Hay. Mr. Morrison has contributed numerous poems, essays and criticisms to many Canadian and United States magazines and papers, and has published the "Art of the English Language," a book praised in the highest terms by the critics of America. Although he began his career as a writer when a boy in London, and has already won a lasting name in literature, yet his richest treasures of thought and experience are held in reserve. R. S. S.

HAUNTED.

THE rowan nods her yellow head,
Hard by the browning chestnut's leaves,
And many a child of spring lies dead
Beneath the dripping eaves.

A sob of grief is in the air,
A wail for suns and season's lost,
While scattered drift is everywhere,
And branches tempest-tossed.

November's gray enshrouds the hill,
November's mist lies on the mere,
November's solemn voices fill
The vistas far and near.

Where ashen shadows spectral flit,
With ghostly leaves that earthward speed,
Alone beneath the eaves I sit
And, spirit-haunted, read.

A yellow leaf amid the drift,
A human waif whose spring is o'er,
To whom no summer brings her gift,
No autumn yields her store.

When umber tinged the thistle's down,
And olive turned to crimson flame,
And russet changed to golden brown,
The spirit-summons came.

I saw it in the changing leaf,
I heard it in the woodland's moan,
I felt it in the season's grief,
In sense so like my own.

A little bird with ruffled crest
Sang on a maple's rubied spray;
It piped to east, it piped to west,
Then southward sped away.

Out of the north the message came,
Nor pipe of bird its summons blew;
A formless grief without a name
My broken spirit knew.

Ever the sere leaves earthward flit,
Ever the bleak wind maketh moan,
Ever beneath the eaves I sit,
Grief-haunted and alone.

CHIMES.

TIME chimes upon the bells of years,
The fairy bells of infant hours,
The iris-tide of smiles and tears,
The drowsy-hood of dreams and flowers,

The glamor of the cradled bliss,
The nectar of the mother' kiss!
Time flies; the infant grows apace,
A cherub still in form and face.

Time chimes upon the bells of years,
The silver bells of joyous youth,
Persuasive peals that boyhood hears,
Sweet changes rung on trust and truth,
The whitest light in mem'ry's ray,
The sunniest hour of friendship's day!
Time flies; the peal is hushed for aye,
Trust, truth and boyhood pass away.

Time chimes upon the bells of years,
The golden bells of manhood's prime,
A peal of mingled hopes and fears,
The crowned king, the painted mime,
The friends, the foemen in the strife,
The goal attained, the baffled life!
Time flies; the peal subsides amain
Above the victor and the slain.

Time chimes upon the bells of years.
The iron bells of life's decline;
The peal comes muffled to the ears,
Across the shade, across the shine;
The regal sun toward the west,
Flame-mantled, seeks his crimson rest!
Time flies; the hour of night is tolled,
The world is worn and life is old.

Time chimes upon the bells of years,
The spirit bells of life renewed;
Beyond the mists the morning clears
To show the Future rainbow-hued;
The change is rung by deathless hands,
Beyond the finite shifting sands!
Time flies, but time and age are dead,
And youth returns to reign instead.

SEPARATION.

"Parsque est meminisse doloris."—OVID.

THE daylight pales upon the distant hills,
And the weird hush of twilight falls apace
On mountain-path, and mere, and ribboned rills,
And thicket that the night-bird's music fills;
While I, with sad, averted face,
In the unsteadfast light
Whisper a last good-night!

The sunrise glanced on hills of yesterday,
As flamed his blazonry this golden moon,
And quiv'ring throats proclaimed life's roundelay
From depths where bosky spring kept holiday

'Neath snowdrift of the fragrant thorn,
Ere the departing light
Prompted a last good-night!

To-morrow's sun will rise, as he of old,
On wealth of mountain, meadow, mere and plain,
Shedding his guerdon free, largess of gold,
And gen'rous love more pure a thousand-fold;
But not for me that wealth again,
For in to-day's dim light
I breathe a last good-night!

Good-night to all of love and best of earth;
In the sad gloaming that no sunlight gilds,
Apostate faith receives no second birth;
But now succeeds the barren after-dearth,
The solitude that sev'rance builds,
After the waning light
Records the last good-night!

Slow sinks the sun, and all the world is dark,
The mere is cold, the ribboned rill is mute,
The brand of day is quenched, nor any spark
To guide the helmless, oarless, sailless bark;
Hushed is the nightingale's soft flute,
Dead e'en the ashen light
That heard the last good-night!

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BLUE eyes, twin counterfeits of violets meek,
Wherein dream-cupids nestle fancy-fed
To view the day-dawn flushing rosy red,
Where morn new-ris'n on each lilled cheek
Kisses arch dimples playing hide and seek
Beneath the silken tresses sunbeams thread
And halo like a young Madonna's head,
Or the gold glory of a Midas' freak.

Ah, beautiful! Ah, sweet! Ah, wondrous dear,
Child of the morning dew and opening rose,
Stranger to life's mistrustful, sullen fear,
And whisperings weird the spectral gloaming
knows!

Light life of April smile and iris tear
Be thine from dawn to flush of sunset snows.

TERRESTRIAL ASTRONOMY.

Around extends a firmament of field,
Star-spangled with the galaxy of Spring:
Wild wealth of floral meteors showering,
Where drooping golden-rains their largess yield
Above blue violet nebulae. Here shield
The lilac sprays meek planets clustering,
Low-hid, self-bathed in balm their petals fling

To May's faint air. There chaliced callas wield
 White crescent horns aloft like liliated noons
 Revolving round some greater orb of day,
 Mid daisied systems, that through sun-sprent moons
 Glimmer beneath the hawthorn's milky way,
 While primrose constellations yet display
 Spring's earliest, best and most delicious boons.

A MARINE.

EVENING.

WILD gleams of fitful sea-shine o'er wild waves,
 Foam of spent surges flung on sullen rocks,
 And spectral gray of gulls in hovering flocks;
 Hoarse breakers brawling at the gates of caves;
 Grim portals, where the passionate tempest raves,
 And the rude rollers rush, when Ocean knocks
 For entrance with impetuous hand, and mocks
 The sea-mew's scream above forgotten graves.

Long loops of weed-strown waste, and wan, wet
 sand,

And jutting crags that vex the breeze-swept bight,
 And vistas dank and drear, nor sea nor land,
 Untraversed save by Fancy's formless flight;
 Yet laid on all the impress of the Hand
 Of the Inscrutable, neath lowering night.

A POKE-BONNET SONNET.

GIVE me the fourteen lines, the suble sonnet,
Multum in parvo, much in little space,
 On hand, or foot, or head of classic grace,
 Or e'en a dainty glove, shoe, *her* poke-bonnet,
 With all the wonders round it or upon it,
 Birds' nests and beetles, lizards, flowers and lace,
 But 'neath, the outlines of a heavenly face;
 How do I love to gaze and, longing, con it.

Sighing for some unutterable good,
 Now for a beetle's wing, now that, now this,
 How preferable it is to hat or hood!
 Those eyes! to meet thier dancing light, what
 bliss!
 A challenge flashed, "If I were you I would,"
 And then, the rapture of the shaded kiss!

AUTUMN.

To flutter downward, winter-stricken leaf,
 So purpling fall, drear shadows over earth,
 Ye are life's harbingers—a season's grief;
 Yet prelude to a new succeeding birth.

—Fall.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

ROBERT LEIGHTON was born in Dundee, Scotland, 20th February, 1822. His father, David Leighton, was a descendant and the recognized representative of the Leightons, who had gone over from Normandy in the tenth or eleventh century. Robert's mother, a kind and cheerful woman, happy and indulgent with her family, and whose fondness for Scotch songs was inherited by all her children, was left a widow while Robert was in his twelfth year. On his mother's second marriage, with Mr. Fleming, a farmer in Fifeshire, he went to live with them on a farm, and it was there that he experienced for a time the pleasures of rural life so touchingly described in his poem "The Wee Herd Loon." His young life was eminently happy and inspired him with a passion for the quiet of the country which never left him. On his mother's death Robert went to live with his older brother, William, thereafter Col. William Leighton, of Keokuk, Iowa, U. S. A. After leaving school he spent some time in mercantile pursuits in Dundee, and subsequently took a voyage round the world as a supercargo, going by Sydney and returning by Valparaiso. It was during that voyage that he wrote the weird ballad, "The Guid Grey Cat." In 1845 he entered the offices of the London and North-Western Railway Company, in Preston, and while settled there he managed in his "after work" hours to give attention to literary pursuits. In 1854 he accepted a responsible position as manager of a branch of a Liverpool house, which took him to Aryshire. While residing there he had much delight in visiting all the places immortalized by the national bard. His poem on "The Centenary of Robert Burns" was read in the cottage at the celebration of that event, when he also made a speech on the "Scottish Peasantry," and where he had by request to read his poem, "The Loss of his Whittle." In 1855 he published "Rhymes and Poems, by Robin," containing "Records I.-IX.," with various Scotch and other poems; and in 1861 and 1866 successive volumes were published. After residing in Ayer for some four or five years, he removed to Liverpool. Before settling there, however, he took advantage of some leisure time to visit his brother William, who, as already said, had settled in America. His volumes descriptive of this journey are his most lengthy contribution to prose literature. On his return to England his life was taken up chiefly in commercial travels. He died in Liverpool on the 10th of May, 1869, aged forty-seven, from an internal injury contracted while riding on horseback over some rough roads in Ireland.

J. F.

THE BREATH OF WHIN.

I SMELT the whins in passing up the lane,
And years of childhood crowded into minutes
Swept through my bosom in a sweet, sad train
Of butterflies and linnets.

I saw the fairies in the haunted dell,
The woodlands with their shadows bright and
mazy,
I heard on sunny banks the sweet blue-bell
Tinkling unto the daisy.

A thousand images arose within,
Forgotten images; in childhood noted,
And all awakened by a breath of whin
That in the looming floated.

Forgetting is no losing; and if death
Be higher life, the life that lay before it
May easily be restored, if thus a breath
Can faithfully restore it.

THE WEE HERD LOON.

O, THAT I were the wee herd loon
That basks upo' yon sunny lea!
Ilk ither wish I wad lay doon,
A laddie herdin' kye to be.

I'd lose the little lear I ha'e
And learn the herdie's simple arts,
To buid a housie 'mang the strae,
To mak' we neep and tawtie carts;

To mak' a kep o' rashies green
And learn the herdie's gleesome lauch;
To mak' a rattle for the wean,
Or cut a whistle o' the sauch;

To licht a fire upon the muir,
That a' the herdies may sit doon;
Or set the whins on bleezin fire,
That a' the herdies may rin roon;

To plait a wheep for drivin' kye,
And learn the herdie's sangs to sing,
And wi' the herdie's hooiin' cry,
Gar a' the echoing woodlands ring;

To climb the greenwood trees sae high
And shogin' sit amang the boughs,
And watch the birdies flittin' bye,
Or mark the burnie as it rows;

To mak' wind-mills and water-wheels;
To be ilk thing that's herdie like,
A wee-thing fear'd o' ghiusts and de'ils,
Or any other unconnie tyke;

Get shoon wi' clampit heels and taes,
And five fu' rows o' muckle tacketts,
Corduroy and fustran claes,
Wi' pouches fu' o' queer nick-nackets.

O, blithesome are the herdie's ways!
I had a wee, wee lastin' o' them;
But Time's a flood that never stays,
A flood that beats mankink to fathom;
It wafted me frae herdin' days
Ere I was weel begun to know them.

THE GARLAND.

No cultivated garden did he own,
But found his bent by wayside and in forest;
He gather'd flowers where seed was never sown,
Unless by Nature' Florist.

He lack'd the cultured mind so richly prized,
But in the wastes of soul found endless choosings;
And cull'd a garland, not to be despised,
Of transient thoughts and musings.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE world is old! States, Empires, Kings
Have risen, ruled and passed away;
Yet David harps and Homer sings,
And he of Avon speaks to-day.

The living song will still abide,
And when our age is dust in urns,
The world, as now, will own with pride
Its life-long debt to Robert Burns.

His touch was universal birth;
He set his native streams to tune,
And every corner of the earth
Knows Nith and Lugar, Ayr and Doon.

His homes we seek, his haunts we trace
Wherever thought of him is foud;
We follow him from place to place,
And all is consecrated ground.

On things that disregarded lie
His look bequeathed a priceless dower;
The trodden daisy caught his eye
And blossomed an immortal flower.



A. J. Eidson,
—

Love's tender throes with him became
A sweet religion, and he poured
Such floods of beauty round a name
That all men love whom he adored.

The patriot-heroes' brows he bound
With wreaths eternal as the sun;
The lowly honest man he crowned;
He made the king and beggar one.

For well he knew that lord or king
Was but a word. With deeper scan
He made both peer and peasant sing
Their highest title still was—Man.

In "shooting folly as it flew,"
There never was a deadlier aim;
And even those his satire slew
Are joint partakers of his fame.

He lashed the bigot; his the creed
Embracing all humanity;
A conscience clear in word and deed;
One Father, God, and brethren we.

And if we blame the sparkling rhymes
That make the maddening cup sublime,
Think only of the altered times,
And give the censure to the time.

In humor, friendship, pity, worth,
In themes that change not with the day,
Broad nature felt o'er all the earth,
His genius holds unmeasured sway.

Great Prince of Song! to mark thy fame,
O, for a moment of thy pen!
'Twere needless pains, thy living name
Is written on the hearts of men.

Our guilt makes not thy gold more bright;
But hearts enriched would yield returns;
A world of homage meets to-night,
And every thought breathes ROBERT BURNS.

FLOWERS.

Children and flowers lie very near to God,
And Heaven with them is but a short remove.
They yield us glimpses of the blest abode
And win us with its love.
Thou would'st charm me with the wine of thought,
And give sweet inspiration to my hours,
And wake the melodies in Heaven taught,
O! bring the chalice flowers.

—*Flowers.*

ANDREW J. EIDSON.

ANDREW J. EIDSON, M. D., was born October 26th, 1837, in Butler county, Ohio. His father's ancestors were English and Welsh, his mother's Scotch-Irish and German. When two years old, his parents moved to Adam's county, Illinois. Andrew was the oldest child and had the advantages of the common schools and seminaries of a new State, and for a time attended college. He studied theology, but was not ordained. He studied medicine, and finally was graduated at Rush Medical College, Chicago, January 25th, 1865. He had enlisted in the Federal army in 1862, and in February, 1865, pending a second draft, he enlisted as a private in the 148th Regiment Illinois Infantry. From exposure while passing through Kentucky and Tennessee to Tullahoma, he became sick, and went to the United States General Hospital as a patient. When partly recovered, he was detailed from his regiment and put on duty, first as ward master, and soon after acting assistant-surgeon, and was discharged on account of his disabilities, May 24th, 1865. Previously during his transit south, while in Springfield, Illinois, he went before the medical board and passed examination as competent to fill the position of first assistant-surgeon of Illinois Volunteers. In August, 1865, he located in McDonough county, Illinois, to practice his profession. In the year 1870 or 1871 he removed to Coatesville, Schuyler county, Missouri, in which county he is well and favorably known as a physician and a writer, both of poetry and prose. He has written much on medical and other subjects, and an occasional poem for the local papers. His devotion to the profession and bad health acquired in the service of his country have left him scarcely calm leisure for literature. He is now studying law, but not with a view to active practice.

B. M. E.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.

NYANZA! Afric's sleeping sea,
Far west and north of Zanzibar,
A thousand years have found in thee
What man would seek and valor dare;
With rapture the explorer's eye
Looks where thy waters kiss the sky.

Ages ago thy western coasts
Resounded to the warrior's cry,
When Abyssinia marched her hosts
To slay nomadic hordes or die;
Barbarian shouts of vict'ry ring,
Kittara is without a king.

Nyanza! bursting from thy shores,
 The sacred Nile glides to the sea;
 From cliff to cliff thy water pours,
 Without exhaustion, pure and free;
 On, on three-thousand miles it flows,
 And Egypt blossoms as the rose.

Ungoro—this the Ophir land?
 The diamond flashes 'mong her flowers;
 Gold mingles with her mountain sands;
 Voluptuous odors fill her bowers;
 Here Nature beautiful, sublime,
 Luxuriates in a tropic clime.

Proud Nile! flow onward evermore,
 Rich in thy relics of the past;
 Sahara can not blight thy shore,
 Nor taint thy waves the Simoom's blast;
 The tombs of mighty kings at rest
 Are mirrored on thy placid breast!

NO CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN CHINA.

No children's graves in China,
 The missionaries say;
 In cruel haste and silence
 They put those buds away;
 No tombstones mark their resting,
 To keep their mem'ry sweet;
 Their graves, unknown, are trodden
 By many careless feet.

No children's graves in China,
 That land of heathen gloom;
 They deem not that their spirits
 Will live beyond the tomb.
 No little coffin holds them,
 Like to a downy nest;
 No spotless shroud enfolds them,
 Laid in their quiet rest.

No children's graves in China;
 No parents ever weep;
 No toy nor little relic
 The thoughtless mothers keep.
 No mourners e'er assemble
 Around the early dead,
 And flowers of careful planting
 Ne'er mark their lowly bed.

No children's graves in China,
 With sad and lonely ties
 To make the living humble
 And point them to the skies;
 No musings pure and holy
 Of them when day is done:
 Be faithful, missionary,
 Your work is just begun!

VIRGINIA GOODWIN ELLARD.

VIRGINIA GOODWIN ELLARD was born, educated and has always lived in Cincinnati. She seems to have inherited from her mother and maternal grandmother a sense of rhythm, and began very early in life to write verse. This facility being recognized by her teachers at school, she was often obliged to write her essays in metrical form. She has contributed both in prose and verse to numerous periodicals and newspapers. Several years since she published in the *Cincinnati Commercial* a series of essays which attracted wide attention and were extensively copied. Mrs. Ellard's prose style is characterized by a clearness of thought and vigor of expression not common among women. In 1880 she published a juvenile story written in verse, entitled "Grandma's Christmas Day." The little volume became at once very popular and ran through several editions. Mrs. Ellard is particularly fond of the sonnet form of versification. She writes because her greatest pleasure is found in her work. She is retiring in disposition, and it has been only at the solicitation of friends that much of her verse has been published. D. T. W.

WITHOUT THE WALL.

WITHOUT the wall, I hear the echo's sound
 From those within, whose joy I can not share,
 While thus they cry, "Tread not on holy ground,
 But stand aloof, and eat thy beggar's fare.

"As favored sons, we drink the odorous wine,
 And, though uncrowned, the royal purple wear,
 To show the world the emblem and the sign
 Which herald ranks, whose social name we
 bear."

And I without can listen and deride
 The hollow pretense of these blatant cries,
 And live apart, my sterner fate defied
 By all the strength which in my manhood lies.

Without the wall are hearts that, beating true,
 Respond in love to every human need;
 Within the wall are hearts that never knew
 The generous impulse of a noble deed.

Without the wall, I can at least forego
 A fitful pleasure for life's surer gain,
 And free my soul ere-it have cause to know
 The galling pressure of a social chain.

A NEW FAITH.

NOTHER word is written with a clear prophetic
pen,
unfolding Nature's secrets to the waiting hearts of
men.

God's animating presence His spirit will infuse,
ill, guided by this power, in wisdom all will
choose
the narrow way, far-reaching, whose path we ne'er
can lose.

the instincts, ruling action, will make us noble,
pure,
the teaching of religion forever can endure
the scathing test of reason, whose judgment must
believe
the Truth progressing ever, by the light which we
receive,
With blinded eyes no longer shall we sadly grope
and grieve.

or creeds are cold and lifeless, with tenets only
taught
from murmuring lips, while inward the heart has
never sought
That first immortal doctrine each man must learn
anew,
Which blends his faith with duty in the work he
has to do,
building life's foundations on the lasting and the
true.

by the law of Love revealed are the precepts which
will guide
A weak and doubting brother still closer to the side
Of God Himself, who never will seek to hide His
face
beneath a form or dogma which veils inherent
grace,
but divinity itself in our hearts can find a place.

UNROUNDED LIVES.

UNROUNDED lives, all incomplete,
The ranks of human effort fill,
While yet the heart, in mournful beat,
Preserves unbroken silence still.

A woman wears a martyr's crown,
Whose thorns have pierced, but claimed no cry,
As love ne'er cast a tribute down
To brighten life in passing by.

Her lips are mute with songs unsung,
But speak with consolation sweet,
When other hearts, with anguish wrung,
Bring all their sorrows to her feet.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

THE grape is bruised the purple wine to yield;
The withered blossom holds a fragrance sweet;
In rainbow tints the cloud and sunshine meet.
So Love and Pain, within thy heart revealed,
Will yet abide 'till every wound is healed
Beyond the lifted veil, when thou shalt greet
Hope's full fruition, and in song repeat
The lesson which thy tears had kept concealed.

Trampled to dust, the purpose seeming lies,
As, shorn of strength, we hold our empty hands,
When lo! Within our path an angel stands,
Beckoning the better part of self to rise
From gloom to fuller faith, by which we see
The face of God in bright futurity.

EMERSON.

STRONG were his words, his clearer vision saw
How all could seek for light and truth within.
Unstained the soul, soon freed from taint of sin,
He taught, if it but heeds God's higher law,
Whose precepts pure will close in kinship draw
The hearts of men, who never more the din
Of evil's strife shall fear, if they begin
With noble faith to hide each brother's flaw,

Which love conceals beneath a judgment kind.
"Let there be truth," he wrote, "'twixt you and me,"
And where his hand a friendly grasp could find,
No darkened cloud to veil it could he see;
Wreathed as great thoughts his words of wisdom
fall,
A fitting guide to rule the hearts of all.

A NOBLE LIFE.

LIVE in the noble utterance revealing heart to
heart,
Live in the aspiration where action has a part;
Crave not the rest from toiling, but the wisdom to
achieve,
And conquer by endurance in the suffering we re-
ceive.

SACRIFICE.

On sacrifice, that other men can gain
The heights they have essayed to climb in vain.
—God's Temple.

L. MITCHELL.

MISS MITCHELL was born in Cambridge, one of the oldest towns on the eastern shore of Maryland, as quaint, too, as old, and full of picturesque and interesting features. The old homestead of the Mitchell family in Dorchester county formed part of an extensive tract surveyed May 4th, 1664. The original dwelling has long since been swept away, but the land still remains in possession of the family, and the mossy tombstones in the old family burial ground hold the names, always identical, of successive generations. Miss Mitchell's childhood was spent in Baltimore, and her education was received in the public schools of that city. Her first essays and short poems appeared soon after her graduation, and were published under the name "Lucian Adams." A few years since some further poetical efforts of hers, humorous in tone, and depicting certain phases of life on the eastern shore, were made public in an illustrated weekly of Baltimore. Her poetry is graceful and refined and shows a gentle and sympathetic spirit. Her friends feel sure of her coming fame, as she has rare gifts and is a woman of decided genius and much literary vigor.

L. W. R.

NIGHT'S EYES.

DOES never a daisy bloom in the sky,
In the meadows wide by the distance blue?
They grow in the fields so thickly below,
Say shall we not find them growing there too?

Why, my little love, what question is thine?
In the valleys deep, where the daisies crowd,
Hast thou, from the upland pathway not seen
Their drift like the flecky fleece of a cloud?

But greater the daisies grow in the sky,
And though lightly winds stir their feath'ry fold,
When twilight comes all their dew petals fall;
The stars are, my love, their hearts of bright gold.

THE DIRGE.

ON the still autumn air comes the sound of soft music,
A dirge, though the mourners carry no bier;
Scarred veterans have come, now the war is long over,
A dearly loved comrade's bleached bones to inter.

Slow and lightly the trees shed their last crimson tatters,
And shrill on the ear strikes a bird's plaintive cry,
As full in the stream of the low, yellow sunset,
They gather, uncover, to mourn a good-bye.

Oh, prideful they tell of his deeds of rare valor,
And warmly they dwell on his friendship and truth,
Speak tender and low of his gentle demeanor,
Sigh pitiful over his beauty and youth.

Thus till the hot tears in each eye thickly gather,
And thrilling they say, kneeling round the new sod,

"His name shall live long in his country's war-story,"

Then lingerly leave his loved relics with God.

—From *The Teacher's Dream*.

THE TEACHER.

The lisping lessons are all said,
Upon the stairs there lingers yet
The echo of a tiny tread;
And slipping wearily away,
Where it hath been in noise and dust all day,
The winter light steals softly, ray by ray.

It wanes adown the narrow street,
It gilds the squalid homes where vice
And pale, despairing hunger meet;
So like a pitying hand it lay
Upon the curls of urchins still at play,
There seems a presence gone with it away.

The silent room grows gray and cold,
The shadows dense the battered forms,
The maps, the ciphered boards enfold;
Yet leaning on the desk in thought,
The teacher pensive, pale and overwrought,
Muses of that with which her life is fraught.

Where shelters now each little child,
So eager, restless to be free?
Gone home, perhaps to home defiled.
Oh! in each life what is the share
Of praise or blame her anxious soul must bear?
What other lessons mingled with her care?

At last her head unconscious droops,
And fancy, kindling bright his forge,
With skillful hand quickly unloops
The link of reason, and it heats,
Till all aglow, it parts beneath his beats,
Links doubts and hopes, and so his chain completes.

—*Ibid.*



M. S. Greene

MILLEN SANFORD GREENE.

A FARM house nestled among the hills of old Connecticut was the early home of Millen Sanford Greene, who was born December 23rd 1825, of Quaker stock. The father, a true type of the sturdy New England farmer, gave to the boy those decided traits which have so characterized his life. From the mother came that sympathetic nature, beauty of mind, pureness of thought and a high appreciation of the grand and poetic in life which later years have developed in a high degree. His boyhood was spent upon the farm, where the monotony of hard work was only varied by a few weeks of winter schooling. Early manhood found him teaching the district school and applying himself to study as the spare moments presented themselves. He was married at the age of twenty-one. While still working on the farm, there seemed to be a restless yearning for something beyond his circumscribed surroundings, and with a spirit of adventure burning within he went to sea. Many of his most touching poems were inspired by the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean or by theondrous work of its inhabitants. After six years spent at sea and ten years in teaching, he entered the real estate and insurance business in Westerly, R. I., where he now resides. His published poems are confined to the local papers, but sufficient remain unpublished to fill quite a volume, which he contemplates issuing at some future time.

A. M. M.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

"I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!"
My mother often sung
In soothing numbers soft and mild
To me, when I a fretful child
Unto her bosom clung.

I could not know the sense of pain
That, mingled with the sweet refrain,
Her gentle spirit wrung,
I could not know the weight of care
With which she breathed for me the prayer
That trembled on her tongue.

That love-wrought cadence to my ears
Comes floating down the stream of years
In tones that seem divine;
My soul is lulled to calm repose
As when of yore, at daylight's close,
She laid her face to mine.

And now beyond the mystic veil
Angelic voices never fail

That song of love to swell;
The heavenly chorus greets her ears
In praise of Him, whom, thro' long years
She loved and served so well.

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

A RADIANCE most holy
Upon my spirits falls;
A beam of sun-bright glory,
Breaks thro' the cloudy pall
That long hath cast its shadow
Upon my life's bright day:
I welcome in its beauty,
The light along my way.

So long my song of sorrow
Had sounded in mine ear,
So long the blest to-morrow
I sought did not appear,
That in my lonely musings
In gloom and shade obscured,
I came to feel the anguish
Must be for aye endured.

But through the rifted curtain
Came love's benignant beam,
And my sad song of sorrow
Evanished like a dream.
O, welcome, welcome radiance!
Effulgent light divine!
Into my heart forever
In all thy brightness shine.

JUNE.

HAIL, lovely Queen! In regal state
Thou sittest on thy throne,
In all thy matchless beauty robed,
In majesty thine own!
Among the ever moving train
Thou hast the foremost place,
And loveliest been since blushing earth
First saw its maker's face.

I hear thy whispers in the trees,
So faint and yet so clear;
I catch the freshness of the breeze,
And know that thou art here;
The unseen fragrance of thy flowers
Is wafted to my sense,
And, standing with uncovered head,
I own the recompense.

Serenely o'er thy queenly brow
 I see thine incense rise
 And shower its benedictions down
 From thy o'erburdened skies.
 Thus every nerve of mind and sense
 To beauty is atune,
 While Summer bows her princely head
 To kiss the robe of June.

SEASIDE MEDITATIONS.

In thoughtful mood, along the sands
 Of Ocean's whitened fringe I strolled,
 And listened to the music grand
 Its waves had sung since days of old.
 Beside the mighty minstrelsy
 My very soul with awe was stirred;
 For strains like these from human lips
 The numbered ages never heard.

I gathered pebbles on the shore,
 And shells of every form and shade,
 And pondered o'er the matchless skill
 That in these trifles was displayed;
 But there, I thought, beneath the tides,
 Where mortal eye could never beam,
 The wealth of Ocean's wonders far
 Exceeds the fancy's brightest dream.

I stood beside the massive piers,
 And saw the waves around them play,
 And wondered why such seeming strength
 Was needed for their quiet stay,
 But when I've seen old Ocean rise
 And hurl its waves resistless on,
 And marked the wrecks of human skill
 Along their thundering pathway strewn,

I thought how man was all too weak
 And poor to utter word or breath,
 Or lift a hand to stay a power
 Whose very pastimes end in death;
 Or vie with the consummate skill
 That fashioned all its countless forms;
 Or touch the grand majestic chord
 That's heard amid its angry storms.

As my short vision only saw
 The simpler lessons Ocean gives,
 I could not know the subtle power
 That in its inner chamber lives,
 Too great for human souls to grasp,
 Too high for human thoughts to reach,
 Too grand in all its mighty works,
 To find a place in human speech.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, one of the wittiest and the wisest of American writers, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809, and was graduated at Harvard University in 1829. He began the study of law, but, feeling a stronger bent toward the profession of medicine, applied himself zealously to preparation for its practice. In 1836, having spent several years in study abroad, he received his medical degree in Cambridge, two years later was appointed to a professorship in the Dartmouth Medical School, and in 1847 succeeded Dr. Warren as professor of anatomy in Harvard University. His first considerable literary effort was a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard in 1836. It received warm praise from competent critics, and its success undoubtedly confirmed his not yet openly confessed *penchant* for literary labors. The first edition of his collected poems was published in 1836, and at least a dozen editions have followed in this country and England. His range in poetry is limited, though perhaps not necessarily; he confined his efforts in former years almost exclusively to long poems, like "Urania" and "Astrea," metrical essays, melodious, polished and glittering with wit, and in later days he has been content to throw off short lyrics and "occasional pieces," which are so exquisite that the public reasonably asks for more. The most conspicuous characteristic of Dr. Holmes's verse is humor, of indescribable and rarely equaled delicacy and brilliancy. Several of his humorous poems, like the "One-Hoss Shay," have, by common consent, been elevated to the rank of classics in our literature. Not less felicitous has he been in a few pieces in which a fine pathos relieves the glow of his wit. But, admirable as are his poems, his greatest triumphs have been won in prose. G. R. C.

POETRY.

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
 Love wastes, unheard, its tenderest tone;
 The soul that sings must dwell apart,
 Its inward melodies unknown.

— *To My Readers.*

CHARITY.

You hear that boy laughing? you think he's all fun;
 But the angels laugh too at the good he has done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
 of all!

— *The Boys.*

READERS.

When the last reader reads no more.
—*The Last Reader.*

POETS.

A few may touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.
—*The Voiceless.*

TIME.

As such as lounge through afternoons and eves,
On thy dial write "Beware of thieves!"
In of minutes, never taught to feel
Worth of treasures which thy fingers steal,
My left pocket of the silver dime,
Spare the right—it holds my golden time!
—*A Rhymed Lesson.*

JUNE.

Softer gales the opening leaves are fanned,
Fairer hues the kindling flowers expand,
Rose-bush reddens with the blush of June,
Groves are vocal with their minstrels' tune.
—*The School-Boy.*

ANTICIPATION.

That *but for this* our souls were free,
And *but for that* our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.
—*What We All Think.*

MUSIC GRINDERS.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.
—*The Music Grinders.*

YOUTH.

At their first small ventures as we may,
Schoolboy's copy shapes the scholar's hand.
—*American Academy Centennial.*

AGE.

And the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom.
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.
—*The Last Leaf.*

DINING.

How few have learned the art of arts—to dine!
Nature, indulgent to our daily need,
Kind-hearted mother! taught us all to feed;
But the chief art—how rarely Nature flings
This choicest gift among her social kings!
—*The Bankers' Dinner.*

SABBATH.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
—*Urania.*

CONVERSATION.

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.
—*Urania.*

AUTUMN.

The bird wanders careless while summer is green,
The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him unseen;
When Autumn's rude fingers the woods have undressed,
The boughs may look bare, but they show him his nest.
—*My Annual.*

ART.

Friendship's blind service, in the hour of need,
Wipes the pale face and lets the victim bleed.
Science must stop to reason and explain;
Art claps his finger on the streaming vein.
—*A Sentiment.*

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eve has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
—*Old Ironsides.*

SPRING.

The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.
—*Spring.*

PLOWMAN.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men.
—*The Plowman.*

INSECTS.

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

— *To an Insect.*

VOTE.

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

— *Poetry, a Metrical Essay.*

MODESTY.

The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.

— *Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts.*

HUMOR.

And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

— *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

BREVITY.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
The fiend, Lumbago, jumps upon your back.

— *A Rhymed Lesson.*

LITTLENES.

Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep;
The "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom Thumbs"
Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.

— *Ibid.*

GOD.

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

— *A Sunday Hymn.*

ORIOLE.

And hark! and hark! the woodland rings;
There thrilled the thrush's soul:
And look! that flash of flamy wings,
The fire-plumed oriole!

— *After a Lecture on Wordsworth,*

FAITH.

That name the kind apostle bore
Who shames the sullen creeds,
Not trusting less, but loving more,
And showing faith by deeds.

— *To James Freeman Clarke.*

SINGLE POEMS.

SONG OF THE SEEDS.

'Tis so dark, so dark here under the ground!
We reach and we struggle, we know not where
We long for something we have not found,
We seek and we find not, but can not despair.

It is warm and sweet here under the earth,
And so peaceful too—why can not we stay?
What is this change that is named a birth?
And what is that wonderful thing called Day?

But a power is on us; we may not wait;
Within us we feel it struggle and thrill,
While upward we reach to find our fate,
And this ceaseless, mysterious want to fulfill.

They say that at least we shall reach the Air;
Will breathing be freedom, and light be life?
What mystic change shall we meet with there
When the blossom shall crown this mute, strange
strife?

So, ending answerless, the song is done—
The song so oft upon the earth begun,
Whose closing and triumphant harmonies
Shall ne'er be sounded but beyond the skies.

FLORENCE SMITH.

DE SHEEPFOL'.

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin,
So he called to de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res', day's all brung in.
But de res', day's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard the sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in."
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in."



L. Mitchell

o t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
 de col' night rain and win',
 o t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
 'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
 los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 all comes gadderin' in,
 los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
 all comes gadderin' in."

SALLY PRATT MCLEAN GREENE.

QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

long the Potomac," they say,
 now and then a stray picket
 walks on his beat to and fro,
 an hid in the thicket;
 —a private or two now and then
 hunt in the news of the battle;
 or lost—only one of the men
 left, all alone, his death-rattle."

ing the Potomac to-night,
 soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
 in the rays of the clear autumn moon
 light of the watch-fires are gleaming;
 sigh, as the gentle night-wind
 the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
 up above with their glittering eyes
 sleep—for the army is sleeping.

the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
 steps from the rock to the fountain,
 of the two in the low trundle bed
 in the cot on the mountain.
 calls slack, his face, dark and grim,
 filled with memories tender,
 is a prayer for the children asleep,
 another—may Heaven defend her!

seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 when the love yet unspoken
 on his lips, when low murmured vows
 seemed to be ever unbroken,
 hanging his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 and off tears that are welling,
 his gun closer up to its place,
 heep down the heart-swelling.

the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
 sleep is lagging and weary;
 he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 the shades of the forest so dreary.
 at the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 onlight so suddenly flashing?
 e a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by!"
 life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river,
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead;
 The picket's off duty forever!

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern-leaf green and slender,
 Veining delicate and fibers tender,
 Waving when the wind crept down so low;
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it;
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
 Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it;
 But no foot of man e'er came that way;
 Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main;
 Stately forests waved their giant branches;
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches;
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain,
 Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
 But the little fern was not like these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees,
 Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way;
 No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty mo-
 tion
 Of the strong, dread currents of the ocean;
 Moved the hills and shook the haughty wood;
 Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away.
 O, the long, long centuries since that day;
 O, the changes! O, life's bitter cost,
 Since the little useless fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
 Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
 Leafage, veining, fibers, clear and fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every line.
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day.

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

WHY THUS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
 For the far-off, unattained and dim,
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;
 Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
 No fond voices answer to thine own;
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the crowd's applauses,
 Not by works that give thee world-renown,
 Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
 Every day a rich reward will give;
 Thou wilt find by hearty striving only
 And truly loving thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
 When all nature hails the lord of light,
 And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
 Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
 Proud proprietors in pomp may shine
 But with fervent love if thou adorest,
 Thou art wealthier, all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,
 Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
 And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
 Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
 All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
 Round her trusting child she fondly flings.
 HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

SONG.

TELL me no more how fair she is,
 I have no mind to hear
 The story of that distant bliss
 I never shall come near;
 By sad experience I have found
 That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
 To tempt my daring fate,
 From whence no triumph ever came,
 But to repent too late;
 There is some hope ere long I may
 In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, love, from thee,
 Nor will thy justice blame,
 So that thou wilt not envy me
 The glory of my flame,
 Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies
 In that it falls her sacrifice.

HENRY KIN

SONG.

THERE'S one great bunch of stars in heaven
 That shines so sturdily,
 Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
 Holds up the dull gold-wroughten key.

There's eke a little twinkling gem
 As green as beryl-blue can be,
 The lowest bead the Blessed Virgin
 Shakes a-telling her rosary.

There's one that flashes flames and fire,
 No doubt the mighty rubicel
 That sparkles from the center point
 I' the buckler of stout Raphael.

And also there's a little star,
 So white, a virgin's it must be;
 Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
 Hangs out to light the way for me.

THEOPHILE MARZIALS

SEA WAVES.

FROM out the deep they rise and break
 In foam upon the shore,
 In splash, and roar, and sigh they speak,
 And then are heard no more.

Each several human life is so;
 From out the great Deep—God,
 It struggles into sense, and lo!
 It sinks back into God.

Its splash of passion, sigh of pain,
 Its roar of battles won
 Are but a moment—to the Main!
 And human life is done.

EDWIN MCNEIL

THE FORWARD LOVER.

GREEDY lover, pause awhile,
And remember that a smile
Heretofore
Would have made thy hopes a feast,
Which is more,
Since thy diet was increased,
Than both looks and language too,
Or the face itself can do.

Such a province is my hand
As, if it thou couldst command
Heretofore,
There thy lips would seem to dwell,
Which is more,
Ever since they sped so well,
Than they can be brought to do
By my neck and bosom too.

If the center of my breast,
A dominion unpossessed
Heretofore,
May thy wandering thoughts suffice,
Seek no more,
And my heart shall be thy prize;
So thou keep above the line,
All the hemisphere is thine.

If the flames of love were pure,
Which by oath thou did'st assure
Heretofore,
Gold that goes into the clear
Shines the more
When it leaves again the fire;
Let not then those looks of thine
Blemish what they should refine.

I have cast into the fire
Almost all thou couldst desire
Heretofore,
But I see thou art to crave
More and more.
Should I cast in all I have,
So that I were ne'er so free,
Thou wouldst burn, though not for me.

JOHN WILSON.

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER OUR
EAVES.

THOU too hast traveled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou too must rest,
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

Thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light,
And, strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? Was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt'st here secure?

Ah, no! Thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor.

What was it then? Some mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that does but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak;
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and
main,
Nor more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! May thy small nest
With little ones in all good time be blest.
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I! oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

A DITTY.

TIME hath some secrets he will ne'er disclose;
Strive as we will, we may not all discover;
True to herself, sweet-fashioned as a rose,
Jennie doth live, and yet she hath no lover!

Jennie doth live! Ye hearts of slighted worth,
Grieve not though fame with brightest wing
doth hover
O'er spirits portionless! Fair as her birth,
Jennie doth live, and yet she hath no lover.

GILBERT PETER KNAPP.

A KISS.

Alas, rosebud mouth, for kisses made,
 And are you not the least afraid?
 And do you know, my little one,
 What mischief kisses sweet have done?
 O'er all the world and through all time,
 In every age and every clime,
 Men have kissed women's mouths, and still
 Through every coming age they will,
 While rolls the world the ether through.
 What then? That should I not tell you.

I love you, darling, but I know
 What way the summer zephyrs blow.
 And you love me, but in your heart
 Love sitteth, pensive and apart,
 Demure, serene, and lost in dreams
 Of all that is and all that seems.
 You know not even why it is
 That you are startled by a kiss.

But I, a veteran, scarred and worn,
 On battle surges tossed and torn,
 And scorched by passion's fiery breath;
 I that have been play-mate with death,
 And mocked the heavy hand of fate,
 And plumbed the depths of love and hate,
 I know, my little star-eyed miss,
 Why devils laugh when mortals kiss.

Alas, and who shall count the cost
 Of human souls for love's sake lost?
 For peasant's hut and kingly crown,
 And rural dell, and stately town,
 And vineyards ripening in the sun,
 And kingdoms by the strong arm won,
 And armies marshaled for the fray,
 Have been o'erthrown and swept away,
 Betrayed, and wrecked, and lost for this,
 The heedless harvest of a kiss.

Nathless, but there is loss and gain;
 And oft a kiss hath banished pain,
 And dowered the world with splendid light,
 And flushed the day with beauty bright,
 And bade the earth, and sea, and sky
 Take rapturous heed that heaven is nigh;
 And since the first sad soul was lost,
 Not one has stopped to count the cost.
 What then? Why, then, I kiss you, dear,
 And kiss away that trembling tear.
 What need for me to say, my sweet,
 What serpents sting unwary feet?
 If storms are gathering, let them break;
 Yea, if the starry heavens quake,

And suns are quenched, and if the world
 To crashing ruin should be hurled,
 On verge of vast eternity
 I'd kiss you, kiss you; what care we?

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

SESTINA.

WHEN from the portals of her paradise
 Sweet Eve went forth an exile with sad heart,
 She lingered at the thrice-barred gate in tears,
 And to the guardian of that Eden fair,
 As on her cheeks there came and went the rose,
 She weeping mourned the harshness of her fate.

"O angel," cried she, "bitter is the fate
 That drives me from this fairest paradise,
 And bids me wear life's rue and not its rose!
 Give me one flower to lay upon my heart,
 Before I wander through far lands less fair,
 And drown all visions of my past in tears."

She ceased, but still flowed fast her silent tears
 At memory of the waywardness of fate.
 'Ah," thought she, "young I am, 'tis true, and
 fair,
 But shall I find another paradise?"
 Then, turning once again with trembling heart,
 She spake: "O angel, but a rose—one rose!"

Within the angel's breast compassion rose
 At sight of her sad face and falling tears,
 The while her beauty touched his tender heart,
 And, knowing well the misery of her fate,
 He gave the flower, a rose of paradise,
 Because she was so very young and fair.

And since that time there may be flowers as fair,
 But they must yield all fealty to the rose,
 The red, red rose that bloomed in paradise,
 That Eve in exile watered with her tears,
 The only blossom in her cheerless fate,
 The one flower in the desert of her heart.

And into every mortal's life and heart
 There comes some time, in cloudy days or fair,
 It matters not, to bless and light his fate
 For one short space, the perfume of the rose;
 And though the after years may bring but tears,
 That moment's pleasure is of paradise.

O, wondrous rose of love most passing fair,
 Whate'er our fate in earthly paradise,
 Grant that our tears be dewdrops in thy heart!

FLORENCE M. BYRNE CARTWRIGHT.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
 'ith your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
 nd the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
 nd the faint, sweet smile you brought from the
 skies,
 God's sunshine, Baby Louise!

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
 our hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
 'ith a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
 re you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
 You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
 /hy! you never raise your beautiful head!
 ome day, little one, your cheek will grow red
 'ith a flush of delight to hear the words said,
 "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
 have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
 nd your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
 nd you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
 Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
 Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness; round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise;
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
 Happy smiles and wailing cries;
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
 Lights and shadows swifter born
 Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
 Ever some new tiny motion,
 Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers, straightening jerks,
 Twining feet whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever-new surprisings;
 Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under;
 Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
 That have more of love than lovings;

Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning;
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
 Graspings small at all that passes;
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table;
 Silences, small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing;
 Slumbers, such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking;
 Wealth of which we know no measure,
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care, delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

"SWEET AND LOW."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
 Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht gown,
 Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
 "Are the weans in their bed? for it's now ten
 o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
 The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
 The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a
 cheep;
 But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue! glowerin' like the
 moon,
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
 Rumblyin' tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
 Skirlin' like a kenna-what, wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
 Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug and ravellin' a' her thrums,
 Hey, Willie Winkie! see, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,
 A wee stumple stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close
 an ee,
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew
 to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

DAISY.

COULD you have seen the violets
 That blossomed in her eyes,
 Could you have kissed that golden hair,
 And drunk her baby sighs,
 You would have been her tiring-maid
 As joyfully as I,
 Content to deck your little queen,
 And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
 Hide in their graves of snow,
 Drawn all that gold along your hand,
 While she lay, smiling so,
 O, you would tread this weary earth
 As heavily as I
 Content to clasp her little grave,
 And let the world go by.

EMILY WARREN.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn.
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
 The roses red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday,—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

IN the soft falling twilight
 Of a weary, weary day,
 With a quiet step I entered
 Where the children were at play;
 I was brooding o'er some trouble
 Which had met me unawares,
 When a little voice came ringing:
 "Me is creeping up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tenderest heart-strings
 With a breath and force divine,
 And such melodies awakened,
 As no wording can define.
 And I turned to see our darling,
 All forgetful of my cares,
 When I saw the little creature
 Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she slowly clambered
 On her little hands and knees,
 Keeping up a constant chatter,
 Like a magpie in the trees,
 Till at last she reached the topmost,
 When, o'er all her world's affairs,
 She, delighted, stood a victor
 After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
 Of man's brief and struggling life,
 Whose best prizes must be captured
 With a noble, earnest strife;
 Onward, upward, reaching ever,
 Bending to the weight of cares,
 Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
 We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
 By their side may be no rail,
 Hands and knees may often pain us,
 And the heart may almost fail;
 Still above there is the glory
 Which no sinfulness impairs,
 With its rest and joy forever,
 After creeping up the stairs.

REV. W. S. MCFETRIDGE.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall,
 By three doors left unguarded,
 They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me intwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And molder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,
 'Tis far too nice and clean;
 No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
 Upon the floors are seen;
 No finger-marks are on the panes,
 No scratches on the chairs;
 No wooden men set up in rows
 Or marshaled off in pairs;
 No little stockings to be darned,
 All ragged at the toes;
 No pile of mending to be done,
 Made up of baby-clothes;
 No little troubles to be soothed;
 No little hands to fold;
 No grimy fingers to be washed;
 No stories to be told;
 No tender kisses to be given;
 No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse";
 No merry frolics after tea,
 No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I PASSED through the open gateway and under the
 bending trees;
 The boughs of the stooping beeches stirred in the
 summer breeze;
 The branching shadows fluttered as asleep on the
 lawn they lay,
 And up through the sunny meadow the avenue
 wound its way.

I passed through the open gateway, and I was a
 child again:
 The grass and the leaves were sparkling in jewels
 of last night's rain;

But lo! a turn in the pathway clouded my eyes with
tears,
And I stood and gazed with rapture on the home of
my early years.

The same—and yet I marveled, for surely of old it
stood
Fronting a boundless meadow, on the skirts of a
boundless wood,
With a stately hill behind it, from whose heights I
used to gaze
To where the horizon bounded the world of my
childhood's days.

But the hill was a little hillock, the wood was a
little grove;
'Twas only a little paddock through which I loved
to rove;
I climbed, but the wizard fancy had somewhere lost
his wand;
I looked to the far horizon, but the world lay far
beyond.

Yet the grass had its wonted verdure, the sun had
its wonted gold,
The raindrops trembled and sparkled as ever in
days of old:
And clouds were ne'er more fleecy, and never a
fresher breeze
Passed with a crisper murmur through depths of
the greenwood trees.

And I wondered if one of the dear ones, who left
us and went his way
Into the kingdom of twilight, misty and cold and
gray,
Could rise from the depths of silence and come for
a little while,
And hear the breezes rustle and see the green earth
smile;

Would the earth he had left behind him, the earth
he had loved so well,
That once was higher than heaven, and deeper
than depths of hell,
Seem now but a mote in the sunbeam, a drop in the
water race,
Its life the pulse of a moment, a foothold its orb
of space?

Would he learn that its ancient limits, now grown
so narrow and near,
Had veiled from imagination the skirts of a bound-
less sphere?

Would he look to the uttermost vergers that
his feet had trod,
And still find far beyond them the world of
Heaven of God?

Yet perchance, as he gazed around him, a tea
regret might rise,
And blot for a passing moment all else but e
from his eyes:
He would murmur: "Oh God, I know Thee in
least of Thy works complete.
It is all as of old I left it—and then it was, oh! I
sweet."

EDMOND G. A. HOLME

BABY BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers; those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers;
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the live-long day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light



Emily P. Carter

opened gates of Paradise.
 we loved her more and more.
 ever in our hearts before
 love so lovely born.
 we had a link between
 this world and that unseen,
 a land beyond the morn;
 the love of those dear eyes,
 of her whom God led forth
 other's being ceased on earth
 (baby came from Paradise),
 of Him who smote our lives
 broke the chords of joy and pain,
 O, *Dear Christ*, Our hearts bent down
 violets after rain.

in the orchards, which were white
 red with blossoms when she came,
 rich in autumn's mellow prime;
 sterner apples burnt like flame,
 red-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
 the chestnut burst its shell,
 grapes hung purpling in the grange;
 she wrought just as rich a change
 like Baby Bell.
 some form more perfect grew,
 in her features we could trace,
 rounded curves, her mother's face.
 her nature ripened too.
 might her lovely when she came,
 she was holy, saintly now;
 and her pale angelic brow
 a slender ring of flame!

and had taken away the seal
 held the portals of her speech;
 she said a few strange words
 whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
 ever was a child to us,
 ever held her being's key;
 did not teach her holy things,
 O Christ's self in purity.

upon us by degrees,
 its shadow ere it fell,
 we knew that our God had sent
 a messenger for Baby Bell.
 ordered with unlanguage'd pain,
 our hopes were changed to fears,
 our thoughts ran into tears
 and shine into rain.
 and aloud in our belief,
 bid us gently, gently, God!
 as to bend and kiss the rod,
 perfect grow through grief."

Ah, how we loved her, God can tell.
 Her heart was folded deep in ours.
 Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands:
 And what did dainty Baby Bell?
 She only crossed her little hands,
 She only looked more meek and fair!
 We parted back her silken hair,
 We wove the roses round her brow,
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow,
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
 And thus went dainty Baby Bell
 Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

INTRODUCTION TO "SONGS OF INNOCENCE."

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight;
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

I LAY my tasks down one by one,
 I sit in the silence in twilight's grace;
 Out of its shadow, soft and dun,
 Steals like a star my baby's face.

Mocking cold are the world's poor joys;
 How poor to me all its pomp and pride!
 In my lap lie the baby's idle toys,
 In this very room the baby died.

I will shut these broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide;
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take up my work once more
As if I had never laid it down.
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's regal, holy crown?

Who will deem my life ever bore
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain?
The flitting smile that the baby wore
Outrayed the light of the loftiest brain.

I'll meet him not in the world's rude din,
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss,
Who hath forsaken her love for sin—
I will be spared her pang in this.

Man's way is hard and sore beset;
Many may fall, but few can win.
Thanks, dear Shepherd! My lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow, and safe from sin.

Nevertheless, the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun.
I'd give my world for a cradle song,
And a kiss from baby—only one.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling! O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE COB HOUSE.

WILLIE and Charlie, eight and ten,
Were under the porch in the noonday heat;
I could see and hear the little men,
Unseen, myself, in the window-seat.

Will on a cob house was hard at work,
With a zeal that was funny enough to me.
At eight one has hardly learned to shirk;
That comes later, as you will see.

For Charley, by virtue of riper age,
Did nothing but stand and criticise;
His hands in his pocket, stage by stage
He watched the tottering castle rise.

"And now, after all your fuss," says he,
"S'posin' it tumbles down again?"
"Oh," Will answers as cool as could be,
"Of course I should build it better then."

Charley shook sagely his curly head,
Opened his eyes of dancing brown,
And then for a final poser said,
"But s'posin' it always kept tumblin' down?"

Will, however, was not of the stuff
At a loss to be taken so,
"Why, then," he answered ready enough,
"I should keep on building it better you know."

And, seeing the wise world's wisest knot
Cut at a stroke with such simple skill,
Older people than Charley, I thought,
Might learn a lesson of Master Will.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE BABE.

NAKED, on parent's knees, a new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

S. H. M. BYERS.

following poem is from Mr. Byers' recently
 shed volume "The Happy Isles, and other
 (New York: Charles L. Webster and
 y, 1891). For a historical account of the
 e notes.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Up-fires shone bright on the mountains,
 Crowned on the river below,
 We stood by our guns in the morning
 eagerly watched for the foe;
 A rider came out from the darkness,
 Hung over mountain and tree,
 Cried: "Boys, up and be ready!
 Sherman will march to the sea!"

Heer upon cheer for bold Sherman
 Up from each valley and glen,
 Bugles re-echoed the music
 Came from the lips of the men;
 Knew that the stars in our banner
 Bright in their splendor would be,
 That blessings from Northland would greet us,
 Sherman marched down to the sea.

Forward, boys! forward to battle!
 Marched on our perilous way,
 Stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
 Less those who fell on that day!
 Men saw, dark in its glory,
 Laid down on the flag of the free;
 East and the West bore our standards,
 Sherman marched on to the sea.

Hard we pressed, till our banners
 Out from Atlanta's grim walls,
 Blood of the patriot dampened
 All where the rebel flag falls.
 Paused not to weep for the fallen,
 Leap by each river and tree,
 Wined them a wreath of the laurel,
 Sherman marched on to the sea.

It was our army that morning,
 Stood where the pine darkly towers,
 Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary;
 A fair Savannah is ours."
 Sang we a song for our chieftain,
 Choiced o'er river and lea,
 Stars in our banner shone brighter,
 Sherman marched down to the sea.

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN died in Camdem, N. J.,
 Saturday, March 26th, 1892, in the seventy-
 fourth year of his age: Biographical sketch, selec-
 tions and two portraits may be found in volume one
 of *MAGAZINE OF POETRY*, also "In The Sunset
 Breeze," Vol. III., p. 126, "Old Age Echoes," p. 261.
 Of the following poems, "Good-Bye My Fancy" and
 "So Long" all from "Selected Poems" (New York:
 Charles L. Webster & Co., 1892). "Death's Valley"
 was published in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1892,
 to accompany a picture, by request.

GOOD-BYE MY FANCY.

GOOD-BYE my Fancy!
 Farewell dear mate, dear love!
 I'm going away, I know not where,
 Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you
 again,
 So Good-bye my Fancy,

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
 The slower, fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
 Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;
 Delightful!—now separation—Good-bye my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,
 Long indeed have we lived, slept, filtered, become
 really blended into one;
 Then if we die, we die together (yes, we'll remain
 one),
 If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what
 happens,
 May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn
 something,
 May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the
 true songs (who knows?),
 May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing,
 turning—so now finally,
 Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.

SO LONG.

CAMERADO, this is no book,
 Who touches this touches a man
 (Is it night? are we here together alone?).
 It is I you hold and who holds you,
 I spring from the pages into your arms—decease
 calls me forth.

O how your fingers drowse me,
 Your breath falls around me like dew, your pulse
 lulls the tympan of my ears,

I feel immersed from head to foot,
Delicious enough.

Enough, O deed impromptu and secret,
Enough, O gliding present—enough, O summed-up
past.

Dear friend, whoever you are, take this kiss,
I give it especially to you, do not forget me,
I feel like one who has done work for the day to
retire awhile,

I receive now again of my many translations, from
my avatars ascending, while others doubt-
less await me,

An unknown sphere more real than I dream'd,
more direct, darts awakening rays about me,
So long!

Remember my words, I may again return,
I love you, I depart from materials,
I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead.

DEATH'S VALLEY.

NAV, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portrayed or hit thy theme entire:
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines,
having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claming my right to
make a symbol too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off
with smiles;

And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old;
and seen the infant die;

The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor, in meagerness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my
every breath

Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee
I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do
not fear thee,

Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-
tied knot),

Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with
meadows, rippling tides, and trees, and flowers
and grass,

And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst
God's beautiful eternal right hand,

Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy,
usher, guide at last of all,

Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd
life,

Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

ROBERT LORD LYTTON.

THE Rt. Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton,
Earl of Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), poet and
diplomat, died in Paris, France, November 24th
1891. Biographical sketch, portrait and selections
from his poems may be found on page 183 THE
MAGAZINE OF POETRY, Vol. 3. The accompanying
selections are from "Marah" (New York: Long-
mans, Green & Co. 1892).

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

ONE ask'd me suddenly if I thought her fair;
And then, for the first time, I felt: "How dull
These eyes, that have so long been unaware
Whether she is, or is not, beautiful!"

But I have had no time to find that out,
Nor thought to spare to it from days all pass'd
In one continual fluctuating doubt
Whether she loves me yet, or will at last.

AWAY!

COME away, love! with me, love, away!
Far away from the world that we know,
Far from all we have done till to-day,
And from all we have been until now
Far away!

Set impassable distance between
All that was and that is, and let naught
Be remember'd, heard, spoken or seen
That can ever remind us of aught
That has been!

Of the past every vestige efface,
With its doings, whatever they were!
Of each circumstance, person and place
That have been its accomplices, spare
Not a trace!

And discard with the days that are done
All their cumbrous caparisonings!
Of old habitudes need have we none,
Who have only to spread out our wings
And be gone.

But, wherever they bear us away,
Be it far from the world that we know,
Far from all we have done till to-day,
And from all we have been until now
Far away!

I GAVE HER LOVE.

I GAVE her love; I gave her faith and truth;
I gave her adoration, vassalage,
And tribute of life's best, the dreams of youth,
The deeds of manhood, and the stores of age.

She took my gifts and turn'd them into pain.
Each gift she made a bitter curse to be,
Then, marred, she gave them back to me again.
And this is all she ever gave to me.

MARAH'S DOWER.

Two Muses Marah's dower supply,
And each a gift bestows,
For all her looks are Poetry,
And all her feelings Prose.

LIFE.

WHAT is life? The incessant desiring
Of a joy that is never acquired;
And, instead of that joy, the acquiring
Of enjoyments that are not desired.

PERVERSITY.

STRESS, unthankful, in a heaven all shining
Vith lights serene my fevered spirit doth dwell;
d wild thro' Paradise it wanders, pining
'or the hot feasts of Hell.

STILL.

AVE invoked with songs and sued with tears
A love still unresponsive to my call.
find it, I have roamed the waste of years;
'o win it, spent my all.

still do I believe in it, still cherish
an unrequited faith, and in the fume
fires unblest, that on its altars perish,
life's substance still consume,

e some poor alchemist, whose days have pined
a bondage to bright dreams that but betrayed,
I raking ruined crucibles to find
he gold he never made.

PARTING.

Then came the parting hour, and what arise
When lovers part—expressive look, and eyes
Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,
And many a call the sorrow to renew.

CRABBE, *Hall*.

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward;
I bowed down weary in the place,
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.
MRS. BROWNING, *A Sabbath Morning at Sea*.

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer.
LONGFELLOW, *Michael Angelo*.

Enough that we are parted, that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!
MOORE, *Lalla Rookh*.

Farewell! Farewell! Through keen delights
It strikes two hearts, this word of woe.
Through every joy of life it smites,
Why, sometime they will know.
MARY CLEMMER AMES, *Farewell*.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
DODSLEY, *The Parting Kiss*.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?
ROWE, *Tamerlane*.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends if we have ever been,
Friends we can not now remain.
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!
HOOD, *False Friend*.

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part
Makes up life's tale of many a feeling heart.

COLERIDGE, *On Taking Leave of*—

Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

Farewell!—a word that hath been and must be,
A sound that makes us linger—yet, farewell!

BYRON, *Childe Harold*.

Let's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

IBID, *Sardanapalus*.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

IBID, *Farewell! If Ever Fondest Prayer*.

Farewell!

For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes de-
spair.

IBID, *Corsair*.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still for ever, fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

IBID, *Fare Thee Well*.

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?

* * * * *
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

IBID, *Bride of Abados*.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it can not speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go and pray.

IBID, *Hamlet*.

CURRENT POEMS.

BOBOLINK PHILOSOPHY.

I KNOW a deep philosopher who's far too wise to
think,
That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the boisterous
bobolink.

So drunk is he with wine of joy, so music-mad with
mirth,
His tipsy carols of content rejuvenate the earth.

We feel the orient joy of life with which our world
began,
'Tis summer in the earth and air, and in the heart of
man.

From what deep fount of flowing joy does this mad
minstrel drink,
This babbling, breezy blatherskite, this boisterous
bobolink?

From rounded apple-blossom cups where wild bees
browse and bloom;
From tiger-lily beakers and from chalices of bloom;

From strawberry-goblets filled with dew, the incense
of the night,
Caught from the sky's inverted urn embossed with
starry light;

Forth from his blossom-bed he leaps, and, laugh-
ingly and strong
All up and down the ringing earth he weaves his
web of song,

And preaches boldly to the sad the folly of despair,
And tells to whom it may concern that all the world
is fair.

And to my heart his wisdom finds a surer welcome
home,
Than some that has been sanctioned by the sages
of old Rome.

That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the boisterous
bobolink,
Is such a deep philosopher, he's far too wise to
think.

SAMUEL WALTER FOSS.

—*Yankee Blade*.

THE SINGING IN GOD'S-ACRE.

OUT yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's-Acre
lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies;

heir radiant wings are folded and their eyes are
bended low,
as they sing among the beds whereon the flowers
delight to grow:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth His sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

he flowers within God's-Acre see that fair and
wondrous sight,
and hear the angels singing to the sleepers through
the night;
and, lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle
flowers prolong
the music of the angels in that tender slumber-
song:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth his sheep!
He that guardeth His flock the best
Hath folded them to his loving breast,
So, sleep ye now and take your rest—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

rom angel and from flower the years have learned
that soothing song,
and with its heavenly music speed the days and
nights along;
o, through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's
vigils glorify,
God's-Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet
lullaby:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth his sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

EUGENE FIELD.

—*The Ladies' Home Journal*, April, 1892.

HE HAD HIS WAY.

My shaving-brush is missing, and my shoe-horn
can't be found,
My comb and brush I can not see, my cane is no-
where round,
My tall silk hat is ruffled up, my pens have gone
astray—
but all this woe is naught to me, for baby's had his
way.

What though my shoes are minus strings, my manu-
scripts awry?

I know that this betokens babe's been spared a
heartfelt cry.

What though the floor is ever strewn with toys by
night and day?

Is there not pleasure in the thought that baby's had
his way?

It hurts to have my mustache pulled, and games at
4 a. m.

Are not just suited to my mind, but John is fond of
them,

And, after all, it seems to me, no man can well
gainsay

That there is lots and lots of fun when baby has his
way.

So, son and heir, continue on thy happy, blest
career;

Ne'er shall thy daddy interpose to raise the scald-
ing tear.

Whate'er discomfort comes to me, cease not thy
joyous play;

As far as I'm concerned, my boy, go on and have
thy way. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

—*Harper's Young People*, June 7, 1892.

A ROSE OR STAR?

A rose or star? I can not tell
Which o'er me holds the deeper spell,
The rose I touch with thrill of sense,
Or star in flight o'er paths immense;
The rose with tint of deep sea shell,
Or star as if a diamond fell
Caught on a midnight pinnacle,
I can not answer in suspense,
A rose or star?

Could I all words of love compel,
And voice them sweetly as a bell,
I still must hold to reticence;
The secret of Omnipotence
Vails each with wall impassable:
A rose or star?

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry*.

FROM GRUB STREET.

ON her hand she leans her head,
By the banks of the busy Clyde;
Our two little boys are in bed.

The pitiful tears are shed;
 She has nobody by her side;
 On her hand she leans her head.

I should be working; instead
 I dream of my sorrowful bride,
 And our two little boys in bed.

Were it well if we four were dead?
 The grave at least is wide,
 On her hand she leans her head.

She stares at the embers red;
 She dashes the tears aside,
 And kisses our boys in bed.

"God, give us our daily bread;
 Nothing we ask beside."
 On her hand she leans her head;
 Our two little boys are in bed.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

—From *In Music Hall and Other Poems*.

JUNE.

SISTER of May and mother of the rose,
 With lucent eyes like dewdrops dawn-impearled,
 Thou bringest to the worn and weary world
 The guerdon longed for amid winter snows.
 What harmonies the minstrel west wind blows!
 In dale, on down, what glories are unfurled!
 Night gains new glamour, for the stars are
 whirled
 On heaven's blue cope till all the darkness glows.

Thou Italy of the year, unto the eye
 Thou dost reveal fair nature perfected,
 The field's rich promise and the full-leaved bole;
 No less thou bringest, with thy wonder tread,
 Potent nepenthe unto hearts that sigh,
 A buoyant benison that uplifts the soul.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

—*Harper's Bazaar*, June 11, 1892.

MIDSUMMER MIDNIGHT SKIES.

MIDSUMMER midnight skies,
 Midsummer midnight influences and airs,
 The shining sensitive silver of the sea
 Touched with the strange-hued blazonings of dawn,
 And all so solemnly still I seem to hear
 The breathing of Life and Death,
 The secular Accomplices,
 Renewing the visible miracle of the world.

The wistful stars
 Shine like good memories. The young morning
 wind
 Blows full of unforgotten hours
 As over a region of roses. Life and Death
 Sound on—sound on . . . And the night magical,
 Troubled yet comforting, thrills
 As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart
 Of the wood's dark wonderment
 Swung wide his valves and filled the dim sea-banks
 With exquisite visitants:
 Words fiery-hearted yet, dreams and desires
 With living looks intolerable, regrets
 Whose voice comes as the voice of an only child
 Heard from the grave; shapes of a Might-Have
 Been,
 Beautiful, miserable, distraught,
 The Law no man may baffle denied and slew.

The spell-bound ships stand as at gaze
 To let the marvel by. The gray road glooms . . .
 Glimmers . . . goes out . . . and there,
 oh there where it fades,
 What grace, what glamour, what wild will,
 Transfigure the shadows? Whose,
 Heart of my heart, Soul of my soul, but yours?

Ghosts—ghosts—the sapphirine air
 Teems with them even to the gleaming ends
 Of the wild day-spring! Ghosts,
 Everywhere—everywhere—till I and you
 At last—dear love, at last!—
 Are in the dreaming, even as Life and Death,
 Twin ministers of the unoriginal Will.

W. E. HENLEY

—From, *Songs of the Sword*.

THROUGH THE RUSHES.

THROUGH the rushes by the river
 Runs a drowsy temor sweet,
 And the waters stir and shiver
 In the darkness at their feet:
 From the somber east up-stealing,
 Gradual, with slow revealing,
 Comes the dawn, and with a sigh
 Night goes by.

Here and there, to mildest wooing,
 Folded buds are open blown;
 And the drops, their leaves bedewing,
 Like to seed-pearls thickly sown,
 Sinking, with the blessing olden,
 Deep into each calyx golden,
 A supreme behest obey,
 Then melt away.

And while robes of splendor trailing
 Fitly deck the glowing morn,
 And a fragrance fresh exhaling
 Greet her loveliness new-born,
 First devine melodic voicings,
 First delicious mute rejoicings,
 Strong as when the worlds began,
 Awakens Pan!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Idic Monthly.

MY SUMMER.

Do you think the summer will ever come,
 With white of lily and flush of rose,
 The warm bright days of joy and June,
 Long as you dream they will never close?

The birds, a-tilt on the bending boughs,
 Sing out their hearts in a mad delight,
 The golden butterflies, sun-suffused,
 Summer and shine from morn till night?

Do you think my summer will ever come,
 With brow of lily and cheek of rose?
 I hold her fast, my Joy, my June,
 I dream that my day will never close?

She mock the birds on the bending boughs
 For her voice is music, my heart's delight),
 Content, like the butterflies,
 The sun of my love from morn till night?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Swallow Flights.

DECREED.

FORM swept over the land
 And a mighty tower went down.
 A nest, the size of a baby's hand,
 At a wise little mother-bird had planned,
 Held safely its eggs of brown.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

Ladies' Home Journal, May, 1892.

SHILLIN' A DAY.

He is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
 Hurr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
 Hong and Peshawur,
 Now and Etawah,
 Fifty-five more all endin' in "pore."
 Death and his quickness, the depth and the
 Kness

Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,
 But I'm old and I'm nervis,
 I'm cast from the service,
 And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

CHORUS.

Shillin' a day,
 Bloomin' good pay,
 Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
 Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
 When we road hell-for-leather,
 Both squadrons together,
 That didn't care wether we lived or we died.
 But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin',
 An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better;
 So if me you be'old
 In the wet and the cold,
 By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a
 letter?

FULL CHORUS.

Give 'im a letter,
 Can't do no better;
 Late Troop-Sergeant Major an' runs
 with a letter!
 Think what 'e's been,
 Think what 'e's seen,
 Think of his pension an'
 GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

—From *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*.

DIES IRÆ.

A rendering in the original meter of the Latin hymn of Thomas
 of Celano.

I.

DAY of wrath! the day that endeth
 Time, the world ablaze, impendeth!
 So old prophecy portendeth.

II.

What the trembling consternation
 When the Judge of all creation
 Comes for strict investigation!

III.

Lo! the startling trumpet swelling,
 Through the graves its blast impelling,
 Man before the throne is knelling!

IV.

Struck aghast both Death and Nature,
 When upcometh every creature
 To the dreaded judicature.

V.

Bringing forth the Book indited,
All the world's misdeeds recited
Will in judgment be requited.

VI.

When the Judge his seat assumeth,
What is hidden He untombeth;
None escape whom justice doometh.

VII.

Woe is me! what exculpation?
Who can proffer mediation,
Since the just scarce find salvation?

VIII.

King of majesty astounding!
With thy grace thine own surrounding,
Save me, Fount of love abounding!

IX.

Holy Lord! recall thy yearning,
E'en when I thy ways was spurning;
Keep me on that day of burning!

X.

Waiting, weary, me thou soughtest;
On the cross my soul thou boughtest;
Not in vain be work thou wroughtest!

XI.

Judge avenging! with contrition
I entreat thy full remission
Ere that day of inquisition!

XII.

Wailing, as one self-accusing,
Guilt my crimson'd face suffusing,
Spare me, Lord! of thy good choosing.

XIII.

Mary was by thee forgiven,
And by thee the thief was shriven;
Let not hope from me be driven.

XIV.

Worthless all my prayers ascending,
Yet, thy grace benign extending,
Save me from the fires unending!

XV.

With thy sheep infold me ever
At thy right-hand, wandering never;
From the goats my portion sever.

XVI.

When the wicked, self-confounded,
Are by angry flames surrounded,
Be my name with blessing sounded.

XVII.

Prostrate, for thy mercy crying,
Heart as if in ashes lying,
Care for me when I am dying.

On that tearful day of terror,
At the fiery resurrection,
Judging man for sinful error,
God, grant this one thy protection!

O kind Jesus, Lord and Savior,
Give to them thy restful favor!
Amen.

THOMAS MACKELLAR

--*Hymns, third edition.*

TIME.

PLANTATION REVIVAL HYMN.

Dis earth is a shuttle, my brothers,
Around which Time's twisted and twirl;
It's wropped in many a lap, brothers,
Wropped round de rollin' ole worril;
Den reel me a day from de grave,
Des reel me off time ter be save,
Fer de thread is cut short, oh, brothers,
When we retch ole Jorden's wave.

Ah, dese is de laps er Time, elders!
Dar's many a day in de skein;
Ah, don't let hit be cut short, elders!
Fer it can't be spliced again;
Den reel me a day from de grave,
Des reel me off time to be save,
Fer de thread is snap close, oh, elders,
When we tetch ole Jorden's wave.

Ah, de sun is de spinnin' wheel, sisters,
Hit spins off our thread of time;
And dat is a brittle thread, sisters,
Hit longest length lies behine;
Den reel me a day from de grave,
Des reel me off time to be save,
Fer de thread's broke loose, oh, sisters!
When we retch cole Jorden's wave.

Yes! Time is a golden thread, members,
When it's spun from de wheel of de sun;
And de rollin' ole wheel'il stand still, member
When de stint of time is done;
Den reel me a day from de grave,
Des reel me off time to be save,
Fer de thread's broke loose, oh, members,
When we tetch cole Jorden's wave.

Yes! Dis worril's des a bobbin, oh, seekers!
Where de threads of time air wrop,
When de bobbin is full, oh, seekers!
Bobbin and cards'll drop.

Den reel me a day from de grave,
Des reel me off time to be save,
Fer de thread's cut short, oh, seekers,
When we retch ole Jorden's wave.

MARTHA YOUNG.

Birmingham Age-Herald, February 21st, 1892.

SEA-WINE.

THE wind that blows from the main
Is a strong wine for the brain,
And the surges dashed with rain,
Or touched by the sunbeams feet,
Are a wine for the heart full sweet;

The liquor the sea-gods quaff,
Laying by the three-pronged staff,
While the vintage, as they laugh,
Into bubbles and white foam shakes,
And over the huge brim breaks.

Yet are the sea-gods sad,
For the sea-wine makes not glad,
When their revel is most mad;
And their laughter like a dirge
Rolls landward with the surge.

RICHARD EDWIN DAY.

—Home Journal, May 11th, 1892.

THE GIFT.

'Tis little still, when all is told, Dear Heart,
The gift I bring to lay before your feet,
A meager offering, given while tear-drops start,
While hands are trembling and the pulses beat.

Some thoughts of beauty from an eager brain,
Some generous impulses that come and go,
A little knowledge won through toil and pain,
Experience-taught, I bring thee what I know.

Thee, whose strong mind dwarfs into nothingness
The minds of other men, whose soul is trained
By discipline of Time's full consciousness,
Whose eyes seek mine, and all the world is gained.

What matters it? For surely well I know,
Were I but all I would be for your sake,
The gift would yet be deemed an empty show,
A life unworthy still for you to take.

And yet, O Love, I love you! Hold your arms
Out wide and take me! Surely Love is all,
Fame, knowledge, riches; and my vain alarms
Die into rapture with the even-fall.

SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.

—The Dominion Illustrated Monthly, June, 1892.

THE THREE INFINITIES.

THE vast, remote, blank darkness of the skies,
Where Silence foldeth the immortal chime
Of wheeling stars in awful companies,
White whispers on the lips of ancient Time.

The hollow waste of the unfathomed deep,
Where no sound is, and light is but a gleam
Lost in dim twilight shades, where never creep
The dying rays from daytide's golden dream.

The dark, obscure, mysterious human heart,
Where fierce tides ebb and flow forevermore,
Where thoughts, and dreams, and hopes forever part
For ruin or haven on some unknown shore—

O, vast abysm, more deep than starry night,
More awful than the mid-sea's soundless might!

WILLIAM SHARP.

—Harper's Magazine, May, 1892.

A PRELUDE.

SPIRIT that moves the sap in spring,
When lusty male birds fight and sing,
Inform my words, and make my lines
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

Let mine be the freshening power
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;
The fertilizing song be mine,
But flavored, racy, keen as wine.

Let some procreant truth exhale
From me, before my forces fail;
Or ere the ecstatic impulse go,
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.

If quick, sound seed be wanting where
The virgin soil feels sun and air,
And longs to fill a higher state,
There let my meanings germinate.

Let not my strength be spilled for naught,
But, in some fresher vessel caught,
Be blended into sweeter forms
And fraught with purer aims and charms.

Let bloom-dust of my life be blown
To quicken hearts that flower alone;
Around my knees let scions rise
With heavenward-pointed destinies.

And when I fall, like some old tree,
And subtle change makes mold of me,
There let earth show a fertile line
Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

—From *Poems*.

EPIGRAMS.

ENOUGH of mournful melodies, my lute!
Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute.
Song's breath is wasted when it does but fan
The smouldering infelicity of man.

The statue—Buonarrotti said—doth wait,
Thrall'd in the block, for me to emancipate.
The poem—saith the poet—wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity.

WILLIAM WATSON.

—From *Poems*.

THE LICHEN.

UNFLINCHING, firm, upon the wrinkled rock
The lichen clings, tho' skies be void of ruth;
If thou wouldst meet unscathed life's warfare shock,
Thus must thou cling to truth!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

—*The Independent*, June 16th, 1892.

A DAY IN JUNE.

FOR circling miles the shimmering landscapes
swoon,
Stirless save where, from whispering tree to tree,
The restless song-birds flutter ceaselessly,
Or unto happy hearts their throats attune.
All through the long, delicious afternoon
The clover-blossoms, bending to the bee,
Sway in the wind, that, blowing sweet and free,
Is scented with the honeyed breath of June.
Lying at length amid the nodding grass,
With all the world a-slumber at my feet,
This perfect day with joy my being fills.
Here could I dream and let a lifetime pass,
While balmy gusts made billowy the wheat
Paling to gold upon the misty hills.

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

—From *The Dead Nymph, and Other Poems*.

THE WINGS OF ICARUS.

HE flew too near the sun, and evermore
His futile wings in mockery we name;
A type of fallen vanity became
The torn and scattered pinions that he wore.
Ah, is it wiser, all the dull earth o'er
To crawl, unlured by heights of love or fame:
Nay! Though our souls be wax unto the flam
Of Destiny, he that hath wings must soar!
Like Icarus, I deemed my pinions strong
To bear me to the heaven of my desire;
Like him, from the skies too glowing, I am hur!
Now, for a day, these broken plumes of song,
Faded and scorched by love's divinest fire,
The winds of Fate shall blow about the world

SUSAN MARR SPALDING

—From *The Wings of Icarus*.

THE WHITE JASSAMINE.

I KNEW she lay above me,
Where the casement all the night
Shone, softened with a phosphor glow
Of sympathetic light,
And with her fledgling spirit pure
Was pluming fast for flight.

Each tendril throbb'd and quicken'd
As I nightly climbed a pace,
And could scarce restrain the blossoms
When, anear the destined place,
Her gentle whisper thrilled me
Ere I gazed upon her face.

I waited, darkling, till the dawn
Should touch me into bloom,
While all my being panted
To outpour its first perfume,
When, lo! a paler flower than mine
Had blossomed in the gloom!

JOHN B. TABB

—*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1892.

WAKENING.

THE broad white curve of the beach,
That lies like a bended arm;
The amorous waves that seem ever a-reach
To kiss it and die a-calm.

And still the hovering sky,
And still the splendid day,
And the far white sails, and the sea-gull's cry,
And the sun-path over the bay.

How many and many a time
Have I questioned the stranded shells,
If they knew, perchance, of the magical clime,
Where the answer of dreaming dwells!

And harking the water's kiss,
Content have I dreamed alone,
In the glorious thrall of a day like this,
And a wistful want unknown.

There speed the out-bound ships,
Here lieth the sunshine warm,
With the spent waves pressing their curving lips,
On the white shore's bended arm.

Then for what is the day more fair?
Why bluer the deeps of space?
Oh, the sun on the gold of a woman's hair,
The love in her eyes, her face.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

—*Lippincott's Magazine*, May, 1892.

A YEAR WITH DOLLY.

JUNE.

THE air was warm and the clouds were few,
The birds were chirping and hopping,
And everything was pretty and new
When Dolly and I went shopping.
Our money-bank was yellow and sweet
With its dandelion dollars,
So we hurried away to Garden Street
To look for some cuffs and collars.

For a cap I bought her a great red rose,
I'm certain it gave her pleasure,
And for lady-slippers to fit her toes
I was careful to leave her measure;
And I told the spiders to spin some lace
As strong as other folks make it,
And to sew the beads of dew in place,
And then we'd be glad to take it.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

—*St. Nicholas*, June, 1892.

FAIRY-LAND.

UNDER the branches they went together,
The blossoming branches that break the sky,
All in the morn of the young, sweet weather,
When softly the green on the hills doth lie;
And Dorothy thought it was over the meadow,
And Cicely said it was close by the spring,
But Polly was sure that the woodland's shadow
Sheltered that magical fairy ring.

So over the meadow they swiftly hied them,
Oh, but the bird in the blue sang sweet!
They saw not the blush of the brier beside them,
The violets smiling beneath their feet.
Long by the spring they lingered and listened;
'T was a diadem set in a mossy rim,
And, oh, the beauty that clustered and glistened
In frail ferns falling about its brim!

They sought in the wood for a wonder revealing,
And saw not the leaves in a net o'erhead.
Oh, but the song through the pine-tops stealing,
And, oh, that hush down the dim ways shed!
Then, when the sun leaned lower to find them,
Homeward they wandered a sorrowful way,
And knew not the land they were leaving behind
them,

The rare, new land of a young June day!

But Dorothy thinks it is over the meadow,
And Cicely says it is close by the spring,
While Polly is sure that the woodland's shadow
Shelters the magical fairy ring!

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

—*St. Nicholas*, May, 1892.

BEING HIS MOTHER.

BEING his mother, when he goes away,
I would not hold him overlong, and so
Sometimes my yielding sight of him grows, oh!
So quick of tears, I joy he did not stay
To catch the faintest rumor of them, nay,
Leave always *his* eyes clear and glad, although
Mine own, dear Lord, do fill to overflow;
Let his remembered features, as I pray,
Smile ever on me! Ah! what stress of love
Thou givest me to guard with Thee thiswise:
Its fullest speech ever to be denied
Mine own,—*being his mother!* All thereof
Thou knowest only, looking from the skies
As when not Christ alone was crucified.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Lippincott's, June, 1892.

AN ANTISLAVERY POEM.

"A RALLYING CRY FOR NEW ENGLAND AGAINST
THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

"Rise up, New England, buckle on your mail of
proof sublime,
Your stern old hate of tyranny, your deep contempt
of crime;

A traitor plot is hatching now, more full of woe
and shame
Than ever from the iron heart of bloodiest despot
came.

"Six slave States added at a breath! One flourish
of a pen,
And fetters shall be riveted on millions more of
men!
One drop of ink to sign a name, and Slavery shall
find
For all her surplus flesh and blood a market to her
mind!

"A market where good Democrats their fellow-
men may sell!
Oh, what a grin of fiendish glee runs round and
round through hell!
Now all the damned leap up for joy, and half forget
their fire,
To think men take such pains to claim the notice
of God's ire!

"Is't not enough that we have borne the sneers of
all the world,
And bent to those whose haughty lips in scorn of
us are curled?
Is't not enough that we must hunt their living chat-
tels back,
And cheer the hungry blood-hounds on that howl
upon their track?

"Is't not enough that we must bow to all that they
decree,
These cotton and tobacco lords, these pimps of
Slavery?
That we must yield our conscience up to glut
Oppression's maw,
And break our faith with God to keep the letter of
man's law?

"But must we sit in silence by, and see the chain
and whip
Made firmer for all time to come in Slavery's
bloody grip?
Must we not only half the guilt and all the shame
endure,
But help to make our tyrant's throne of flesh and
blood secure?

"If hand and foot we must be bound by deeds our
fathers signed,
And must be cheated, gulled and scorned because
they too were blind,
Why, let them have their pound of flesh, for that is
in the bond,

But woe be to them if they cut a half hair's breadth
beyond!

"Is water running in our veins? Do we remember
still
Old Plymouth Rock, and Lexington, and glorious
Bunker Hill?
The debt we owe our fathers' graves and to the
yet unborn,
Whose heritage ourselves must make a thing of
pride or scorn?

"Gray Plymouth Rock hath yet a tongue, and Con-
cord is not dumb;
And voices from our fathers' graves and from the
future come.
They call on us to stand our ground; they charge
us still to be
Not only free and true ourselves, but foremost to
make free.

"The homespun mail by mothers wove, that erst
so freely met
The British steel, clothes hearts as warm with pil-
grim virtues yet.
Come, brethren, up! Come, mothers, cheer your
sons once more to go.
Forth to a nobler battle-field than with their olden
foe!

"Come, grasp your ancient buckler, gird on your
ancient sword;
Let Freedom be your bastion, your armory God's
word;
Shout, 'God for our New England!' and smite
them hip and thigh,
The cursèd race of Amalek, whose armor is a lie!

"They fight against the laws of God, the sacred
human heart!
One charge for Massachusetts, and their counsels
fall apart!
Rock the old cradle yet 'once more; let Faneuil
Hall send forth
The anger of true-hearted men, the lightning of
the North!

"Awake, New England! While you sleep, the foes
advance their lines;
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody
banner shines.
Awake, and hurl them back again in terror and
despair!
The time has come for earnest deeds; we've not a
man to spare."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—*Harper's Weekly*, April 20th, 1892.

NOTES.

1. In spite of the fact that Mr. Gosse is an
upon the old French measures—*Vide* his
On Some Exotic Forms of Verse", *Com-*
azine, July, 1877—he employs them but
His "The Ballad of Dead Cities" is the
ad of his that I can find. It is inscribed to
that is, to Andrew Lang.—J. U.

"The Grapevine Swing," a very popular
Samuel Minturn Peck, will be found on
Volume I.

2. "Amatories" and "Love's Excuse"
published, and only one-hundred copies
were printed. "Glances at the World" is
according to Act of Congress in the year
Horace B. Peters.

3. FIT. In a note published in "Mask and
" Mr. Proudfit says: "The character
in the latter part of the volume first ap-
n the *New York Daily Graphic*, in its
ys, over the pen-name Peleg Arkwright,
ard and unsuggestive pseudonym which I
originate myself, and of which I was always
shamed."

4. The poem "Source of the Nile" is
on explorations of Grant and Speke.

5. FLORENCE, born in New York, 11th
845. Daughter of Augustus F. Smith of
where she resided, at Fort Washington.
Painting and Other Poems" (1872) was
1 as a memorial volume. Died Fort
ton, N. Y., 19th July, 1871.

6. "De Sheepfol'" is a notable instance
le little poem attaining a wide circulation
time. The author is Sally Pratt McLean
author of "Capé Cod Folks." The poem
ared in a novel of Mrs. Greene's, entitled
ad, the Story of a Girl," published in 1883.

George Saintsbury in his "Seventeenth
Lyrics" says of this poem: "I have made
anthologies myself to quarrel much with
s or exclusions in those of others. But I
er ceased to wonder at the exclusion of
ter-piece, the very type of its kind, from
rave's 'Golden Treasury.'"

7. LE. This poem was written in Craigen-
in 1832, and enclosed in a letter to Francis

Jeffreys. It is published in "Thomas Carlyle: A
History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795-
1835," by J. A. Froude.

KNAPP. Gilbert Peter Knapp was born in
New York, N. Y., 3rd November, 1855. He was
chiefly a resident of that city and engaged in
mercantile pursuits.

CARTWRIGHT. Mrs. Cartwright is a resident of
Salem, Oregon. Her talent runs particularly to old
French forms, which appeal to her from their diffi-
culty and novelty, but her favorite style is the son-
net, and her delight in that form never wears. She
has written everything from the simple triolet to the
sestina and chant-royal. Her first rondeau was
published in the "Californian" in 1882, and her
first sestina in the "Overland" in November, 1883.
This sestina appeared in "Harper's Magazine" in
May, 1884, and was quoted by Gleeson White in
his "Ballades and Rondeaux."

HOLMES. Few of the younger poets have done
better work than Edmund Gore Alexander Holmes,
who was born near Athlone, County Westmeath,
Ireland, July 17th, 1850. His father, Robert Holmes,
was widely known in Westmeath, and his mother
belonged to the old family named Henn, of
County Clare, one of whom, Jonathan Henn, de-
fended O'Connell in his famous trial. Mr. Holmes
has published two volumes of poems in London,
and, although a stranger to the reviewers, his pro-
ductions have been well received. It may indeed
be said that they have won an unusual meed
of praise in high literary quarters. He appears to
have a special talent for what is sometimes called
landscape poetry. He is at ease with nature, and
he not only paints her moods, but interprets her
mysteries with graceful and sympathetic skill. His
descriptive poems are rich in coloring and beauti-
fully picturesque. Most of his years have been
passed in England, and for some time past he has
held the position of an inspector of schools in that
country.

LOWELL. An Antislavery Poem. This poem
has not been published in any edition of Mr.
Lowell's works.

"This is copied, at Maria's request, for Edward M. Davis,
of Philadelphia, whom I would make the vehicle of my thanks
to his circle of friends for the kindness which, more than any-
thing else, made Maria's stay in Philadelphia happy and gave
the air its healing properties.

* * * * *
"Had I entirely approved either the spirit or the execution
of these verses, I had put my name to them. But they were
written in great haste and for a particular object, and I used,
therefore, such arguments as I thought would influence the

mass of my readers, viz., a swinging ballad meter, some sectional prejudice and vanity, some denunciation, some scriptural allusions and no cant. I wished *it* to be violent, because I thought the occasion demanded violence, but I had no wish to be violent myself, and therefore I let it go anonymously. Had I written aught in my own name, it would have been entirely different.

"(Signed)
"ELMWOOD, May 26th, 1841.

J. R. LOWELL.

BYERS. Adjutant Byers, of the Fifth Iowa Infantry, wrote this song while a prisoner at Columbia, S. C. General Sherman, to whom a copy of the lines was handed when he arrived at that place, so admired them that he sent for the author and attached him to his staff.

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THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

For engravings in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY the publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of the Buffalo Electrotpe and Engraving Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For copyright poems and other selections the publisher returns thanks to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; John B. Alden, New York; The Fowler-Wells Co., New York; Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo; Frank E. Housh, Brattleborough, Vt.; F. A. Stokes Co., New York; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; Horace P. Biddle; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; Daniel Connelly, New York. He also wishes to return thanks for the use of two poems from "Tales of the Turf," published by F. J. Schultz & Co., Chicago, used in the April number.

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REVIEWS.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. *Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892. 12mo, cl., pp. 128. \$1.25.

Sir Edwin Arnold's last collection of poems, already in its second edition. Without doubt Mr. Arnold is one of the most popular living poets. The book is divided into three parts: "Egyptian Poems," "Japanese Poems," and "Other Poems."

BYERS, S. H. M. *The Happy Isles, and Other Poems.* New York: Charles L. Webster & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., silver, pp. 162.

Mr. Byers is a native of Pennsylvania and was born about 1835; was an adjutant during the Civil War, and was attached to the staff of General Sherman. He was afterward U. S. Consul at Zurich, Switzerland.

COXE, A. CLEVELAND. *The Paschal. Poems for Passiontide and Easter.* Second edition. New York: James Pott & Co., 1892. 12mo, cl., pp. iv. and 232. \$1.

The poems here collected were written, nearly all of them, at the season they celebrate, in successive years. Some of them were written more than forty years ago. The first edition of this book was published in 1889. For a sketch and portrait of Bishop Coxe see Vol. IV., page 163.

COXE, A. CLEVELAND. *Christian Ballads. A new edition with additions.* New York: James Pott & Co., 1891. 12mo, cl., pp. xii. and 240. \$1.

It is to be regretted that a complete edition of Bishop Coxe's poems can not be obtained. May we not be allowed to urge upon his publishers the desirability of issuing a uniform edition? The first edition of this volume was published in 1840.

FEARING, BLANCHE. *In the City by the Lake. In two books. The Shadow, and the Slave Girl.* Chicago: Searle & Gorton, 1892. 12mo, cl., pp. 192, \$1.25.

A strong poem by a young lawyer of Chicago. It has been much praised by Rev. David Swing, Holmes, Whittier, Stedman, Dr. Powers and Joaquin Miller. For biographical sketch of Miss Fearing see Vol. I., page 443.

GORDON, H. L. *The Feast of the Virgins, and Other Poems.* Chicago: Laird & Lee, 1891. 8vo, cl., ill., pp. 366, \$1.50.

An elegant edition of the poems of Mr. Gordon, containing many full-page illustrations, fifteen in number, with a steel portrait of the author. Many of the poems are Indian legends set in the attractive garb of verse. Much of the author's life has been spent in the Northwest, on the frontier of civilization, and he became personally acquainted with many of the chiefs and braves of the Dakota and Ojibway (Chippewa) Indians. He has written the poems largely from his own personal knowledge and observation.

HENLEY, W. E. *The Song of the Sword, and Other Verses.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892. 16mo, cl., pp. 102, \$1.

Mr. Henley is a poet of much promise. This volume shows a marked advance in poetical skill and technical treatment of his volume of poems published a few years ago.

KOOPMAN, HARRY LYMAN. *The Gothic Minster. A Poem.* New York: Humboldt Publishing Co., 1891. 8vo, paper, 10c.

This poem was read before the Alumni of Colby University, 30th June, 1891. It is not a study of any one cathedral; but for the description of the outside it follows somewhat the lines of the minster in Ulm, with its single spire, among the spires of earth, peerless in height and beauty; while the colors of the interior it has drawn from the more gorgeous cathedrals of the Ile-de-France, the cradle and the throne of Gothic architecture. For a biographical sketch of Mr. Koopman, with portrait, see THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, Vol. I., page 165.

OBERT, LORD. ("Owen Meredith"). Marah. k and London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1892. pp. x. and 202, \$1.50.

ytton says these poems were already in he time of Lord Lytton's death, and he died during the last few weeks of his life g them. No doubt they would have rem himself still further correction, and he red several privately printed copies, to the judgment of friends. These did not the day after his death. While each of is complete in itself, they are so arranged a connected whole, and are meant to be ecutively. Lord Lytton's intention was ent progressive stages of feeling, and, in e with this design, he divided the book parts, each with its corresponding motto

There was a poem originally included part which he did not think good enough, made up his mind to omit. The last days were spent, as if in haste, in the compo- nother, to take its place. This was never ut the fragment is given at the end of the s his wife found it by his bedside, with the y dry on the paper. A longer and more poetical work is also ready for publica- Lord Lytton contemplated publishing ter poems first, and they will be especially by the old and faithful friends and admir- Owen Meredith." For biography and Lord Lytton see Vol. III., page 183.

ROLL, LEWIS. Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet. or Classes in English Literature. Boston: Ginn & 16mo, cl., pp. x and 196.

plete text with questions and observations inatory notes, by a prominent teacher, in- class use.

EUGENE. Tennyson's Life and Poetry; and Mis- cerning Tennyson. Chicago: 1892. 12mo.

arly study of Tennyson. Mr. Parsons is h master of his subject.

CLINTON. Giovio and Giulia. A Metrical Ro- privately printed, 1892. 16mo, parchment, pp. 99.

limited to two-hundred-fifty copies. Po- fr. Scollard is a poet. All of his work e hand of a scholar. For biographical : Vol. I. page 95.

iv R., Ed. Tributes to Shakespeare. New York: Brothers, 1892. 12mo, cl., pp. xvi. and 246, \$1.25.

ok is what its title indicates, tributes to are, in prose and verse, collected while was engaged for a period of several years idy of Shakespeare in connection with a are Society. The extracts, bearing date to 1891, are well arranged, and show care ng.

WALT. Selected Poems. New York: Charles L. : Co., 1892. 12mo, cl., port., pp. 179, 75 cents.

welcomed by many readers who do not ssess, or have it known that they possess, ete works of Whitman.

ANON. Flowers by the Wayside. Columbus, O.: The Co- operative Publishing Co., 1892. 8vo, cl., pp. 310, \$3.25.

A collection of poems by the younger and less-known poets, printed on heavy coated paper. As a cyclopedia for reference it is of little value, having no index or acceptable form of arrangement. However the work has a certain value. It is well printed, but the illustrations are very poor.

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Frank L. Stanton

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. IV.

No. 4.

FRANK L. STANTON.

FRANK LEBBY STANTON was born in Charleston, S. C., but removed to Georgia at an early age and, as he says, "was raised from one end of Georgia to the other." It is in Georgia journalism that he has made his reputation as humorist and poet. He began to write at the early age of nine years, but did not print anything until he was twenty years of age. He first came into general notice as a writer of spicy paragraphs, in a small country paper printed in Smithville, Ga. His saucy flings and rollicking hits soon made him state-wide character for wit, and his pungent paragraphs were eagerly copied by the exchanges. The *Constitution* and other prominent southern dailies enriched their columns with chips from his almond-mine, that sparkled and flashed through the press from mountain to sea-board. The Smithville *News* was no longer obscure, for it had given Stanton to the public. Later, he commenced to write poems, words of exquisite tenderness set to musical rhyme, and then the audience who had laughed with the jester were awed into sympathy and love of the poet. His instrument of expression sounds sometimes with the grand organ chords of minor strains, again it voices the musical leading of the lute. He writes also in dialect; wily verses that go to the heart as directly as the clasp of a friendly hand or a sympathetic spoken word. A rare muse this, who decks herself maternately in homespun and silk attire. Mr. Stanton is a true minstrel, singing his tender lays without premeditation or thought of artistic construction. After leaving the Smithville *News*, Mr. Stanton was for a year or more associated with John Temple Graves on the *Tribune*, of Rome, Ga., a paper noted for its freshness and literary excellence. Now he is one of the editorial staff of the Atlanta *Constitution* where he works side by side with the famous writer, Joel Chandler Harris, and the gifted Wallace P. Reed. He writes dialect etches, short stories of intense realism, criticisms,

witty paragraphs, love-songs and deeper poems by turns, excelling in all. He possesses the gift of dramatic recitation in an eminent degree. While there is much in Mr. Stanton's writing that is playful, frolicsome and humorous, and while he likes humorous writing best, it is not his strongest vein. He is more poet than jester, and his threnodies frequently rise to the measure of the sublime.

M. R. C.

WEARY THE WAITING.

THERE'S an end to all toiling some day, sweet day,
(But its weary the waiting, weary!)
There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay,
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay
At anchor—somewhere, in the far-away—
(But its weary the waiting, weary!).

There's an end to the troubles of souls oppress
(But its weary the waiting, weary!)
Some time in the future when God thinks best,
He'll lay us tenderly down to rest,
And roses 'll grow from the thorns in the breast,
(But its weary the waiting, weary!).

There's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
(But its weary the waiting, weary!)
There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown—thank God!—for each cross—a crown!
(But its weary the waiting, weary!).

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

JEST a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way.
Folks they smile and pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Rooms so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jest can't stand the sight of it;
Go out doors an' roam a bit,
But the woods are lonesome, too,
Jest a wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footsteps sound;
Violets, like your eyes so blue,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake
(Used to sing so for your sake),
But there's sadness in the notes
That comes thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' comes. I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
Seems jest like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

WHEN JIM WAS DEAD.

WHEN Jim was dead—
"Hit sarved him right," the nabors sed,
An' 'bused him for the life he'd led,
An' him a-lyin' thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast!
Ah! menmy cruel words they sed,
When Jim was dead.

"Jes' killed hisself!" "Too mean ter live!"
They didn't hav' one word ter give
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lyin' there!
"Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,
"He's better dead."

But suddenly the room growed still,
While God's white sunshine seemed ter f
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close, close ter his,
As though he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touchin' sight ter see—
"Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you, when that cum ter light,
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Threwed kindly arms of love that day,
And mingled with her own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

MY STUDY.

THE day in the west has faded,
And night with auroral bars
The brow of the north has braided,
And brightened the blue with stars;
And here in the firelight ruddy,
In this temple of mystic art,
Which I modestly call "My Study,"
I'm writing to you, sweetheart.

I wish you could see me bending
Over my books sublime,
And drearly, wearily wending
My way through the realms of rhyme!
I have sixteen songs and a sonnet
Just finished, my stock in trade,
And a verse "On a Lady's Bonnet,"
Which will come too high, I'm afraid.

The room where I write is cheerful
And warm—when it isn't cold;
But its objects of art are fearful
And wonderful to behold!
There's a chimney with grate of iron,
Where the flaming firelight throws
Its gleam on a bust of Byron,
And a Caesar with broken nose!

Then a bird on a bust of Pallas,
The Raven of Edgar Poe,
Looks down from the mantel callous
To the years as they come and go.
On a desk are the works of Schiller
And Goethe, in bindings plain;
The songs of Joaquin Miller
And the poems of Paul H. Hayne.

Then Homer, the famed old Grecian,
 With an aspect devoid of joy,
 In a binding old (Venetian),
 Comes next with the Siege of Troy;
 Alas! had the great bard ever
 Dreamed of this destiny sad,
 He'd have burned what he wrote, or never
 Penned a line of the Iliad!

I sometimes think that the Muses
 Grow thin in this Attic air;
 But we live as our fortune chooses,
 And Fortune has left me here.
 I am used to her pranks and capers,
 But well does she act her part;
 She gives me my books and papers,
 And a kiss from your lips, sweetheart!

LITTLE ELAINE.

WHERE have you gone, little Elaine,
 With the eyes like violets wet with rain;
 Silvery April rain that throws
 Glistening diamonds over the rose?
 Ah, never were eyes as bright as those).
 You have left me alone; but where have you flown?
 God knows, my dear, God knows!

Where have you gone, little Elaine,
 With laughing lips of the crimson stain—
 Lips that smiled as the sunlight glows
 When morning breaks like a white, sweet rose
 Over the wearisome winter snows?
 Shall I miss their song my whole life long?
 God knows, my dear, God knows!

You have left me lonely, little Elaine:
 I call to you, but I call in vain;
 I sing to you when the twilight throws
 Its dying light on my life's last rose,
 While the tide of Memory ebbs and flows.
 Is it God's own will I should miss you still?
 God knows, my dear, God knows!

AT ANDERSONVILLE.

When the weird, wondering wind is still,
 There, in the valleys at Andersonville,
 At that shivering hour—the grim half-way
 Of the ghostly march of the dark to-day,
 There are sounds too mystical to repeat;
 Eager voices, hurrying feet,
 Ribald laughter and jest—and then
 The prayers and pleadings of 'prisoned men.

At dead of night, when the wind is still,
 There is life in the shadows at Andersonville.
 When the hills gloom black in the midnight shade
 There are signs of life in the old stockade;
 The phantom guards in the prison bounds
 Resume their sorrowful, silent rounds;
 While the glow-worm's lantern gleams and waves
 Adown the aisles of a thousand graves;
 And then to the listening ear there comes
 The mystic roll of the muffled drums.

The drama ends, and the dreamer wakes;
 In the flowering fields and tangled brakes
 The birds are singing; the liquid notes
 Rise to heaven from their thrilling throats;
 The sunlight falls with a softened beam
 On the voiceless graves where the dead men
 dream;
 While hill and valley and prison sod
 Rest in the smile and the peace of God.
 But at dead of night, when the wind is still,
 There is life in the shadows at Andersonville.

THE REAPERS.

THE wind is soft in the waving wheat,
 With a sigh for the maids who love us;
 The hives are heavy with honey, sweet
 As the lips of the maids who love us.
 Oh, reapers, sing
 As your keen blades ring,
 As blithe as the birds above us!
 The golden crown
 Of the wheat bends down
 At the feet of the maids who love us.

Here's gold for them in the golden wheat,
 Which the palms that we press shall cover;
 But a lass that loves with a true heart's beat
 Asks only love of her lover.
 Then, reapers, sing
 As your keen blades ring,
 Till the stars peep out above us;
 And the twilight thrills
 With the whip-poor-wills
 Calling home to the hearts that love us!

THE MASTER'S COMING.

In a desolate night and lonely, afar in a desolate
 land,
 I waited the Master's coming, the touch of His
 healing hand.

The gates of His house were guarded and sealed
with a seal of stone,
Yet still for His steps I waited and wept in the dark,
alone.

And I said: "When the guards are dreaming, I
will steal to His couch of rest;
He will think of my weary vigils and welcome me
to His breast."
But lo! when the seal was broken, the couch where
my Master lay
Held only His shining garments—they had taken
my Lord away!

Then my soul in its grief and anguish lay down in
the dark to die
Under a hopeless heaven, under a sunless sky;
But my dreams were all of the Master—dear as my
soul was dear,
And waking, I saw the glory of His beautiful pres-
ence there!

And He said, as I fell and worshiped: "Arise,
and the Master see;
Behold the thorns that have crowned Him—the
wounds that were made for thee!"

* * * * *

I wait for the Master's coming now as in days
gone by,
Under a hopeful heaven, under a cloudless sky;
And still, when the guards are dreaming, I steal to
His couch of rest;
His smile through the darkness lightens and wel-
comes me to His breast!

SUMMER-TIME IN GEORGIA.

O summer-time in Georgy, I love to sing your
praise,
When the green is on the melon an' the sun is on
the blaze;
When the birds are pantin', chantin', an' jes'
rantin' round the rills
With the juice of ripe blackberries jes' a-drippin'
from their bills!

O summer-time in Georgy, when through leaves
of green an' brown
The bright an' violet-scented dews jes' rain their
richness down
On the cool an' clingin' grasses, where the fickle
sunbeam slips,
An' the famished lily puckers up its white resplen-
dent lips!

O summer-time in Georgy, with the glory in the
dells,
Where the rare an' rainy incense from the fresh'nin'
shower swells,
An' o'er the bars to twinklin' stars float twilight's
sad farewells
In the lowin' of the cattle an' the tinklin' o' the
bells.

O summer-time in Georgy, when 'neath the listen-
in' vine,
Where the purple mornin' glory an' the honey-
suckle twine,
The whip-poor-wills were singin' their notes o'
love and bliss,
An' to my lips were clingin' the lips I used to kiss.

Stay, like a dream eternal, while dearest dreams
depart,
An' rain your honey sweetness in showers round
my heart.
Pshaw! I'm gettin' so pathetic my eyes can hardly
see:

O summer-time in Georgy! You're the best o'
times to me.

AFTER DEATH.

ALL night long the dead man lay
Under the leaves and rain-washed clay;
All night long in her dwelling dim
The wife of his bosom wept for him.
"And my heart is buried with him," she said,
"For I loved him living—I love him dead!"
And the dead man dreamed in his narrow place
That he felt her tears fall over his face;
And no dreams of the dead could sweeter be—
"Down to death she was true to me!"
But when o'er his grave, in the sunshine and
rain,
Roses withered and bloomed again;
When the leaves fell brown on the cold earth's
crust,
And his bones were white and his heart was
dust,
The woman he loved to another said:
"I love you more than I loved the dead!"
And in that same hour the only rose
That bloomed on a grave fell dead! . . .
Who knows
If the dead can feel? But howe'er it be,
Sweet, with the love that you have for me,
Love me now, while I draw my breath;
Love me down to the gates of death!
This is all that I ask or crave—
Love thrives ill on a voiceless grave!



Eliza A. Cho

ELIZA A. OTIS.

MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS, born Wetherby, is a native of Walpole, N. H., and a graduate of Castleton Seminary, Vermont. She early developed a strong love for poetry, and her first productions were written when she was about ten years old. Her first published poem appeared in *The Congregationalist*, when she was but sixteen years of age. From time to time many poems from her pen appeared in the different journals of her State. After her graduation she visited Ohio, where she met and was married to Harrison Gray Otis. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the Union army as a private, served honorably throughout the contest, participating in many engagements, was twice wounded in battle, received seven promotions, and was twice breveted for "gallant and meritorious conduct." After the war Mr. and Mrs. Otis lived for some years in Washington, D. C. In 1876 they removed to California, where Colonel Otis assumed the management of the *Santa Barbara Press*, which he continued for several years. In 1879 he accepted the position of United States Treasury Agent in charge of the Seal Islands of Alaska, which position he resigned in 1882. One year of this period Mrs. Otis spent with her husband on St. Paul's Island, and they then returned to Santa Barbara. Having disposed of his interest in the *Press*, Col. Otis purchased an interest in the *Los Angeles Times*, of which he owns the controlling interest and is now editor-in-chief. Mrs. Otis is connected with the paper as a member of its staff, and also has her special departments, among the most popular of which are "Woman and Home" and "Our Boys and Girls."

L. E. M.

THE FLOWER MAIDEN.

OUT in the meadows, where the buttercups shone
Like golden stars in the grasses grown,
And the beads of dew on the blades of grain
Gleamed and sparkled like silver rain,
Or beautiful diamonds round and bright,
In little spheres of prisms light,
Came a tiny maiden tripping along,
With a voice as sweet as the robin's song.
Why, the very robins stopped, they say,
When the little maiden came that way;
Stopped, and hushed their beautiful notes,
And kept them still in their feathered throats.
"Oh, little maid, who are you," I say,
"Coming down through the meadow way?
Your bonnet so charming with green and gold,
And your mantle a part of a rose leaf's fold,

Your dress like the moonlight's silver sheen,
Mixed with a tint of the palest green,
And your sunshade made of a pansy sweet,
With little blue bells on your tiny feet;
Dancing along through the meadow grass,
Playing hide and seek with the bees as they pass,
Tripping along through the honied clover,
And running a race with the butterfly rover,
Laughing to hear the crickets sing,
Watching the toad when he makes his spring
And catches the careless, heedless fly,
Or the lady-bug slowly creeping by;
Watching the humming bird as he sips
The honey beneath the lily's tips;
What is your name, my lady fair?
Some fairy princess I think you are."

At this she laughed with a gentle grace,
Till the dimples showed in her tiny face.
Oh, can't you guess my name, said she,
As she courtesied low and prettily.
"No," I said, "yet your face I've seen,
Either awake or in a dream.
You make me think of the lilies white
That dimpled the face of the stream last night,
When I sailed away on the river's breast,
And the water lilies closely prest
Like a troop of fairies round our way,
And made the river sweet as May
With their fragrant breath." Then she spoke and
smiled.

"Oh, I am the water-lily's child,
And I live in the lily's heart of gold,
Wrapped in its petal's snow-white fold,
And I float all day on the river's breast,
Rocked by the gentle waves to rest.
It is not often I steal away
To the meadows green, as I have to-day;
But someone plucked the other day
My lily from its stem away,
And now the lily is withered quite,
And I must seek a home to-night
In the heart of some lily bud that's cold,
And warm it to life with my perfumed soul!"

THE LILY'S DEATH.

A SWAYING lily fell asleep,
And low its head was bent upon its stem,
And wandering breezes kissed its milk-white hem,
And honey-bees hid in its golden heart,
Till fierce winds tore its fragile leaves apart.
Then Autumn came and gathered to her breast
The snow-white petals, and with noiseless feet
Bore them where Summer's dying head did rest.

THE OLD ADOBE.

Its sunburnt bricks are hoary with old age,
 Its red-tiled roof seems breathing of the past,
 It is Romance's wide, unlettered page,
 Round which the climbing ivy clingeth fast;
 And wandering spiders spin their silver sheen—
 Their summer tents, swift-woven in the light—
 For camping armies, all its cracks between,
 Through its small windows scarcely peeps the
 light.

Where the gay maids that in the long ago
 Lived 'neath its roof, the midnight in their eyes,
 And in their tones the liquid river's flow,
 And in their smile the warmth of sunny skies?

THE WATER'S DREAM.

WHAT are your dreams as ye lie, O, waters so cool,
 Looking up to the scarred, scraggy face of the
 cliff?

Resting with hushed feet in the deeps of the pool,
 Rimmed round with ferns which the light breezes
 lift

As if they were wings of the Dryads so fair—
 Above you the sweep of the opulent air,
 Filled full of wild forest odors, and full to the rim
 Of the blue skies of bird song which is flowing so
 sweet

In great swelling tides of harmony, meet,
 As they blend with the forest's full leaf-whispered
 hymn,

For the ears of the angels.

Your eye is blue as the skies, your breast is as still
 As a soul that is baptized with peace;
 Not a ripple doth stir, not a motion doth thrill
 Your crystal of sleep, not a water drop breaks,
 With a tinkle of sound on the heart of the rock.
 You are hushed in your cradle of silence—the
 golden rod makes,

With his taper of flame, a sentinel light
 On the foliaged wall where Nature hath traced
 Her fine wrought mosaics in the forest-dim place.

And ye dream, ye dream, O, soul of the wood,
 Of the infinite sky, the scarred cliff and the flood.

SEMI-TROPIC MUSINGS.

NATURE sits royal priestess in the land to-day,
 Such sunshine for her crown! Such beauty rare
 In all the sunlit space of earth and air!

From overhead has dropped a silver thread—
 The spider with strange cunning left it there,—
 A common thing, yet wonderfully fair!

'Tis like a woven sunbeam; in and out
 Among the emerald leaves it flashes, swings,
 Here in bright threads, and there in shining rings.

In what a wondrous glory stand the trees,
 Like holy saints with robes unstained and fair!
 While over all the sapphire deeps of air

Hang radiant and fathomless, like a waveless sea
 Flooded with sunbeams! The mountains, blue
 In their dissolving lights, are old, yet ever new.

Flowers mix their fragrance with our winter's
 breath,
 And to the sweet heart of these budding things
 The gentle breeze steals in and folds its wings.

Far off above the lofty mountain's crest
 Sails a white cloud: beyond its wings may lie
 Some unseen pathway to the upper sky.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

THE sky was wrapped in veil of soft white mist,
 As if its summer bridal hour had come,
 And one sweet gleam of gold and amethyst—
 A wandering sunbeam into glory kissed
 By the near sunset splendor,—shone,
 A crown upon the fog-veiled mountain peak.
 The west rained sunset kisses on the sea,
 Till all the dimples on its pure, fair cheek,
 Showed lovelier than sea-shell tints; in ecstasy
 Laughed the bright waves, and rushed along their
 way,

And threw white arms of foam and shining spray
 Upon the waiting sands, that, silver-white,
 Waited their coming through the day and night.

The emerald fields of grain had lost their green,
 And ripened sheaves showed only glint of gold;
 And there, high piled by Labor's hand, they lay,
 Like the vast, silent pyramids of old.
 They looked as if some secret in their breast,
 Beyond where prying sunbeams dared to stray,
 Might lurk sure-hidden and find happy rest.
 Perhaps they held the whisper of the way
 That Nature nursed the tiny seed which, dropped
 In her warm breast, found life and strength to
 grow,

And sent out roots, and tender shoots, nor stopped
 Its circling saps, like life-blood flowing through

The stalk and tender leaf, till ripened grain
Showed golden billows on the wind-swept plain.

The white mists rolled above me, and the blue
Made shining rifts only within the west,
And the sun lingered there, and smiling, threw
Around his form a gold and crimson vest.
And lying there with arms above my head,
And eyes far-reaching to the deep of skies,
The warm, sweet earth beneath me for my bed,
That grain-wrought pyramid with all its rich sup-
plies

So near me that my hand could reach
And touch its yellow blades; with mountains
near,
With emerald seas of orchards at my feet,
The echoing roar of waves upon the beach
Coming in softened whispers to my ear,
And June's soft, tender kisses on my face,
As if she were my lover, and her place
Beside me there to whisper hope and peace,
And bid life's futile, vexing worries cease,
I lay in calm content so full and sweet,
While perfumed odors wrapped my head and feet.

THE DYING DAY.

THE very air lies golden, full and sweet
With dreaminess, as if 'twere steeped in thought;
The very mountains have a fuller meaning,
Touched with the glory by the sunset wrought;
And fold on fold the white fogs creeping upward,
Stand here and there like pearly gates ajar,
While rosy lights and purple-tinted shadows
Brighten and darken like a paling star.
The fair, sweet hillsides, in their emerald glory,
Show flowery brightness like the ruby's heart,
And crimson clouds, like fragrant rose leaves, slowly
In the soft blue steal by themselves apart
Unto the west, and with the amber brightness,
Which shines like sapphire on the golden floor,
Where Day is sinking in her dying splendor
Upon the threshold of Night's dusky door,
They mix and mingle, veiling her with beauty,
And then like pallid mourners steal away,
Where gently, Night, with her star-jeweled fingers,
Closes the eyelids of departed Day.

SCARLET HIBISCUS.

I THINK the sunset, jealous of your flame,
Did pluck its crimson glory from your stem,
And there above the amber of the west,
A glowing ruby from its diadem
Has laid it shining on the dead Day's breast.

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON is the son of Charles E. Bolton, lecturer, and Sarah Knowles Bolton, author. He was born November 14, 1867, at Cleveland, Ohio, and was graduated from the High School in that city in 1886. He went abroad with his parents, and traveled in England, France, Switzerland and Germany, returning to enter Harvard College in the fall of 1886. His verses had already appeared in various magazines, and in 1887 was published a volume of verse, "From Heart and Nature," half of which was written by him and half by his mother. In 1889 was published his "Boltons of Old and New England," a work to which he gave much time and research. While in college he devoted a considerable amount of attention to history. He was graduated in 1890, taking his degree *cum laude*. After graduation he again traveled in Europe, spending much time in London. While there he prepared for Mr. Edward Arnold, the publisher, a "List of Standard American Literature." In Holland he collected material and pictures for his "Saskia, the Wife of Rembrandt," now in press, which promises to be a book of more than ordinary interest. He also wrote letters for the press, describing matters of interest connected with English literary and social life, such as "A Visit to the Home and Grave of Matthew Arnold," etc. Mr. Bolton is now an assistant in the Harvard University Library. He has aided Mr. W. C. Lane, the assistant librarian, in preparing "Special Collections in American Libraries," and has written a guide to Harvard and Cambridge. His poems have appeared in the *Century*, *Independent*, *Magazine of American History*, *New England Magazine*, *Youth's Companion*, etc. He is a member of the New England Genealogical Society, of the Sons of the American Revolution, and is deeply interested in all that has to do with the early history of this country. Mr. Bolton is a man whom it is a pleasure to meet, since he always has something to say which is worth listening to.

J. H. B.

RECREATION.

In the afternoon of a summer's day,
When streets are thronged and life is gay,
I love to watch the sun go down
Beyond the smoke of the busy town.
On the distant bridge against the sky
A line of pygmy men pass by;
Some slow, some fast, as ants will go
Across the wheat-field to and fro.

Upon the waves the sunlight flits,
And back and forth the topmast knits
Its shadow image through the bars
Of phantom girders, leaving stars
Of light to sparkle in the way.

With measured ring the hammers play
About the steel-ribbed, infant ship;
While in the offing schooners dip
To catch the foam upon their bows.
And now, with shaggy beard and brows,
The hearty fisher, yonder, moves
The creaking reel upon its grooves,
And as it joggles round and round,
The dripping net is spread and wound
Upon its arms.

Naught here destroys
The dreamy scene. With easy poise
Upon the drowsy, listless stream
A steamship lies; her funnels gleam;
And wreaths of cold, gray smoke ascend
To tinge the sky and break and blend.

The shadows creep apace; the sun
Goes down; the beacons one by one
Flash out along the sinuous shore,
And night is queen of earth once more.

A REVERY.

NIGHT hung so still upon her outstretched wings,
The very silence of the distant spheres
Seemed scorn of me; I saw the shuttled years
Weave out again the endless sufferings
Of burdened souls; I saw in orbit rings
Vast globes move on among their mighty peers,
And said: "What care have these for mortal
tears?
What power has life crushed down by lifeless
things?"

The moon rose up beneath the maples red,
And sent a glow of light along the glen;
A bird broke out in joyous song that sped
Through all the wood in melody, and then
A voice unbound my fettered heart and said:
"The spheres are naught compared with living
men!"

LONGING.

THE poet sends a beautiful song
To seek a mate in the surging throng;
The thrush in the briar carols to start
A tender response in a feathery heart.

The dove that lay on weary wing
Above the waters, wandering,
Knew not the pathless way, nor how
It reached the blessed olive-bough.

Nor, we, faint hearts, know where to turn
To find the peace for which we yearn,
Until one day, in the surging throng,
A heart responds to our own heart-song.

A voice comes out of the lonely night,
The hill-tops burn with dawning light;
Our eyes awaken to understand
The beauty of earth in the press of a hand.

THE ROSE'S SOUL.

THE rose's color soon shall fade;
Like sunset pass away;
The first sweet flush of life that made
Its beauty cannot stay.

The rose's form shall turn to dust,
And withered, crumbling lie;
The tender leaves, in silence, must
Give up their joys and die.

But fragrance does not turn to earth
At wintry wind's control;
It is a thing of heavenly birth—
It is the rose's soul.

AUTUMN.

'Tis autumn by the half-clothed trees,
And all the land is seeking rest;
The bluebird, robin and the bees
Are now in quest of winter ease.

The acorns and the walnuts fall;
The milkweed turns its leaves to gold,
And thistles nod, and blue stems tall
Grow slowly old at Nature's call.

The skies have donned their brightest blue,
And trimmed their robes with fleecy lace;
For autumn's task is almost through,
And winter's face appears in view.

OPPORTUNITY.

BLIND youth idles with time on its hands,
And longs for life in a noisier clime,
Will strive one day to put hands upon time,
And restrain the flow of its numbered sands.



Abram J. Ryan

FATHER RYAN.

JUDGING from the number of poets that are adherents of the Catholic faith, it would appear the pathway from the baptismal font to the last sacrament was one redolent with the perfume of flowers and odorous spices intoxicating to the sense, breathing music and song. Or is it the swaying censer pouring out its love-breathing incense upon the air that appeals to the heart of man and causes him to give forth his praise in rhythmical cadences. Surely it is that the Catholic church has been more prolific in poets than any other church given in history. One of the sweetest of her singers was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1840. He was brought to this country when an infant, his parents locating in Virginia. And there Abram J. Ryan grew to manhood. It would seem that from his birth he was destined for the priesthood. Strong moral influence was brought to bear upon him in the marked piety of his mother and he being of an introspective nature, given to communing and moralizing with himself, it was not strange that in early manhood he should feel called upon to devote his life to the service of God. He was ordained to the priesthood at the beginning of the Civil War and shortly after followed his brother David into the ranks of the confederacy, preaching at times or working in the ranks as a common soldier, as necessity demanded. Many of his poems were written at that period with a view to firing the hearts of those about him to a greater zeal and courage. During the winter of 1862, when small-pox was raging in the Gratiot street prison, Father Ryan was the only minister of the gospel that would enter the prison. At the close of the war he was assigned to a pastorate in Knoxville, Tenn., and later to Augusta, Ga. In 1868 he edited *The Banner of the South*, a weekly paper, but the task became irksome and he abandoned it. For a time he traveled as a public lecturer. The spirit of unrest was upon him and he could not long remain in any place. On the 22d of March, 1886, he entered the Franciscan Convent of St. Bonifacius, in Louisville, Ky., where he died one month later. His approaching death was a surprise to all but himself. He had been impressed early in life that his years on earth would number but few, and when the long-expected summons came he received it as a sweet benison. But such men never die. The restless, weary heart has found rest, but the poet lives on in the heart of man and will never be forgotten; lives on in "Reverie," "In Memoriam," "Erin's Flag," and many other poems of equal merit.

N. L. M.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
 Far in front of the deadly fight,
 High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
 Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
 Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
 Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
 Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
 Beneath Virginia's sky—
 And they who saw it gleaming there,
 And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
 That where the sword led they would dare
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
 No purer sword led braver band,
 Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
 Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
 And when our triumph was delayed,
 And many a heart grew sore afraid,
 We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
 'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
 It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
 Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I WALK down the Valley of Silence—
 Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
 And I hear not the fall of a footstep
 Around me, save God's and my own;
 And the hush of my heart is as holy
 As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
 Whose music my heart could not win;
 Long ago was I weary of noises
 That fretted my soul with their din;
 Long ago was I weary of places
 Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
 I craved what the world never gave;
 And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
 That shines like a star on life's wave,
 Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
 And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
 And still found the False with the True;
 I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
 But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
 And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
 And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
 Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
 Till I heard a voice call me:—since then
 I walk down the Valley of Silence
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
 'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
 And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
 And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
 And there arose from the depths of my spirit
 An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I lived in the Valley?
 I weep, and I dream, and I pray.
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
 That fall on the roses in May;
 And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
 I dream all the songs that I sing;
 And the music floats down the dim Valley,
 Till each finds a word for a wing,
 That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
 A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
 That never shall break on the beach;
 And I have heard songs in the Silence,
 That never shall float into speech;
 And I have had dreams in the Valley
 Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
 Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!
 And they wear holy veils on their faces,
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
 They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
 Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
 It lieth afar between mountains,
 And God and His angels are there:
 And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
 And one the bright mountain of Prayer!

TEARS.

BUT ah! the tears that are not wept,
 The tears that never outward fall;
 The tears that grief for years has kept
 Within us—they are best of all:
 The tears our eyes shall never know,
 Are dearer than the tears that flow.

—*Tears*

MEMORY.

To be faithless oft means to be faithful,
 To be false often means to be true;
 The vale that loves clouds that are golden
 Forgets them for skies that are blue.
 To forget often means to remember
 What we had forgotten too long;
 The fragrance is not the bright flower,
 The echo is not the sweet song.

—*Nocturne*

THE SOUL.

THE soul, like the earth, may have many
 Horizons, but only one sun.

—*Ibid.*

SONG.

SWEET sang the stream as on it pressed,
 As sorrow sings a heart to sleep,
 As a mother sings one child to rest
 And for the dead one still will weep.

—*A Memory.*

DREAMS.

AH! dreams of such a lofty reach
 With more than earthly fancies fraught
 That not the strongest wings of speech
 Could ever touch their lowest thought.
 Dreams of the Bright, the Fair, the Far—
 Heart-fancies flashing Heaven's hue—
 That swept around, as sweeps a star
 The boundless orbit of the True.

—*Ibid.*

HOPES.

AND o'er the valley's grassy slopes
 There fell an evanescent sheen,
 That flashed and faded, like the hopes
 That haunt us of what might have been.
 —*Ibid.*

BEAUTY.

THE brook, that down the valley
 So musically drips,
 Flowed never half so brightly
 As the light laugh from her lips.
 Her face was like the lily,
 Her heart was like the rose,
 Her eyes were like a heaven,
 Where the sunlight always glows.
 She trod the earth so lightly
 Her feet touched not a thorn;
 Her words wore all the brightness
 Of a young life's happy morn.
 Along her laughter rippled
 The melody of joy;
 She drank from every chalice
 And tasted no alloy.
 —*A Laugh—And a Moan.*

SORROW.

IT is a truth beyond our ken—
 And yet a truth that all may read—
 It is with roses as with men,
 The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.
 The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
 Out of a heart all full of grace,
 Gave never forth its full perfume
 Until the cross became its vase.
 —*A Thought.*

EYES.

FROM eyes that are most like the heavens
 The dark rain of tears soonest flow.
 —*The Last of May.*

MEMORIES.

HEY come, sad as tears to the eyes that are bright;
 They come, sweet as smiles to the lips that are
 pale;
 They come, dim as dreams in the depths of the
 night;
 They come, fair as flowers to the summerless vale.
 There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
 Though far we may stray from the scenes of the
 past,
 Memories will follow wherever we go,
 And the days that were first sway the days that
 are last.
 —*Memories.*

ARTHUR WEIR.

ARTHUR WEIR is one of the foremost of the ever increasing battalion of clever poets and versifiers which Canada has produced within the last five years. He is one of the light brigade of stylists of which Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson are the recognized leaders in England, and Aldrich and Gilder in America, and he possesses in a great degree the felicity of expression and brilliancy of language which distinguish these masters of the intricacies of the modern *vers de société*. Mr. Weir comes of a Scotch family. His father has been established in Canada as a banker for many years, and occupies a foremost position in the business and social circles of the metropolis. His youngest son, Arthur, was born in Montreal on the 17th June, 1864, and with the exception of short absences spent in travel, chiefly throughout Canada, he has lived there all his life. After passing through the high school of the city, he graduated into McGill University in 1882. At McGill he gained a reputation as a young man of high scholarly attainments, and especially distinguished himself in the study of chemistry, carrying off the Lansdowne silver medal in 1886. Like so many other young men of promise his natural bent had found an outlet in the pages of the *University Gazette*, and when he graduated as a Bachelor of Science in the April of 1886, he stepped almost at once from college journalism into the grim reality. He accepted an editorial position upon the *Montreal Star*, and was finally promoted to the commercial and financial editor's chair. It is not usual to see the Muses thus chained to the car of such hard facts as figures and market indications and fluctuations, but Mr. Weir's facile pen does not appear to suffer in consequence, and indeed there is a steady progression noticeable in all his more recent productions which may be due to the fact that he also occupies the post of literary editor. In 1887 he published his maiden volume under the title of *Fleurs de Lys*—a collection of verse much of which had previously appeared in the different journals of the country. The book was very favorably received by both the press and public, and materially increased his reputation; in fact it immediately gave him a *locus standi* in the most prominent literary society of the Dominion. He has contributed to all the most important literary journals of the country, and his name has been rendered familiar to American readers through the columns of the special Carnival and Christmas numbers of the *Star*. Selections from his verses have appeared in the "Modern Scottish Poets" series published in

Scotland, and in the "Canterbury Poets" series. He is a sunny-natured young man and a great success in social circles as well as in the narrower domain of culture and intellect, and there is every reason to believe, that granted life his name will become a worthy addition to American, as it is now to Canadian literature.

W. B. H.

THREE SONNETS.

I.—THE MAIDEN.

THE melody of birds is in her voice,
The lake is not more crystal than her eyes,
In whose brown depths her soul still sleeping lies.
With her soft curls the passionate zephyr toys
And whispers in her ears of coming joys.
Upon her breast red rosebuds fall and rise,
Kissing her snowy throat, and lover-wise
Breathing forth sweetness till the fragrance cloy.

Sometimes she thinks of love; but, oftener yet,
Wooing but wearies her, and love's hot phrase
Repels and frightens her. Then, like the sun
At misty dawn, amid the fear and fret,
There rises in her heart, at last, some *one*,
And all but love is banished by its rays.

II.—THE WIFE.

There stands a cottage by a river side,
With rustic benches, sloping eaves beneath,
Amid a scene of mountain, stream, and heath.
A dainty garden, watered by the tide
On whose calm breast the queenly lilies ride,
Is bright with many a purple pansy wreath,
While here and there forbidden lion's teeth
Uprear their golden crowns with stubborn pride.

See! there she leans upon the little gate,
Unchanged, save that her curls, once flowing free,
Are closely coiled upon her shapely head,
And that her eyes look forth more thoughtfully.
Hark to her sigh! "Why tarries he so late?"
But mark her smile! She hears his well-known
tread.

III.—THE MOTHER.

Beneath the eaves there is another chair,
And a bruised lily lies upon the walk,
With the bright drops still clinging to its stalk.
Whose careless hand has dropped its treasure
there?

And whose small form does that frail settee bear?
Whose is that wooden shepherdess and flock,
That noble coach with steeds that never balk?
And why the gate that tops the cottage stair?
Ah! he has now a rival for her love,
A chubby-cheeked, soft-fisted Don Juan,
Who rules with iron hand in velvet glove
Mother and sire as only baby can.
See! there they romp, the mother and her boy,
He on her shoulders perched and wild with joy.

DESTINY.

A FLEDGLING sung within a wind-blown nest,
Deep cradled in a modest hawthorn's crest,
To peer at it the curious leaves bent over
And crooned soft songs to lull it into rest.
The mother bird sang to the sun above her,
Till stirred the gold air throbbing, like her breast,
With love exprest.

Through summer days, the golden sands of years,
Shadow and sunlight crossed protecting spears,
Ebon and gold above earth's new-born guest.
With eager lips the leafage drained the tears
Of dying clouds, lest it should be distrest,
And songs of love sang in its wondering ears
To soothe its fears.

Frail as a crystal flake of breast-white snow,
And fearful as an echo-fleeing doe,
Weak as a wayward thistle-down which veers
With winds that cannot bend the daisy low,
Instinct with charms, born of more heavenly
spheres,
The tender nestling, bathed in the summer's glow,
Swung to and fro.

Thus wind-nursed passed its youth. And then my
love
Found the shy nest within the hawthorne grove,
Yielding it all that soul-love can bestow.
I heeded not the warning poised above
In heaven's blue arch, nor fateward turned to
know
That the frail nestling yet its wings would prove
And skyward rove.

Days wing the soul and poise it for its flight;
Days give it strength to win life's azure height,
With lapse of days the feeble fledgling throve,
And dreamed sweet dreams that thrilled it with
delight.

Then, while soul-sick I watched, its pinions strove,
Not vainly, to uplift it to the bright
Portals of light.



Sara Groenevelt,

Sunlight and shade dwelt in the swaying trees,
 Sunlight and shade and happy melodies,
 Sunbeams and song, but in my head is night
 And wailings of a spirit ill at ease,
 For vacant is the nest. Beyond my sight,
 From upper skies, her joyous symphonies
 Float on the breeze.

The little one has found a kindred mate
 And flown from me, and left me desolate,
 Yet, shall I hate it that my love it flees?
 Nay, mine the sin, to struggle against fate.
 And, though I drink life's poison to the lees,
 Still may they sing, bright souls, at heaven's blue
 gate
 Nor fear my hate.

EN ROUTE.

By town and hamlet, field and wood,
 Past glimpses of empurpled hills,
 O'er many a broad, sun-smitten flood,
 And many a myriad tinkling rills,
 The train swings on and brings us twain
 Each minute nearer by a mile—
 Swings on, till moments scarce remain
 To keep me sundered from thy smile.

Embowered among the emerald trees,
 I see the village church spires gleam,
 I see neat homesteads front the breeze,
 Calm as a maiden's morning dream;
 And still the engine draws us twain
 Each minute nearer by a mile,
 And fewer moments yet remain
 To keep me sundered from thy smile.

The wheat fields shimmer in the sun,
 The cattle in the meadows browse,
 Nor raise their heads as past we run,
 The lithe-limbed steeds and patient cows.
 And still the engine draws us twain
 Each minute nearer by a mile
 Till scarce a moment doth remain
 To keep me sundered from thy smile.

On, on; yet, maugre all our speed,
 Night rides above us on the wind;
 Stars sparkle in the sky's broad mead,
 And homeward plods each toil-worn hind;
 And still the engine brings us twain
 Each minute nearer by a mile
 Until my heart is home again
 And I am basking in thy smile

SARA GROENEVELT.

MRS. SARA GROENEVELT, is a daughter of Dr. Sylvanus Bartlett, of Maine, and Julia Finch Gresham, of Kentucky, and was born before the war, near Natchitoches, a quaint, little Creole town of Louisiana, on the "Bon Dieu" plantation of her uncle, F. G. Bartlett, a wealthy cotton planter of Louisiana. Her uncle's plantation was romantically situated on a bend of Red River, called "Bon Dieu," from which it derived its name. The stream which flows past the picturesque spot, where the plantation once flourished, still retains the name it bore in ante-bellum days. Mrs. Groenevelt is a cousin of the late Washington journalist, Ben. Perley Poore. At the age of fifteen she was graduated from the Girls' High School of New Orleans. A few years later she was married to Eduard Groenevelt, a descendant of the old Dutch noble, Arnold de Groenevelt, of Netherland fame. Shortly after her marriage she accompanied her husband to Europe, where she spent several years completing her musical education under the careful guidance of such pianists as Moscheles, Reinecke, and other great masters, at the "Conservatorium de Musik zu Leipzig." Mrs. Groenevelt has written under various pen-names, and has received gracious recognition from the *Times Democrat* of her own city and also from the *Chicago Current*, for which latter she wrote under the pen-name Stanley M. Bartlett. Her home is now in New Orleans, Louisiana.

K. R. S.

LINES FOR A FLY-LEAF OF MOORE.

As perfume-laden winds their incense bring
 From far-off fragrant lands on swiftest wing,
 The gorgeous beauties of the Eastern shore
 Are wafted to us in the song of Moore.

We'll roam in fancy; aye! that heav'nly gift
 Shall be the gilded bark in which we'll drift,
 We'll leave our sluggish bodies far behind,
 And naught our gay, ethereal souls shall bind.

And if not blessed with pleasures of our own,
 We'll seek them in the poet's mystic zone.
 How strange that from the bard we often gain
 The balm his hungry soul hath sought in vain!

The glory of the East hath risen here.
 Behold the vale and waters of Cashmere!
 Soft winds its aromatic odors court,
 While in Khorassin's sun-lit bow'rs we sport.

Go Sorrow hence and flap thy dusky wings!
We're weary of thy base, unfeeling stings!
We'll rest in Merou's grove 'neath golden beam,
And bathe our fevered brow in Murga's stream.

How softly, sweetly sings Bokhara's tide
As Fancy's crew adown its waters glide;
Come watch the shining waves of Sing-su-hay,
As near Rosetta's vale we idly stray.

Behold! who sleeps within this Red Sea shell?
Tread softly now, or we may feel his spell,
He dreams of subtle art, of cruel wile,
There's mischief lurking in that witching smile.

Hark! tuneful birds here poise their graceful wings,
While sweeter still Chindara's fountain sings,
Here Cupid sleeps where bright waves dash the
spray,
From this enchanted spot, oh, haste away.

Farewell Amrita tree and almond grove,
Far from Cashmere, this vale of love we'll rove,
Far from the cocoa-palm's refreshing shade,
Where rests the lovely boy in shell and glade.

But from his swift-winged arrows who can fly?
He dwells in every land beneath the sky,
And though we proudly scorn his direful sway,
Alas! we're ne'ertheless his humble prey.

Let not that bright-haired god breed discord here
And mar the beauty of this wondrous sphere,
We'll fly from love, nor list to Sorrow's song,
But seize life's glories as we float along.

Far from dull winter's cold and sleet and snow,
Eternal summer in our hearts shall glow;
Shall souls be steeped in gloom as black as night
When all without is beauty, bloom and light?

List! heart and lute in song together wail
While moonlight softly falls on Cupid's vale;
Oh, steer from love's sweet spell and glide afar,
Nor rest in golden mead of Candahar.

But lo! a dart from flow'r-wreathed quiver flies!
Alas! our bark is struck! it stranded lies
Against love's shoals, where rings the voice of
Moore,
On Camadeva's fair, insidious shore.

MOONLIGHT ON LES CHANDELEURS.

Sepulchre in ocean dreary,
Solemn, still, and white,
Where the screech-owl from its ærie
Hoots the livelong night.

Save the curlew's scream, or crying
Of uncanny bird,
Sob of waves, or wild winds sighing,
Not a sound is heard.

Paradise of Snipe and plover,
Wild duck and grassé,
Lying under leafy cover,
Where the bayous play,
Whose jewelled arms are twining
Round the marshes low,
Gemmed with red-fish, shining
Trout and pompano.

Lo! yon orbèd goddess soaring
Through the ethereal sky,
From exhaustless mines is pouring
Treasures from on high.
Showers of silvery mist are streaming
From her radiant shore,
Earth and air and sea are gleaming
With her sheeny ore—

As if angel fingers tender
Left the gates ajar,
Tempting mortals with the splendor
Of their realms afar;
Beckoning us to burnished mountains,
Cascades cool and clear,
Empyrean fields and fountains,
And translucent mere.

ON THE MEXIC GULF.

Dost thou remember, Juan, that blissful night,
When all the heavens were hung with censer
bright—
How lightly skimmed our bark o'er waters blue,
As like a sea-gull on the wing it flew?

How, when the brilliant sunset bade good-bye,
Night's flashing jewels lit the earth and sky,
And how the weird Gulf's orchestra sublime
Throbbed to our quickened pulse in perfect time

With tender memories fraught that haunt me still,
This tuneful Gulf brings back the olden thrill;
Can I forget those dark eyes bent on me?
Can I forget that loving glance, or thee?

As softly fell the moonlight from above
Spoke that fond glance of friendship, or of love?
If 'twas not love, ah! friendship then is sweet—
When it can make the heart so wildly beat.

The glorious sunset, with its gorgeous dyes,
Brought back to thee the rich, Italian skies;

e, who sat beside thee then, so fair,
twe sunbeams kissed her sable hair?

st, with all its charms, is nought to me;
ot what it was to her or thee;
st hath fled—the present all is mine—
ou not love me, Juan? Am I not thine?

r Italia, land of song and art,
enchain thy fond but vagrant heart?
l me, darling, is it only there
vening skies are bright, and women fair?

LOVE.

enwraps me with his cruel chain,
npathetic Sleep steals softly near,
s my fetters, wipes away a tear,
ids me hence into his weird domain.
ld, we view the glory of his reign;
h azure deeps our wingèd feet we steer,
nepen the drops its balsam here;
l, while we thread elysian field and plain,
ter is the airy step of Dawn
footprints are the new-awakened flowers.
what presence gilds hill-top and lawn?
omes with lute that thrills my tear-stained
irs?
t real! or does it only seem—
re you here, or is it still a dream?

THE SUNBEAM AND THE VIOLET.

OLET lifted to the skies
lvet-lidded, tear-stained eyes,
l gently from its lowly bed,
l beam raised the drooping head.

its charming, silent way,
modest mien and color gay,
lossom to the ray of gold
atitute in beauty told.

gazing on the lovely flower,
unbeam glowed with warmth and power,
hotly poured its rapturous bliss
e impassioned, burning kiss.

lossom hung its head with shame,
wilted in the golden flame;
ay that gave its beauty birth
crushed it wantonly to earth.

ENVOI.

l passion holds his heart in thrall,
'homme s'amuse, though angels fall.

MARY J. CUMMINGS.

MARY J. CUMMINGS is a native of Maine. She was left motherless at the age of nine years. Her family at that time lived on a little out-of-the-way farm, and no one would have predicted for the child other than a meagre and desolate existence. As a scholar, eager, apt and receptive, she found, even at that early age, a solace for her lonely hours in writing fragments of prose and rhyme. Her books, and the pets which she found in her rural surroundings, were her loved and chosen companions. At the age of seventeen she began contributing to the press, confining herself chiefly to sketch and serial writing. She has contributed to more than thirty different publications, appearing in papers or magazines in more than half of the States of the Union. She has published two books, and has MS. for another book nearly completed. Being sensitive and not caring for personal fame, she has generally appeared under a *nom de plume*. Her whole life illustrates what can be done by that component part of character which Western people call "sand" and Eastern folks term "grit,"—but to express it more elegantly—her life shows that indomitable energy and unfaltering perseverance are forces of almost unlimited power in winning success in life. S. A. B.

GLAMOUR!

COME, you laggard, the daylight fades,
And shadows are creeping along the glades.
Oh, give no heed to our toil-worn hands,
For we are nearing enchanted lands,
This the Gate Beautiful, we outside
Are the Lazarus beggars watching the tide.
The tide? Yes, the billows of lace and lawn,
That toss in the gaslight from dusk till dawn.

Now, listen a while to the horn's sweet blare!
How the clematis sways! See the red flames flare!
In your homespun robes you have winning grace,
A regal form, but a scowling face.
You envy them there, you do, my sweet,
With their costly laces and lightsome feet;
But I want to tell you—a thankless task—
That every face is a perfect mask.

Those voices murmuring a soft refrain
Are ready to scream in a dying pain,
And the merry eyes, flashing free and bold,
Will drown in tears ere the day is old,
While the slippers, with rosettes soft and white,
Are crushing hearts 'neath their heels to-night,

And the jewelled vests, with their brodered parts,
Are curtains drawn over breaking hearts.

Now "bow and balance and promenade all,"
For this is Capital's fancy ball.
And it comes to midnight, hour of doom;
"Unmask!" is the order along the room.
Were the *unmasking real*, the sad surprise
Would carry your hands to your shrinking eyes;
Then, my sweet, you surely would not change place
For all their jewels and costly lace.
You would find that the tears and sighs and gloom
Would fill, like a vapor, that gorgeous room.
Ah, all this revel that your soul craves
Is a ghoulhish orgie o'er sunken graves;
For I tell you, I tell you—a thankless task—
That the human face is a perfect mask,
And gone the glamour, the wizard dreams,
When the actor passes behind the scenes.

LATE SEPTEMBER.

THE gentians are awakened in the pastures,
The goldenrod, so regal and so tall,
Like a kingly sceptre, filigreed, is standing
Beside the garden's mossy wall.
The birds have finished their coquetting,
The katy-dids are piping up—"Tis Fall."
And in the pleasant weather, along the upper ether,
We can hear the immigrating songsters call,
As with wide and wary glances,
They shoot like feathered lances,
Along the blue expanses,
With watchward cry—"Tis Fall."

The clouds, with ragged edges,
Trail their shadows o'er the sedges;
There is a suggestive cadence in the breeze's
plaintive voice;
But the grain-fields, golden glowing,
And the corn-bins, overflowing,
Bid the sturdy husbandmen rejoice.
On all sides Nature's calling,
She is calling to them, "Come,
In faith ye sowed and watered—
Now shout, 'The Harvest Home.'"

Now, come, come, come and wander
Into the forest yonder,
Where, 'neath the groined porches,
With oriflammes and torches,
Stand Nature's Druid kings.
In gorgeous caps and tunics,
They chant their hymns and runics,
And take their tithes and offerings
Of Nature's precious things.

Down, down amid the glories,
That tell the summer's stories,
How softly I will kneel;
And at the twilight hour, there comes my richest
dower,
For through the dusky portals, the bright, the bright
immortals
To my humble trysting steal.
They come, they come, they come, they come,
And softly tell of home, of home,
Where summer never wanes,
Where are no griefs nor pains,
No sin nor mortal strife,
To mar the Perfect Life.

STARS.

Do you miss the stars that used to shine
On your pathway here below?
Or do they still light your wandering way,
With a bright and steadfast glow?
Do the threatening clouds that lower above
Fill your soul with a keen despair?
Can you lift your eyes with a trusting heart?
Have you faith that they still are there?

Oh, some went down with a meteor's gleam,
And some shine on with a fading glow;
But they changed their places and do not seem
Like the stars you knew in the long ago.
In the endless changes of world and time,
In the planets moving from East to West,
If you find one star in its old, true place
Your life is happy, your spirit blest.

We all have an evening star of the soul,
That sheds its light in our Western sky,
And we often gaze on that planet fair
With a loving and longing eye;
And though it may never come nearer us,
Nor we nearer that planet may go,
Yet there's happiness rare to know we have
Its light on our journey below.

INDOLENCE.

How lazily the breezes float,
Harmonious with my hammock's swing;
The roses pour their perfumes out—
And in the copse the thrushes sing.
—*Castle Building.*

NIGHT.

THE night is holy, and the cares
That so infest the day-time hours,
Retreat with all their tricks and snares.
—*The Haunted Wood.*



A. C. Gordon

A. C. GORDON.

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON, whose dialect poems are admired by all readers, was born in Albemarle county, Va., in 1855. He is a grandson of Gen. William F. Gordon, member of the Virginia legislature in the time of Jefferson. Mr. Gordon is a graduate of the Virginia University, which institution was founded almost solely through the exertions of his grandfather. While yet a student, he became a contributor to the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic*, *Puck* and other periodicals, and in 1888, in conjunction with his friend, Thomas Nelson Page, he published a volume of dialect poems entitled "Befo' de War." In addition to his literary qualities, Mr. Gordon has shown marked ability as a lawyer, having officiated as attorney for the commonwealth for Staunton, and city attorney. Mr. Gordon is also ex-mayor of Staunton. For the last few years he has been so occupied with other duties as to have neglected his literary work.

L. L.

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Yes, honey, you p'int'ly is purty;
How long 'fo' de ball gwi' begin?
"Some time yet?" An' when you's all dancin',
Can't yer ole Mammy come an' peep in?

Dat white silk, it sho'ly do suit you—
An' dem vi'lets wropt inter yer hyar;
Mars' Ranny loves dem sort o' blossoms—
I 'spec', Baby, dat's why dey's dar.

Lord, chile! you looks jes' like yer mother,
When you turn yer head sideways, dat way;
Has you been showed yerse'f ter Ole Marster?
You has, hey? An' what did he say?

"He never said nothin'—jes' only
His mouf twitch like ketchin' a cry;
An' he kissed you, an' turn off an' lef' you,
Wid de water done come ter his eye?"

Yes, honey, you's like her; dat's gospel;
An' I knows, by de way dat he done,
Dat you fotch her up ter him adzactly,
An' de ole times dat's over an' gone.

She used ter w'ar vi'lets dat summer—
He loved 'em, like Mars' Ranny do—
Her fus' season at de White Suff'rer,
When she was a young gal like you.

I went wid her dar, dat 'ar season—
Dey called her de Belle o' de Springs;
De young bucks run crazy about her—
You never did see sich fool things!

But Marster was dar, de bes'-lookin'
An' de smartes', I hearn 'em all say;
An' he owned a Jeems River plantation,
An' so he jes' kerried de day.

She w'ared a white dress de fus' ebenin'
She danced at de ball; an' she hel'
Some vi'lets like dem in her fingers—
I 'members it all very well.

I hasn't no doubt dat Ole Marster,
When he seed you, he thought o' dat night;
An', mebbe, some other times, honey,
When he 'membered her 'rayed out in white.

Now I thinks, she was drest de same fashion
At de weddin' at Springfield, you know;
Some vi'lets de onlies' color,
An' her white silk, mo' shiny dan snow;

An', Baby, her fingers wropt over
Fresh blossoms, fotch f'om de ole place,
Like dem; an' white garmen's was on her,
De las' time I looked at her face.

It do make me feel sorter ole-like,
Fur ter see you growed hansum an' tall;
I hardly considered it, honey,
'Twel you fixed up ter 'ten' yer fus' ball—

'Ca'se you's never seemed nothin' but Baby,
An' it looks sich a short time ago:
Yes, Mistis, I'm gwi' come an' see you,
When you dances wid Mars' Ranny, sho'.

HOME AGAIN.

De place is changed sence de ole times—
Dis place whar I was born,
An' played, an' growed, an' lived an' worked
Amongst de yaller corn;
De cabin-flo' is t'ared up now,
De chimbley's tumblin' down,
An' I doesn't see de palin'-fence
About de patch o' groun'.

But de sunshine 'pears ter be as bright,
An' de birds as full o' song,
An' de bees as busy as dey work
In de clover all day long.

So, spite o' de cabin's tumblin' down,
An' de ragged worrum fence,
De ole-time scenes comes back ag'in—
Ise missed 'em ev'ry sence.

I kin see my wife dar by de do',
Wid de baby on her knee;
An' de tother chillun playin' here,
Whar the peach-tree used ter be.
But she is sleepin' on de hill,
Wid her baby on her breas';
An' de tother chillun's out dar, too,
All peacefully at res'.

De little branch runs on de same
As how it used ter run;
Ise crossed it often to'des de night,
Arter my work was done;
De Great House still is standin' dar,
Jes' over de tother side;
But I hasn' been dar sence de day
My blessed Mistis died.

Ise wandered over de State, at large,
A-doin' what I could;
Workin' de railroad, now an' den,
An' sometimes cuttin' wood.
It had been some years sence I was here;
So passin' by to-day,
I felt as how I mus' see de place,
An' so kim by dis way.

I'm sorry I kim; de ole glad days
Comes back so fresh ter me,
Dat it cuts my heart ter see de place
Ain't what it used ter be.
I'll never hear as onct I heerd,
In de happy times long gone,
De darkeys singin' like dey sung,
Amongst de yaller corn.

I'm goin' now. I ain't gwi' see
De ole home place no mo';
But I 'spec' I never shell forgit
My wife dar by de do',
Wid de little baby on her knee,
An' de chillun here at play;
I'll 'member de ole place like it was,
When I am fur away.

HER RIVAL.

"THE belle?" 'Tis hard to say. And yet
There is a Cuban here—
"Handsome?" Well, yes. "Her style?" Brunette.
The darling of her sphere.

I've watched her, and she never moves
But some one walks close by;
And yet there's no one whom she loves
Or hates—"The reason why?"

Just wait a little, *Ma Chérie*,—
"Her manners?" Neither grave
Nor gay. "The golden mean," you say:
And yet the women rave.

"In praise?" Ah, no! One seldom hears
Her lauded by their lips;
Yet the sweet silence that she wears
Their malice doth eclipse.

"Brilliant?" At times. This nut-brown maid
Shines brightest when she meets
Her match. Thus conflict oft, 'tis said,
Inspires the doughtiest feats.

"Her style of beaux?" Both young and old
Yield fealty to her sway;
Blonde beauty with his beard of gold,
And ugliness in gray.

Last night we sat 'neath the summer moon,
And her breath was like the rose;
And odors as sweet as buds in June
Follow her where she goes.

"I love her?" Truly, that I do.
'Tis not long since I spoke
My love. I don't mind this to you—
It ended all in smoke!

What, crying? "Hate her?" Then I fear
I've carried the jest too far;
No rival is she of yours, my dear,
And her name is just—Cigar!

LONG AGO.

LONG ago, when life was younger, and life's burden
cast no shadow,
When the gladness of existence had a summer
fountain's flow,
Side by side we trod dim woodland, river bank or
haunted meadow,
Long ago.

Long ago faint odors held us in the purple fields of
clover—
Subtler in its sweet suggestions than all other
blooms ablow;
Hand in hand we sat together where the clover
heads hung over,
Long ago.

ago in magic distance there were silver voices
singing;
the cowbells sweetly tinkled where the cows
came home a-row;
deep in purple blossoms did we listen to that
ringing

Long ago.

ago old joys possessed us with an undefined,
strange yearning:
ng and beloved, we recked not, in love's
golden afterglow,
outh passed us like a dream to the dreamer
unreturning,

Long ago.

ago the hand I clasped there had its loving
hand-clasp broken;
the voices ceased from singing; and the cow-
bells, faint and low,
away, as died the echoes of the words that
we had spoken—

Long ago.

INDIAN SUMMER.

wane of the year, when the sunshine brings,
its soft suggestions of summer days,
ies of half-way forgotten things—
n the mountains are wrapped in a misty haze,
ie fleeting birds to each other call,
When the red leaves fall,

ed sorrow steals over the heart,
t ponders the sunshine of other days;
om under the eyelids the tear drops start,
the faces that gleam through a misty haze—
e faces that Memory doth recall,
When the red leaves fall.

ever forget when the sunshine streams,
ie wane of the year, through this purple haze
faces that haunted my boyish dreams,—
mystical faces of other days.
o my heart God gives them all
When the red leaves fall.

"AH, SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT!"

youth but known some years ago
t freckled-faced small girls could grow
In most astounding way
ovely women, in whose eyes
light a man most longs for lies—
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

Had youth but known—my youth, I mean—
That you would walk as regnant queen
Of hearts in this new day,
That elfin locks could change to curls
Softer than any other girl's,
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!"

Had youth but known the time would come
When I should stand abashed and dumb,
With not one word to say,
Before you, whom in days gone by
I'd tease until you could but cry,
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

I little dreamed in those old days
Of undeveloped winning ways
To wile men's hearts away,
When wading in the brook with you
I splashed your best frock through and through
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

Your pretty nose—ah! there's the rub—
I used to laugh at once as "snub"
Is now *nez retroussé*:
Upon the one-time brown, bare feet
You wear French kids now, trim and neat,
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

The brief kilt skirt, the legs all bare,
The freckled face, the tangled hair,
These things are passed away;
You are a woman now, full-grown,
With lovers of your very own,
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

You'd plead to be my comrade then
With tearful big brown eyes. Ah! when,
My winning winsome May,
Will words like those, your lips atween,
Come back again? No more, I ween!
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

Time turns the tables. It is meet,
Doubtless, that I here at your feet
Should feel your sceptre's sway,
Should know you hold me 'neath your heel,
Should love you—and should—well, should feel,
Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!

TWILIGHT.

ALONG the border of the dark,
The day slips into night.

—At Sunset.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, otherwise "Joaquin" Miller, the well-known poet whose writings have attracted the attention and admiration of all students of poetry, was born in Ohio in 1841, but removed with his parents, at the age of nine years, to Union county, Oregon. Although poor in this world's goods, the relatives of Joaquin Miller were rich in patriotism; his grandfather, Hulings Miller, falling in the battle of the Thames under Harrison; his cousin, Gen. Burnside, being noted for his bravery, and his brother, John D. Miller, fighting gallantly as an officer in the latter's regiment at Fredericksburg. From his earliest youth, Joaquin was a studious lad and spent his leisure hours in reading and study. At the age of thirteen he accompanied a party to Northern California in search of gold, but failing to find any, returned to his home in a few months and again started with a new party for the gold fields said to be located near Mt. Shasta. That also proved a failure and Joaquin taught in a night school in the near-by settlement. At the time of the great Indian uprising at Pitt river, he fought bravely, receiving there the wound in his arm which has since caused him to write such an illegible hand. At that battle he attracted the attention of the famous Indian fighter, Gen. Crook, who at once proposed to send him to school in San Francisco. Joaquin started for Boston, by water, but got no farther than Nicaragua, where with others he joined Walker's army. When this army surrendered at Rivas, to a U. S. naval officer, he and some companions were assisted to their homes. That spring he wrote "The Songs of the Sierras," "My Own Story," and several sketches. In 1856 he entered Columbia College, Oregon; taught school during 1857-8 then back to Columbia, and the Law School, graduating and being admitted to the bar in 1861. The next year he began law practice in the mines of Idaho. But, his old California friends wanting a bold, trustworthy expressman to carry out their gold-dust he established and rode in conjunction with Mr. Mossman, now of Oakland, the pony express. In 1863 he returned to Oregon and bought a small newspaper, in that way earning enough to clear his father's farm of mortgages, though later his paper was suppressed for alleged treasonable utterances. He then crossed the mountains and after less than three days' acquaintance married his first wife. Life with her being uncongenial he took her back to her people and returned to his California friends, then in camp in Oregon. Being besieged by

savages, they at once put him at their head and he advanced with them into the Indian country. After a long and bloody campaign, the company were at length relieved by a body of Federal soldiers led by Waymire, now of San Francisco. Joaquin's brave conduct during this affair so endeared him to his comrades that they at once gave him the nomination for judge in the succeeding election and, in the hottest sort of a fight and against a strong opponent, he won the victory. At that time he wrote the "Songs of the Sierras." After four years on the bench, he took his father and went to London, remaining there till his book came out then returning to America to sit at the bedside of his dying brother; then back to Oregon for a time, afterwards returning to Europe where he remained for years, writing "Songs of Sunlands" and the "One Fair Woman." Returning to New York he married for a second time, his former wife having procured a divorce. After a short residence in Washington the death of his father called him to the West where he still resides with his mother, wife and child, in his beautiful home near Oakland, Cal. There many young people go for the benefit of the instruction given gratis by the poet and his mother, who as a "labor of love," prepare any student for college who is in earnest and desires to learn. L. E. J.

ISLES OF THE AMAZONS.

PART I.

WELL! who shall lay hand on my harp but me,
Or shall chide my song from the sounding trees?
The passionate sun and the resolute sea,
These were my masters, and only these.

These were my masters, and only these,
And these from the first I obey'd, and they
Shall command me now, and I shall obey
As a dutiful child that is proud to please.

There never were measures as true as the sun;
The sea hath a song that is passingly sweet,
And yet they repeat, and repeat, and repeat,
The same old runes though the new years run.

By unnamed rivers of the Oregon north,
That roll dark-heaved into turbulent hills,
I have made my home—The wild heart thrills
With memories fierce, and a world storms forth.

On eminent peaks that are dark with pine,
And mantled in shadows and voiced in storms,
I have made my camps; majestic gray forms
Of the thunder-clouds, they were companions of mine;

And face set to face, like to lords austere,
Have we talk'd, red-tongued, of the mysteries
Of the circling sun, of the oracled seas,
While ye who judged me had mantled in fear.

Some fragment of thought in the unfinish'd words;
A cry of fierce freedom, and I claim no more.
What more would you have from the tender of
herds
And of horse, on an ultimate Oregon shore?

From men unto God go forth, as alone,
Where the dark pines talk in their tones of the
sea
To the unseen God in a harmony
Of the under seas, and know the unknown.

'Mid white Sierras, that slope to the sea,
Lie turbulent lands. Go dwell in the skies,
And the thundering tongues of Yosemite
Shall persuade you to silence, and you shall be
wise.

Yea, men may deride, and the thing it is well;
Turn well and aside from the one wild note
To the song of the bird with the tame, sweet
throat;
But the sea sings on in his cave and shell.

Let the white moons ride, let the red stars fall,
O great, sweet sea! O fearful and sweet!
Thy song they repeat, and repeat, and repeat;
And these, I say, shall survive us all.

I but sing for the love of song and the few
Who loved me first and shall love me last;
And the storm shall pass as the storms have
pass'd,
For never were clouds but the sun came through.

PART II.

IN the days when my mother, the Earth, was
young,
And you all were not, nor the likeness of you,
She walk'd in her maidenly prime among
The moonlit stars in the boundless blue.

Then the great sun lifted his shining shield,
And he flash'd his sword as the soldiers do,
And he moved like a king full over the field,
And he look'd and he loved her brave and true.

And looking afar from the ultimate rim,
As he lay at rest in a reach of light,
He beheld her walking alone at night,
Where the buttercup stars in their beauty swim.

So he rose up flush'd in his love, and he ran,
And he reach'd his arms, and around her waist
He wound them strong like a love-struck man,
And he kiss'd and embraced her, brave and
chaste.

So he nursed his love like a babe at its birth,
And he warm'd in his love as the long years ran,
Then embraced her again, and sweet mother Earth
Was a mother indeed, and her child was man.

The sun is the sire, the mother is earth!
What more do you know? what more do I need?
The one he begot, and the one gave birth,
And I love them both, and let laugh at your
creed.

And who shall pronounce that the child of the sun,
With his rich sun-worship, was utterly wrong
In the far, new years when the stars kept song?
But judge, and be judged;—condemn, and have
done.

And who shall proclaim they were all unwise
In their great, warm faith? Time answers us
not:
The quick fool questions; but who replies?
The wise man hesitates, hush'd in thought.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS
FOUGHT.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a welled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But Oh! these battles they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

“SIERRAS ADIOS.”

With the buckler and sword into battle
I moved, I was matchless and strong;
I stood in the rush and the rattle
Of shot, and the spirit of song
Was upon me; and youthful and splendid
My armor flashed far in the sun
As I sang of my land. It is ended,
And all has been done, and undone.

I descend with my dead in the trenches;
To-night I bend down on the plain,
In the dark, and a memory wrenches
The soul; I turn up to the rain
The cold and the beautiful faces,
Ay, faces forbidden for years,
Turn'd up to my face with the traces
Of blood to the white rain of tears.

Count backward the years on your fingers,
While forward rides yonder white moon,
Till the soul turns aside, and it lingers
By a grave that was born of a June;
By the grave of a soul, where the grasses
Are tangled as witch-woven hair;
Where footprints are not, and where passes
Not any thing known anywhere;

By a grave without tombstone or token,
At a tomb where not fern leaf or fir,
Root or branch, was once bended or broken,
To bestow thee the body of her;
For it lives, and the soul perish'd only,
And alone in that land, with these hands,
Did I lay the dead soul, and all lonely
Does it lie to this day in the sands.

Lo! a wild little maiden with tresses
Of gold on the wind of the hills:
Ay, a wise little maiden that guesses
Some good in the cruelest ills;
And a babe with its baby-fists doubled,
And thrust to my beard, and within,
As he laughs like a fountain half-troubled,
When my finger chucks under his chin.

Should the dead not decay, when the culture
Of fields be resumed in the May?
Lo! the days are dark-wing'd as the vulture!
Let them swoop, then, and bear them away:
By the walks let me cherish red flowers,
By the wall teach one tendril to run;
Lest I wake, and I watch all the hours
I shall ever see under the sun.

It is well, may be so, to bear losses,
And to bend and bow down to the rod;
If the scarlet red bars and the crosses
Be but rounds up the ladder to God.
But this mocking of men! Ah, that enters
The marrow! the murmurs that swell
To reproach for my song-love, that centres,
Vast land, upon thee, are not well.

And I go, thanking God in my going,
That an ocean flows stormy and deep,
And yet gentler to me is its flowing
Than the storm that forbids me to sleep.
And I go, thanking God, with hands lifted,
That a land lies beyond where the free
And the gentle of heart and the gifted
Of soul have a home in the sea.

SUMMER FROSTS.

FROSTS of an hour! Fruits of a season!
Who foresees them? Slain in a day,
The loves of a lustrum. Who shall say
The heart has sense or the soul has reason?

. . . One not knowing and one not caring.
. . . Leaves in their pathway. Let them part;
She with the gifts of a gracious bearing,
He with the pangs of a passionate heart.

AT SEA.

WE part as ships on a pathless main,
Gayly enough, for the sense of pain
Is asleep at first; but ghosts will arise
When we would repose, and the forms will come
And walk when we walk, and will not be dumb,
Nor yet forget with their wakeful eyes.

When we most need rest, and the perfect sleep,
Some hand will reach from the dark, and keep
The curtains drawn and the pillows toss'd
Like a tide of foam; and one will say
At night—O, Heaven, that it were day!
And one by night, through the misty tears,
Will say—O, Heaven, the days are years,
And I would to Heaven that the waves were
cross'd.

THE RHYME OF THE GREAT RIVER.

PART II.

How soft this moonlight of the South!
 How sweet my South in soft moonlight!
 I want to kiss her warm sweet mouth
 As she lies sleeping here to-night.

How still! I do not hear a mouse.
 I see some bursting buds appear;
 I hear God in His garden,—hear
 Him trim some flowers for His house.

I hear some singing stars; the mouth
 Of my vast river sings and sings,
 And pipes on reeds of pleasant things,—
 Of splendid promise for my South:

My great South-woman, soon to rise
 And tiptoe up and loose her hair;
 Tiptoe, and take from all the skies
 God's stars and glorious moon to wear!

OCEAN.

BEHOLD the ocean on the beach
 Kneel lowly down as if in prayer.
 I hear a moan as of despair,
 While far at sea do toss and reach
 Some things so like white pleading hands.
 The ocean's thin and hoary hair
 Is trail'd along the silver'd sands,
 At every sigh and sounding moan.
 'Tis not a place for mirthfulness,
 But meditation deep, and prayer,
 And kneelings on the salted sod,
 Where man must own his littleness
 And know the mightiness of God.
 —*Californian.*

FAME.

DECEIT brings wealth, wealth buys the bubble fame,
 Fame lulls the fever of the soul, and makes
 Us feel that we have grasp'd an immortality.
 —*Ina.*

MOON.

THE moon has grown disconsolate,
 Has turned her down her walk of stars:
 Why, she is shutting up her bars,
 As maidens shut a lover's gate.
 The moon has grown disconsolate;
 She will no longer watch and wait.
 —*The Rhymer of the Great River.*

MAGNOLIAS.

THE broad magnolia's blooms are white;
 Her blooms are large, as if the moon
 Had lost her way some lazy night,
 And lodged here till the afternoon.
 Oh, vast white blossoms breathing love!
 White bosom of my lady dead,
 In your white heaven overhead
 I look, and learn to look above.
 —*Ibid.*

PRAYERS.

THIS praying seems a splendid thing!
 It drives old Time the other way;
 It makes him lose all reckoning
 Of years that pagans have to pay.
 —*Ibid.*

CONSCIENCE.

O CONSCIENCE, what a baying hound!
 Nor frozen seas nor frosted ground
 Can throw this bloodhound from his track.
 —*Ibid.*

DEATH.

What is this rest of death, sweet friend?
 What is the rising up,—and where?
 I say, death is a lengthened prayer,
 A longer night, a larger end.
 —*Ibid.*

MORNING.

AND oh the fragrance of the sod!
 And oh the perfume of the air!
 The sweetness, sweetness everywhere,
 That rose like incense up to God!
 I like a cow's breath in sweet spring,
 I like the breath of babes new-born;
 A maid's breath is a pleasant thing,—
 But oh the breath of sudden morn!
 Of sudden morn, when every pore
 Of mother earth is pulsing fast
 With life, and life seems spilling o'er
 With love, with love too sweet to last:
 Of sudden morn beneath the sun,
 By God's great river wrapped in gray,
 That for a space forgets to run,
 And hides his face as if to pray.
 —*Ibid.*

CONTENTMENT.

"AND I have said, and I say it ever,
 As the years go on and the world goes over,
 'Twere better to be content and clever
 In tending of cattle and tossing of clover,

In the grazing of cattle and the growing of grain,
 Than a strong man striving for fame or gain;
 Be even as kine in the red-tipp'd clover,
 For they lie down and their rests are rests,
 And the days are theirs, come sun, come rain,
 To lie, rise up, and repose again;
 While we wish, yearn, and do pray in vain,
 And hope to ride on the billows of bosoms,
 And hope to rest in the haven of breasts,
 Till the heart is sicken'd and the fair hope dead;
 Be even as clover with its crown of blossoms,
 Even as blossoms ere the bloom is shed,
 Kiss'd by kine and the brown sweet bee—
 For these have the sun, and moon, and air,
 And never a bit of the burthen of care;
 And with all of our caring what more have we?
 I would court content like a lover lonely,
 I would woo her, win her, and wear her only,
 And never go over this white sea wall
 For gold or glory or for aught at all."

* * * * *

"So I have said, and I say it over,
 And can prove it over and over again,
 That the four-footed beasts on the red-crown'd
 clover,
 The pied and horn'd beasts on the plain,
 That lie down, rise up, and repose again,
 And do never take care or toil or spin,
 Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,
 Though the days go out and the tides come in,
 Are better than we by a thousand fold;
 For what is it all, in the words of fire,
 But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?"

—*Arizonian*.

SUMMER.

THE days and grass grow long together;
 —*With Walker in Nicaragua.*

ENNUI.

I WOULD some things were dead and hid,
 Well dead and buried deep as hell,
 With recollection dead as well,
 And resurrection God-forbid.
 They irk me with their weary spell
 Of fascination, eye to eye,
 And hot mesmeric serpent hiss,
 Through all the dull eternal days.
 Let them turn by, go on their ways,
 Let them depart or let me die;
 For life is but a beggar's lie,
 And as for death, I grin at it;
 I do not care one whiff or whit
 Whether it be or that or this.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

Love while 'tis day; night cometh soon,
 Wherein no man or maiden may;
 Love in the strong young prime of day;
 Drink drunk with love in ripe red noon,
 Red noon of love and life and sun;
 Walk in love's light as in sunshine,
 Drink in that sun as drinking wine,
 Drink swift, nor question any one;
 For loves change sure as man or moon,
 And wane like warm full days of June.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

Love well who will, love wise who can,
 But love, be loved, for God is love;
 Love pure, like cherubim above;
 Love maids, and hate not any man.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

I TELL you that love is the bitterest sweet
 That ever laid hold on the heart of a man;
 A chain to the soul, and to cheer as a ban,
 And a bane to the brain, and a snare to the feet.
 Ay! who shall ascend on the hollow white wings
 Of love but to fall; to fall and to learn,
 Like a moth, and a man, that the lights lure to
 burn,
 That the roses have thorns, and the honey-bee
 stings?
 I say to you surely that grief shall befall;
 I lift you my finger, I caution you true,
 And yet you go forward, laugh gayly, and you
 Must learn for yourself, then mourn for us all.
 You had better be drown'd than to love and to
 dream,
 It were better to sit on a moss-grown stone,
 And away from the sun, and forever alone,
 Slow pitching white pebbles at trout in the
 stream.
 Alas for a heart that is left forlorn!
 If you live you must love; if you love, regret,—
 It were better, perhaps, we had never been born,
 Or better, at least, we could well forget.
 The clouds are above us, and snowy and cold,
 And what is beyond but the steel-gray sky,
 And the still far stars that twinkle and lie
 Like the eyes of a love or delusions of gold!
 Ah! who would ascend? The clouds are above.
 Ay! all things perish; to rise is to fall.
 And alas for lovers, and alas for love,
 And alas that we ever were born at all.

—*Isles of the Amazons.*



E. Harriet Howe.

LOVE.

Sweeter than swans are a maiden's graces!
 Sweeter than fruits are the kisses of morn!
 Sweeter than babes is a love new-born,
 But sweeter than all are a love's embraces.

—*Ibid.*

DECEPTION.

The old near truth on the far new shore!
 I bought and I paid for it; so did you:
 The tale may be false or the tale may be true;
 I give as I got it, and who can more?
 And if I have purchased a beautiful lie,
 And liked it well, and believed it true,
 I have done it before; and so have you,
 And have been contented, and so have I.

—*Ibid.*

BEAUTY.

The air
 Swooned sweet with perfume of her form,
 Her breast was warm, her breath was warm,
 And warm her warm and perfumed mouth
 As summer journeys through the South.

—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

THE course of life is like the sea:
 Men come and go; tides rise and fall;
 And that is all of his history.
 The tide flows in, flows out to-day,—
 And that is all that man may say;
 Man is, man was,—and that is all.

—*Ibid.*

FATE.

Tides come and go, we know their time;
 The moon, we know her wane or prime:
 But who knows how the fates may hinge?

—*Even So.*

REMEMBRANCE.

Well, little bees have bitter stings,
 And I remember for us both.

—*Ibid.*

REST.

Yea, we lie dead for want of rest
 And so the soul drifts out and o'er
 The vast still waters to the shore
 Beyond, in pleasant, tranquil quest;
 It sails straight on, forgetting pain,
 Past isles of peace, to perfect rest,—
 Now were it best abide, or best
 Return and take up life again?

—*The Rhyme of The Great River.*

E. HARRIET HOWE.

MRS. E. HARRIET HOWE, whose maiden name was Siggins, was born on the banks of the beautiful Allegheny river, in West Hickory, Forest county, Pa. Her grand-parents, people of the best type, were among the pioneer settlers in that part of the country. Her father's farm had been the favorite camping-ground of the Indians in early times. Across the river from her childhood home, arose a high commanding hill whose steep sides were covered with hemlocks, stately pines crowning the crest; intermingled with these, were elms, maple and other forest trees whose June and October foliage made the grand old hill one of her first subjects of inspiration. A familiar sight of her childhood, was the canoe of the Indian gliding by from a reservation far up the river. The woods and fields around her home were full of song-birds, and all these things gave a poetic charm to her life. Her father was a lover of the poets, and often when a young man, on his return from rafting lumber to Pittsburgh, brought to his forest home the choicest literature of ancient and modern times. Surrounded by the beautiful in nature, the companionship of her loved books and constant association with her father had a refining effect on the youthful mind of Miss Siggins. She grew up with a love of the grand and beautiful in nature, art and literature, inspiring her at an early age to write verses for publication. In the twenty-third year of her life she was united in marriage to Captain W. C. Howe, who served his country gallantly in the Civil War. Their home is in the city of Franklin, Pa. Mrs. Howe is the mother of five sons, and her home is the domain of her attraction and power. Writing poems has been only an incident in her active life, although her published ones would make a volume. She is a graduate of the first class of the C. L. S. C., and her poem, "From Height to Height," written on the motto of her class, was read at Chautauqua. She is a woman of studious habits, extensive knowledge, and of refined tastes.

J. P.

FROM HEIGHT TO HEIGHT.

It is ever by sunny foothills,
 Our gladsome feet have trod,
 That we reach the clearer uplands
 That lead to the Mount of God.
 We climb not the glittering icy peaks,
 Of earth's mountains clad in snow,
 With the crash and roar of avalanche,
 And where cruel winds do blow;

But the hills that our Lord hath builded;
 Where the breath of His tender love
 Is the wind that moveth the palm tree,
 That lift to His skies above.
 And the spirit that leads us upward,
 Touches our lips with a song,
 And Hope, as each height appeareth,
 Beareth our feet along.

But the bounds of our earthly vision,
 Mark not the soul's clear sight;
 And the limits that hold the body,
 Are naught to the spirit's flight.
 Where the glorious hills are lifted,
 Climbing height on height, we rise,
 We scale them, and lo, in the distance,
 Inwrought in the heavenly skies,

Is the gateway whose open portal,
 One saw who on Nebo trod,
 And the light of its city forever,
 Gleams far o'er the city of God.
 They stand unattained in their splendor,
 Reaching far in Shekinas of bliss,
 The peaks we may reach in that country,
 By climbing the foothills in this.

HEROISM.

FULL oft the hero battling for the right,
 May force the enemy to yield;
 And though he triumph in the fight,
 And gain the conquest by his might,
 Himself lies dead upon the field.

HUMAN LOVE.

How strong and deep Love's roots may grow,
 How rare to see its life and bliss;
 How sad by bitter wrong laid low,
 To see how dead a thing Love is.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

FULL many a morning rich with promise glows,
 Bright with the sun, with skies as fair as June;
 But driving rain, and wind and blighting snows
 Fall o'er the day before it finds its noon.

THE TWAIN ONE.

CLING beaming lips to lips as warm,
 Till love from heart to heart is drawn,
 And as a bond each hand shall clasp
 The other for a life-long grasp.

Eyes gaze in eyes, until is found
 The depths where truest love abound.
 Soul unto soul hath answered well,
 Here truest love can safely dwell.

A SONG.

Not strange the sight, I ween, of lilies fair,
 Within a garden old;
 And hearts no longer young may sing of love,
 Nor yet be over-bold.

Long, long ago sweetheart, I dreamed of love,
 And thought I knew his face,
 But with thy coming I awoke; now life
 Is full of tender grace.

Young hearts are held in narrow space, their h
 All in the future lies;
 For me love fills the whole wide world,
 And reaches to the skies.

MER DOLOROSA.

O SEA; O earth encircled sea,
 Thou great heart throbbing in her breast,
 With world-wide arms enfolding thee,
 But can not hush thee into rest;
 O fair, alluring, cruel sea;
 For every stretch of golden sand,
 There lies afar some mystery,
 Of ships dismantled on the strand.

For every palm-crowned spicy isle,
 For every changing wave-lapped bar,
 Where crystal sun-kissed inlets smile,
 In shifting sands lie hull and spar.
 So like a great sad, restless soul,
 The sea hath sorrow, it is said.
 Is it that never bell doth toll
 Or mourner weep beside thy dead?

Is it for stately ships that leave
 The harbor safe, for haven far
 They never find, that thou dost grieve,
 On rocky coast, and reef, and bar?
 Is it that never lover came,
 For missing ship or sweetheart fair,
 That thou dost chant lone requiem,
 Above the dead, thou knowest where?

Mourn, mourn O great, sad, bitter sea;
 With hearts that wait the wide world o'er;
 With longing arms stretched out to thee,
 For loved ones they shall greet no more.

an, moan and shed thy great salt tears,
 Earth holdeth hearts that weep with thee,
 They share thy sorrow through the years,
 But cannot speak thy mystery.

AUTUMN.

CEDED the warm heart of summer, and her
 mood,
 touched with crimson all the hills around;
 es the tall maples, and the blushing oak,
 golden chestnut richly doth abound.
 quickening pulse, forerunner of decay,
 sent the fire of fever through the vines;
 e summer garlands that in fair array,
 rugged bark of many a tree entwines.
 Sumac holds a torch of fire on high,
 briars turn red; the elm trees bend
 paler glow; the golden-rods aflame
 "out brief candle," nor a briefer ending.
 Write a name,— "Touched by the North wind's
 reath;"
 in memoriam— "Beautiful in death."

MATERNITY.

gave me children, so He fed, in part,
 quenchless longings of a loving heart;
 taught me how to love, and He doth choose
 ved for me, and so I never lose;
 for my children, O what love divine
 dear pre-natal pledge, "They shall be mine!"
 ling my soul with life inspiring flame;
 born with Love, so all my children came.

i near my heart their first faint pulses beat,
 med an angel spoke a secret sweet,
 a strange meaning other words above
 my girlish heart for mother love;
 bling at thought of life's great mystery
 mid soul His way alone would see;
 arer tie He met my spirit there,
 i first for babe unborn I breathed a prayer;
 e, and kneeling in the twilight dim,
 isked of God, I gave again to Him.

i dared to pray, so bold I grew,
 He would keep me to my trust as true,
 is own Virgin Mother when she bare,
 ncarnate Life beneath her bosom fair;
 often through those waiting days there came,
 thoughts of Him who bore the sweetest name,
 made for us the badge of motherhood—
 deepest sorrow, and the highest good.

I leaned by day upon His promise strong,
 And heard by night the angels' cradle song;
 And bore each life, deep, deep my soul within,
 Unsullied by one cherished thought of sin;
 And looking ever in His tender face,
 Could say, "Thou knowest it is all of grace!"
 So, in the promise of His love I rest,
 Since faith will always say, "He knoweth best,"
 And trust my flock shall gathered be at last,
 Safe in the fold above, when life is past.

ARBUTUS.

UNDER the brown of the old year's leaves,
 Under the branches of budding trees,
 The spring flowers grow;
 On sunny slopes of woodland hills,
 In moss, by rocks, and shady rills
 Its vines are trailing low.

Soft breezes lured to willing death,
 Sink fainting with their perfumed breath,
 And perish for their love;
 The soul-winds speeding from the place
 Shall carry far, with close embrace,
 A precious treasure trove.

Soft tints of shells, and the sunset sky,
 And snow, and the stars, all seem to lie
 Entwined about our feet;
 For the morn, and the noon, and the night,
 Center all that is pure and bright
 Within this blossom sweet.

Crown fit for maiden for bridal dressed,
 Fairer than gems to her bosom pressed,
 Its buds and blossoms grow;
 By thorny hedge and running brook,
 We found them in many a walk we took,
 We children—long ago.

They have passed away, those first fair years,
 With our early joys, our childish tears,
 But the scent of the flowers
 That we loved is the same, and as sweet
 As when we gathered them under our feet,
 In that springtime of ours.

Oh, I cannot bear to tread on one
 Of those fair frail things as I go or come,
 For they whisper to me
 Sweet memories of a happy youth,
 And bid me hope with perfect truth,
 For spring days yet to be.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

MISS PROCTOR was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825, and died February 2nd 1864. She was the daughter of "Barry Cornwall," the well-known writer whose poetic temperament she inherited. Her first literary effort appeared in 1843, but her poems did not attract much attention until 1853 when she became a regular contributor to *Household Words*, a magazine edited by Charles Dickens, who was an intimate friend of the Proctors. In 1851 Miss Proctor embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and two years later visited an aunt in Turin, where she entered with great earnestness on the study of the Piedmontese dialect, in which she soon became proficient. Dickens tells us that she was exceedingly humorous, and that cheerfulness was habitual with her. Several of her poems have been set to music, among them, "A Lost Chord," a rarely beautiful song. Miss Proctor's writings are all included in one small volume edited by Charles Dickens. Through them all runs an undertone of sadness which she strives to conceal by faith and hope. Anyone would think that if she had a motto it must have been "Faith, Hope and Charity," for her charitable pursuits brought her to an early death, as she disregarded her health in aiding the objects of her benevolence. At the age of thirty-nine, after an illness of more than a year, her noble soul arose to meet the God whom she conscientiously served. Hers was a model life in the truest sense.

K. V. C.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?

Frozen and dead,

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.

O doubting heart!

Far over purple seas,

They wait in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze

To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?

Prisoned they lie

In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart!

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow,

While winter winds shall blow,

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days;

Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky,

That soon (for spring is nigh),

Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night.

What sound can break the silence of despair?

O doubting heart!

The sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past;

And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I WILL not let you say a woman's part

Must be to give exclusive love alone;

Dearest, although I love you so, my heart

Answers a thousand claims besides your own.

I love—what do I not love? earth and air

Find space within my heart, and myriad things

You would not deign to heed are cherished there,

And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer with her ebb and flow

Of light, and warmth, and music, that have nursed

Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you know

It was in Summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly, too, . . . but then

I owe it so much; on a winter's day,

Bleak, cold and stormy, you returned again,

When you had been those weary months away.

I love the Stars like friends; so many nights

I gazed at them, when you were far from me,

Till I grew blind with tears . . . those far-off lights

Could watch you, whom I longed, in vain, to see.

I love the Flowers; happy hours lie

Shut up within their petals close and fast:

You have forgotten, dear; but they and I

Keep every fragment of the golden Past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise

Seems like a crown upon my Life,—to make

It better worth the giving, and to raise

Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls;—I heard

One speak of you but lately, and for days,

Only to think of it, my soul was stirred

. In the tender memory of such generous praise.

ve all those who love you; all who owe
omfort to you: and I can find regret
n for those poorer hearts who once could know
nd once could love you, and can now forget.

ll, is my heart so narrow,—I, who spare
ove for all these? Do I not even hold
favorite books in special tender care,
nd prize them as a miser does his gold?

o Poets that you used to read to me
hile summer twilights faded in the sky;
most of all I think, Aurora Leigh,
ecause—because—do you remember why?

I you be jealous? Did you guess before
loved so many things? Still you the best:—
rest, remember that I love you more,
, more a thousand times, than all the rest!

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night
for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can
pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all is
lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within my inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy
tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life
wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart
against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt
surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I
would risk it all!

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun;
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees, or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of the blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay,—
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops
Remained of my dream to-day.

TRUE OR FALSE.

So you think you love me, do you?
Well, it may be so;
But there are many ways of loving
I have learned to know.
Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is ever rare;
And the counterfeits look brightest,
Though they will not wear.

Yet they ring, almost, quite truly,
Last (with care) for long;
But in time must break, may shiver
At a touch of wrong:
Having seen what looked most real
Crumble into dust;
Now I chose that test and trial
Should precede my trust.

I have seen a love demanding
Time and hope and tears,
Chaining all the past, exacting
Bonds from future years;
Mind and heart, and joy and sorrow,
Claiming as its fee:
That was Love of Self, and never,
Never Love of me!

I have seen a love forgetting
All above, beyond,
Linking every dream and fancy
In a sweeter bond;

Counting every hour worthless,
Which was cold or free:—
That perhaps, was—Love of Pleasure,
But not Love of me!

I have seen a love whose patience
Never turned aside,
Full of tender, fond devices;
Constant, even when tried;
Smallest boons were held as victories,
Drops that swelled the sea;
That I think was—Love of Power,
But not Love of me!

I have seen a love disdaining
Ease and pride and fame,
Burning even its own white pinions
Just to feed its flame:
Reigning thus, supreme, triumphant,
By the soul's decree;
That was—Love of Love, I fancy,
But not Love of me!

I have heard—or dreamed, it may be—
What love is when true:
How to test and how to try it,
Is the gift of few:
These few say (or did I dream it?)
That true love abides
In these very things, but always
Has a soul besides.

Lives among the false loves, knowing
Just their peace and strife;
Bears the self-same look, but always
Has an inner life.

Only a true heart can find it,
True as it is true,
Only eyes as clear and tender
Look it through and through.

If it dies, it will not perish
By Time's slow decay,
True Love only grows, (they tell me)
Stronger, day by day:
Pain—has been its friend and comrade;
Fate—it can defy;
Only by its own sword, sometimes
Love can choose to die.

And its grave shall be more noble,
And more sacred still,
Than a throne where one less worthy
Reigns and rules at will.
Tell me then, do you dare offer
This true Love to me? . . .
Neither you nor I can answer;
We will—wait and see!

THE CRADLE-SONG OF THE POOR.

HUSH! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful too was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day,
Soon, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou should'st perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint that, late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us,—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright Angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace!
Listen, nearer while she sings
Sounds the fluttering of wings!

H. M. HOKE.

HOWARD M. HOKE was born October 25th, 1857, in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. He attended the free schools in his native town and afterward the academy at that place. He did not attend college, preferring rather to pursue the course of study marked out by his own inclinations. He has followed a course of reading, embracing all branches of science and literature, and has acquired a better education, perhaps, than many of those who hold college diplomas. Being a keen observer, he has added to his store of information, material drawn from all his surroundings, and used for intellectual advancement everything that has come under his notice. At the age of seventeen he had acquired sufficient musical skill to become organist in a church of his native town, which position he filled until 1879. He began the study of shorthand in 1876, and completed his course under Andrew J. Graham, in Orange, N. J., in June, 1879. In September of the same year he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he reported in the law courts until 1882. He then became stenographer for William F. Taft, collector of internal revenue in that city. In the summer of 1884 he traveled in Europe. In July, 1885, he was overtaken by the usual fate of the government employee, being relieved from duty in the Internal Revenue Department by change of administration. In 1887 he became stenographer for Hon. W. S. Kirkpatrick, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, which position he now holds. Incidental thereto he has done much stenographic work for Hon. D. H. Hastings, Adjutant-General of the same State, and served on Governor Beaver's military staff. Mr. Hoke is a little less than the medium size and is very youthful in appearance, being often taken by strangers to be ten years younger than he really is. Early in life he evinced a strong tendency toward literature. All his verses have the ring of true poetry, and show that he possesses the poetic instinct to a marked degree. His prose writings abound in pathos, sparkle with wit and humor, and show keen insight into the nature of men and things. His kind, generous disposition, his lively nature, and his witty and intelligent conversation make him a favorite with all who know him. He is of a nervous and sensitive temperament, and enters deeply into the feeling of everything about which he writes or talks. His advancement along his favorite path of literature has been watched with pride and pleasure by his many friends. He has a charming helpmate in the young wife who relieves him by transcribing most of his manuscripts on a typewriter.

J. W. H.

MY SHIP DOES NOT COME HOME.

FAR away on the ocean a proud vessel sails,
Beneath skies that a cloud never know;
And the sunlight that falls on its track never fails,
And the wind never ceases to blow;
Though its course no rude tempest comes ever
athwart,
Or obscures its bright voyage with foam,
Though the helmsman steers ever direct for its
port,
This good vessel has never come home.

It is laden with gems such as eye hath not seen,
And with wealth which no toil could acquire.
All its treasures are such as in fancy we glean
From the fields of unbounded desire.
They are gathered from lands which no mortal
hath known,
From the depths of a fabulous sea—
And this ship that is sailing toward home is my
own,
And it brings all those riches for me.

Through the fast-flying years I have stood on the
shore,
And have cast wistful eyes o'er the sea,
Out to where, if its voyage were happily o'er,
My fair ship with its treasures would be.
But in vain do I watch at each tide's fullest flow
For a glimpse of its coming afar,
As each tide turns to ebb I more certainly know
It will never come over the bar.

But the years pass not like barren billows that beat
On the rocks of a desolate shore;
For they cast humble pearls of content at my feet,
Which I prize though my ship brings no more:
And sweet visions that cheer me will ever abide
Of the blessings which mine might have been;
While my hope, like the sunshine, gilds even the
tide
Which will float not my proud vessel in.

YOU AND I.

Down this quiet lane that summer, you and I,
Walked and talked the happy hours, and the sky
Seemed to bend so hopeful o'er us,
And life looked so bright before us,
That we heeded not those hours speeding by.
And the bees amid the flowers
Found no sweeter sweets than we,
And the birds in woodland bowers
With their trills were not more free
Than our hearts in fond confessions—you and I.

—



J. M. Stokes

But alas, how little thought we—you and I—
 How quickly clouds come dark'ning o'er the sky;
 How cruelly a sorrow
 Dims the light of love's to-morrow;
 How soon can hope's sweet flowers fade and die.
 Oh, if there had come a token
 Of the deadly-venomed dart,
 Winged by words so idly spoken
 When my mind was loosed from heart,
 We would there our vows have plighted—you and I.

In the quiet lane in summer, you and I,
 Once again by chance are straying; and the sky
 Bends in pity to remind us
 That our lives are now *behind* us,
 And we'd fain hold back the hours slipping by;
 Still the bees amid the flowers
 Find the same sweets as of yore,
 And the birds in woodland bowers
 Trill as freely as before,
 But how changed to one another—you and I.

What is that which we are missing—you and I?
 Ah, the years, the precious moments now gone by!
 Fateful years that should have found us
 Happy in the love that bound us;
 Cruel years that have so broken that fond tie.
 You are old—I catch the gleaming
 Of the silver in your hair;
 I am old—you see the seaming,
 In my face, of toil and care,
 And the same we never can be—you and I.

DREAMLAND AND WAKELAND.

FROM the harbor of Wakeland we peacefully glide,
 Down the shadowy river of sleep;
 Through the portals of Dreamland, which ever
 stand wide,
 We as softly and silently sweep.
 And the whimsical wonders and scenes of delight,
 That in Dreamland we blissfully view,
 By the magic, we wish, of some mystical might,
 In our Wakeland would come to be true.

But is Wakeland so barren, so real, so stern,
 That it holds nothing fashioned as fair;
 And its splendors—do they not as brilliantly burn
 As the brightest we see over there?
 Are its soft summer skies, and their stars in the
 night,
 And the springtime enchantments of green,
 And the glories of autumn, and winter's cold white,
 Not as fair as in Dreamland are seen?

Though no cloud ever blackens bright Dreamland's
 blue sky,
 And its pleasure can never grow old,
 Though the flowers that flame in its fields never
 die,
 And its treasures can never be told;
 Yet is anything in its bright realm so divine,
 As are Wakeland's sweet beauties of love,
 Which reflect the blest beams that eternally shine
 From the heart of our Father above?

PEACE AFTER TRIAL.

PURL on, limpid brook, in your sunniest glee,
 You know not how rough is your course to the
 sea,
 What long gloomy caverns you'll have to grope
 through,
 What falls, rocks and whirlpools are waiting for
 you.
 Too soon will the days of your freedom be gone,
 So purl, limpid brook, in your gladness, purl on.
 Play on, laughing child, with your heart light and
 gay,
 You know not how rugged, how steep lies your
 way;
 What moments will come, dark with sorrow, dis-
 tress,
 What obstacles rise or what trials oppress;
 Too quickly will pass your life's radiant dawn,
 So play, laughing child, in your gladness play on.
 Flow on, mighty river, in power and in pride,
 Between your green banks you may restfully
 glide,
 All rapids are passed, from all dangers you're free,
 You'll soon be at home in the limitless sea;
 Serene in that strength from your victory drawn,
 Flow on, mighty river, flow peacefully on.
 Rest on, aged man, after tempest comes peace,
 From life's bitter warfare you've won your
 release.
 What trial through which you have passed would
 you miss,
 To lose in old age such calm glory as this?
 Your eve is as tranquil and bright as your dawn,
 So rest, aged man, in your triumph, rest on.

HOPE.

O'er our sky the clouds are sailing—
 Changeful wishes, plans and dreams,
 And the dazzling sun of promise,
 Lights them with his golden beams.
 —A Summer Cloud.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

THE portrait to be sketched has a strong background, furnished by a line of ancestors, firm of constitution, and of unblemished name, traced back on the paternal side to Bridget Cromwell, daughter of the Protector, and on the other, through the Waters and Doubleday families, to England and Scotland, long before the Revolutionary War, in which some members served with honorable distinction.

Julia Harriette Johnston was born in Salineville, Ohio, but her early childhood was spent in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where her father was pastor of the Presbyterian church. Thirteen of her immediate relatives have been clergymen. Before Julia was seven, her father was called to her present home, Peoria, Illinois, where, after nine years, the pastor's faithful ministry was finished, and the mother's life was devoted to the only daughter and five sons who call her "blessed." Miss Johnston's life has been spent among books. Her mother and grandmother wrote verses, and the child was entertained from babyhood with poetic recitations from her mother's lips, while her first, and long her only reading-book, was "Songs for the Little Ones at Home." Before she was eleven, she took her first little flight into the world of song, but mind and memory were largely occupied with the rhythmic thoughts of others until some little time after she was graduated from school, and had seen many people and places, "in journeying oft," when the songs began to sing themselves. Her literary life has been one of natural growth, from inclination and opportunity, rather than of deliberate choice and forecast. Her first efforts appeared over the signature "Juniata." Later writings in prose and verse over her own name, articles, stories and poems of varied character, have been scattered through the religious press. The volume entitled "The School of the Master," is a fair specimen of her verse, but year by year, as all earnest spirits must, she has "builded better." In recent years the writing of stories and sketches for children and youth has especially engaged her pen, while the verse-making has been principally in the way of hymn-writing, (to her the choicest of all work) the hymns being set to music by Mr. James M'Granahan and others. She must have "pen in hand" to compose readily, but she writes rapidly, being able to concentrate her attention independent of "moods." The outdoor world is full of music for her, full of pictures and parables. Miss Johnston now resides in the charming little town of Peoria, Ill.

E. W. D.

SONGS WITHOUT LISTENERS.

THE wind is setting the leaves aquiver,
Whispering secrets tender and sweet,
The branches feel a delicious shiver,
Bending the viewless feet.
The brook runs on with a rush of laughter,
The jubilant bird-notes follow after—
This I hear from a mossy seat.

But far beyond me the light wind passes,
Birds fly on with their happy song,
The rippling water laughs at the grasses,
Far away, and the whole day long.
Yet who will listen to fair birds singing,
And all these sounds through the silence ringing?
Surely the music suffers wrong.

It does not die for the want of a hearer,
Sweet bird-music or insect whirr,
The rustle of leaves as the sound comes nearer,
Filling the air with a pleasant stir;
They are not lost, these beautiful voices,
The Lord himself in their sound rejoices,
To his good pleasure they minister.

And how do we know but life's empty places
Ring with songs in the selfsame way?
If we could but listen behind their faces,
Silent souls might a sound betray.
And a wordless burden of praise and pleading,
No human or curious listener needing,
Rises to heaven the long, long day.

WHAT WILL YOUR HARVEST BE?

THIS is the golden seed time,
What will the harvest yield?
What is the seed, O sower,
Dropped in the waiting field?
Into the open furrow,
Under the sunlight free,
Seed from your hand is falling,
Oh! what will your harvest be?

Sowing the seeds of sorrow,
Planting the thorns of wrong,
Look to the end, thou sower,
Tho' it may tarry long;
Sowing in sin and doubting,
Seed for eternity,
Reaping the fruit hereafter,
Oh! what will your harvest be?

What of your seed, beloved,
 You who have named His name?
 Is it from out the garner,
 Precious and still the same?
 Are you a careless idler?
 What is your hope and plea?
 When you must join the reapers,
 Oh! what will your harvest be?

Earnest and faithful toilers,
 Bearing the precious seed,
 Sowing beside all waters,
 Ready in work and deed;
 You shall return rejoicing,
 You shall the Master see,
 When the ripe sheaves are garner'd,
 Oh! blest will your harvest be.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

OF old, the starry Syrian skies,
 Above the shepherds bending,
 Were opened to their wond'ring gaze,
 While angel voices blending,
 Proclaimed "good tidings of great joy,"
 All other songs transcending.

None other than angelic tongues
 Could utter forth the story,
 For mortals knew not of the birth
 Of Jesus, Lord of glory,
 Descending, as a babe, to save
 A world in sin grown hoary.

The echo of the angel-song
 Through all the world is sounding.
 Repeated now, by human lips
 In gladness more abounding,
 The tidings run—"Good will toward men,"
 The darkened earth surrounding.

So thus we keep the Christmas-tide
 Each passing year completing,
 With grateful heart and gladsome voice
 The joyful news repeating—
 "Good will toward men, and peace on earth"
 The angels' midnight greeting.

CONSECRATION.

FIELD of ripening grain—a sultry day.
 No pulse astir among the trees,
 No freshening breath of Summer breeze,
 In its own sweet and winsome way, to toss and play
 With leaves and flowers that lie at ease.

The morning passes and the noontide wanes.
 All Nature seems to lie asleep.
 The Summer sun, in westward sweep,
 Stirs not the quietude that reigns, until he stains
 The evening sky with colors deep.

But now those slender stalks begin to sway.
 The full heads bend, while here and there,
 Where trees their leafy drapery wear,
 A fluttering spirit seems to play with their array,
 And viewless wings sweep everywhere.

A sudden breeze is blowing toward the West.
 Upon its coming consequent,
 The blades of grain are lowly bent,
 And each one at the same behest, bows with the
 rest
 As listening for some message sent.

Ah! learn the parable of the unconscious field.
 The separate duties in earth's strife,
 The joys and cares with which 'tis rife,
 The interest with each day revealed, should each
 one yield,
 Unto the Spirit's breath of life.

Where'er it listeth, blows the Summer breeze.
 Yet every leaf betrays its course
 By yielding to the unseen force
 That sways and sweeps with gentle ease, where it
 doth please,
 Though none may find the secret source.

So be it with every deed that fills a day.
 The "little things," we *call* them so,
 By their unbroken line may show
 Whence the good Spirit took His way, that all may
 say,
 "That life is turned toward Heaven we know."

TREES.

THE patient trees that so long have stood
 In their first appointed places;
 Do they ever murmur, and wish they *could*
 Have wider and varying spaces?
 Ah, no. They are growing in sweet content,
 Their branches and green leaves bearing,
 Lifting them skyward, that nothing prevent
 The message that waits for declaring.
 —A *Twilight Song*.

JOHN IMRIE.

MR. IMRIE is a "Glasca callant." He was born in the "Western City" on the Clyde, in the year 1846. His father was a hard-working, industrious warper, and young Imrie's help was needed when his years were still tender; consequently his schooling was meagre, and he is a self-educated man. He served his time as a printer in the well-known firm of Bell & Bain, and became an expert workman. In 1871 an uncle from Canada visited Glasgow, and Mr. Imrie returned with him to this country and settled in Toronto. He was one of a family of six, a brother and sister of whom survive and reside in Toronto. After his mother's death Mr. Imrie brought his father to Canada, where he died in 1876, after a residence in this country of nearly two years. For over ten years he has been in the printing and publishing business on his own account and has had a fair measure of success. In 1889 he re-visited Scotland, and a number of touching verses to be found in his book, record his feelings over the old scenes of boyhood. Mr. Imrie is a staunch Presbyterian, and holds office in one of our city churches. A. F.

NOON.

THE sun hath reached meridian's height,
And robed the earth in glory bright;
Flora, arrayed in all her charms,
Looks up and smiles; with loving arms
Seeks to invite his presence near,
Like perfect love which hath no fear,
And thinks no evil, though now a show'r
Should hide his face in noontide's hour!

Bright noon! when all around is life,
And hum, and stir, and busy strife;
Nature, in all her various forms—
Like angry waves in wintry storms—
Strives life with life for daily bread,
For all must live and all be fed,
Each eager to secure a prey
Before noontide shall pass away!

The butterfly enjoys the hour,
And sips sweet nectar from the flower;
The humble bee doth homeward bring
Her treasures sweet on laden wing;
The cheerful sparrow on the ground
A dainty mid-day meal hath found,—
All nature knows the time of day,
Nor lets it idly pass away!

'Tis noon! and from the village school
A joyous host, released from rule.

Rush out with hearts as light as air,
Without a sorrow or a care,
But to improve the fleeting hour
Whether in sunshine or in shower,
For noon's short hour flies fast away
When given to joyous mirth and play!

MORNING.

'Tis morning! for the rising sun
His daily journey hath begun;
Flooding the earth with glory bright,
Chasing away the gloom of night;
Closing the eye of every star
That twinkles in the heavens afar;
Paling the moon's soft, silvery light,
Till it recedes from mortal sight!

All hail! thou ruler of the day,
Nature delights to own thy sway;
At thy approach the smallest flower
On hill, or dale, or verdant bower,
Lifts up its head, though wet with dew,
And spreads its petals out to view,
To cheer the heart, and glad the eyes,
A dainty morning sacrifice!

At Sol's glad light the feather'd throng
Make woods resound with cheerful song,
And, full of grateful, glad surprise,
Fly out to meet thee in the skies;
The milkmaid sings a merry lay,
As through the fields of fragrant hay
She gaily trips to meet the cows,
Whose welcome noise the echoes rouse.

Sweet morning hours!—first-fruit of day—
None but the slothful spurn away
Thy gifts of beauty, health, and light,
And, slumb'ring, turn thee into night!
When glory gilds the eastern sky,
And Nature lifts her voice on high,
Why should not man, with grateful heart,
Join in and take a noble part?

A BUNCH O' HEATHER.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF HIGHLAND HEATHER
IN AMERICA.

DEAR token frae me native lan',
Thou bonnie bunch o' heather!
I'll shelter ye wi' tender han'
Frae oor extremes o' weather;
I'll plant ye in a pat o' mool
Brought a' the way frae Oban,
An' slochan ye wi' water cool
An' clear as frae Loch Loman'!



Charles B. Morrell,

An' when the Scotchman's day come roon—
 Saint Andra's day sae cheerie—
 I'll tak' ye wi' me to the toon,
 To busk my auld Glengarry;
 An' you'll see faces there you ken,
 Wha speiled wi' me the heather,—
 Braw Hielan' lasses an' their men
 Shall dance a reel thegither!

Then will I gie ye bit-by-bit,
 Each one a sprig o' heather,—
 To keep ye a' I'll no be fit
 Aince we meet a' thegither!
 At sight o' ye we'll a' feel good,
 We loe sae ane anither;
 For, ye maun ken, we're unco prood
 O' Scotlan' an' her heather!

How aft your purple face has seen
 Auld Scotia's heroes gather?
 How aft the martyr's bluid hath been
 Spill'd ruthless on the heather?
 For Freedom, Liberty an' Right,
 Read Scotlan's deathless story,
 Oor faithers left us by their might
 A heritage o' glory!

CROSS'D LOVE.

A VISION cross'd my path one day,
 'Twas like a dream of pleasure,
 And left a halo 'long life's way,
 For memory to treasure!
 Cross'd love can live a life of hope,
 Nor all life's ills can kill it,
 Though Love be blind, yet he can grope
 If Fate doth only will it!

Time smoothes the furrows of our grief,
 And Patience grows with sorrow,
 The future brings a sure relief,
 Let Care wait till—to-morrow!
 Smile!—though thy heart be full of pain,
 There's nothing gained by grieving,
 A vision yet will come again,
 All former ills relieving.

The rose that's left upon a tree
 May be a thing of beauty;
 But, oh! the Rose that pleaseth me
 Counts sacrifice a duty!
 When Love, and Truth, and Honor binds,
 Fond hearts have their fulfilling,
 No life is perfect till it finds
 Its wealth of love distilling!

CHARLES B. MORRELL.

CHARLES B. MORRELL is of a family American on both sides back to the days of the Revolution. Born in Troy, N. Y., June 6th, 1859, the son of David and Mary A. Morrell. His father was a man of rare culture and breadth of thought, but from his mother, Dr. Morrell inherits the spiritual tendencies. His family have been prominently identified with the growth of the Nation and number among them many public men. In 1870 his father died, leaving the burden upon the shoulders of his mother who nobly carried it. Mrs. Morrell is a pioneer in the medical field, having been in active practice for upward of thirty-five years, despite the opposition to the practice by women. At thirteen believing that it was his duty to ease the cares borne by his mother, Dr. Morrell left the public schools and commenced work in a printing office, where he remained some four years, leaving it to take a position in a real estate office to attempt the clearance of the estate of his father, which however proved an unsuccessful venture. During the entire time he kept up his studies, attending a medical college in the intervals of other work, and finally graduated in 1880 from the Pulte Medical College in Cincinnati. He married Miss Olympia Pflueger by whom he has one child, a boy. He at once commenced the practice of medicine, of which he has ever been a faithful student. In 1885 he graduated from the New York Ophthalmic Hospital College, as an eye and ear specialist; also completing the course in the New York Post Graduate in the same lines. Having a strong love for literature, he has found time in the intervals of a busy life to contribute, not unfrequently, to the public press short stories and articles on various subjects. His poetical work has been spontaneous, rather the flashings of the muse than the finished work of a literary athlete. Dr. Morrell has written some two hundred short poems and songs, many of which have floated about unsigned. He is a member of the Masonic and Pythian fraternities, a strong Republican and an active worker of the Blaine Club known throughout the country for its great power in the councils of the party in Ohio.

W. H. E.

DEAD.

DEAD, with his laurels untarnished,
 Dead, with no blot on his fame,
 Dead, and the Nation in sorrow,
 Reverently whispers his name.

Dead, but his deeds are recorded,
Dead, but his work is well done,
Dead, but his hopes are rewarded,
The Nation unsevered is one.

Dead, but with martyr and father,
Dead, but in heavenly land,
Dead, but his soul in the sunlight
Is grasping each dead soldier's hand.

THE BONNET.

You ask me, maiden fair, to write a sonnet,
You know not, airy maid, the task you name,
Yet by your winsome way you have a claim,
That would e'en make me try your Easter Bonnet,
And all the flipperies that are upon it.
I am afraid my efforts will be tame,
If I its many beauties try to frame;
Just turn it to the light that I may con it;
But don't you smile, for then I fear your lips
Would tempt the muse to let the subject go,
For woman's smiles have oft caused poet's slips,
And changed the current of poetic flow.
The bonnet? Ah! it is not half as fair
As you are—sitting in the sunlight there.

THE RED EAR.

ALL scattered 'round the old barn floor,
Was shining corn, like yellow ore;
And 'round the crispy yellow shock,
The sturdy men and maidens flock.

They tear the heart from yellow shield,
And tell the jokes of harvest field.
The merry laugh of maidens fair
Rings out upon the autumn air.

The bashful swains cast sheepish eyes,
And catch love's telegraphed replies,
And knots are tied in subtle way,
That won't be loosed for many a day.

At last a lover grown more bold,
Some nonsense to his sweetheart told;
I do not know, but think 'twas this,
That he would like to have a kiss.

She flushed as red as roses fair,
Half trembling in the sweet June air,
And as he teasingly drew near,
He caught a smart box on the ear.

The merry laugh the rafters shook.
But he the blow good natured took,
And then he said; "The joke is well,
But I think I can better tell."

"I claim that you have sealed your fate,
And can no more my right debate,
'Tis known to all both far and near,
I get a kiss for this red ear."

The verdict did his point sustain,
And there are those who yet maintain,
That still is mixed with wedded bliss
Some times red ears, some times a kiss.

WRECKED.

O'ER ocean blue, one summer day,
A gallant ship sped merrily.
The quick'ning breezes gently blew,
And dancing waves beat glad tattoo.
The sailors sang, the good ship ran
'Neath clear blue sky of ether span.
The captain stood on upper deck,
And watched each growing cloudy speck
That floated by, a thing as free
As wild bird in the forest tree.

On horizon where sea met sky,
The captain turned his watchful eye;
For spitting waves in distance told,
That wind and waves would be more bold.
The wild wind whistled clear and shrill,
A dimness settled—hushed and still.
The sailors stopped their merry song,
And watched the dark clouds scud along.
At warning note the sails were furled,
And closely 'round the yards were curled.

The winds gained power and hurried by,
The waves rose higher and more high,
The clouds grew blacker—here and there
The lightning cut the dark'ning air.
The storm booms sounded low and dread,
The thunder rumbled over head.
The lightning glowed in bolder flash,
And waves beat fast with threat'ning lash.
The sailors stood in awe and fear,
The storm came nearer and more near.

It broke at last with blinding crash,
That drove the ship with maddened dash.
The waves rolled o'er the gallant bark,
The lightning flashed with brighter spark.

ship moved fast before the gale,
 tore the mast and rent the sail,
 wept the deck with horrid roar,
 lank from plank in madness tore.
 'Twas that ship in wild embrace,
 whirled it in the tempest's face.

and rent what e'er it could;
 liv'ring wreck with shudder stood.
 Sailors launched the good life-boat,
 angry waves hurled far afloat.
 'Twas the sullen angry notes,
 mournful wails from human throats.
 sombre clouds with dark'ning frown,
 allant ship, a wreck, go down.

inlight through the dark clouds broke,
 rolled away like curling smoke.
 Ice stole upon the deep,
 waves sunk down to quiet sleep,
 clouds rolled back from ether blue,
 breezes fanned like falling dew.
 ately ship that sailed before,
 o'er the ocean's crest no more.

THE SOUL LIKE A RIVER.

like a beautiful river is flowing,
 the sea of eternity going.
 'Tis a spring from its fern shades departing,
 and babbles in sweet laughter starting.

in murmurs through o'er-hanging bowers,
 and whispers, like wind o'er the flowers,
 and dashes in sparkles and flashes,
 into foam on the rocks as it crashes.

its boundaries, as it grows older,
 no longer—like ashes that smoulder;
 going on silently, watches and glances
 and at shadow, that over it dances.

the boulders its passage impeding,
 goes on majestic'ly, strong and unheeding,
 rocks are on it deserted and dreary,
 and the coffin, the moan of the weary.

owing its burdens upholding,
 rising in power, like a storm cloud unfold-

its echoes with surges resounding
 on the rocks of eternity bounding.

FRANK JOHNSON.

FRANK JOHNSON was born September 2nd, 1810, in London, Eng. He had barely entered upon his third year when he was sent to a preparatory school at Hampstead. From thence having completed his eighth year, he was transferred to a classical school in London, where after a seven years' training in Greek, Latin, French, Italian and mathematics, he was sent to Edinburgh University. Here, however, his ambition to be an actor, brought his studies in Edinburgh to a close. It was now that his naturally good constitution began somewhat to fail him, through too close an application to his self-directed studies, and with a view to recruit him, he was sent by his father, a medical practitioner, into Hertfordshire. It was here that he betook himself to the study of the *flora* of the fields, and it was during his rambles in the lanes and wastes of Hertfordshire, that he familiarized himself with the poverty and struggles of the underpaid laborers on the soil, a familiarity which, some years afterwards, he turned to good account in his "Village of Merrow." It was in his twenty-fifth year that, again with a view to thoroughly establish his health, and to wean him from his still lingering ambition to be an actor, his father proposed to him an extended course of travel, a proposition which was embraced with enthusiasm. In less than a month he embarked in a small Southseaman, bound for a lengthened cruise in the Indian and Pacific oceans. It was thence that he acquired the terrible experience that enabled him to write his "Lashed to the Mizzen." After a cruise of upwards of two years, unbroken by a single night on shore, Mr. Johnson, on the vessel touching at New Zealand, abandoned her and resided along with the cannibals, thirty miles up the Hokiawga river, on the lookout for a chance passage to Australia, whence after a further detention, he embarked in a brig for Valparaiso, eventually reaching Buenos Ayres, by crossing with a guide the Andes and the Pampas. This was followed by extensive travel in the leading countries of Europe. Thus far his life appears to have been one that few would have quarreled with, but now the picture was about to change. He invested quite a little fortune, bequeathed him during his travels by his grandfather, in the New Zealand Land Company's unfortunate Cook Straits Settlements. It would be a long story, but one by no means dishonoring to Mr. Johnson to show how, for upwards of eight years, the principal share in upholding the Port Nicholson Settlement, fell to him. It must suffice to say, that after almost

incredible trials and disappointments, he had finally to retire with the loss of two-thirds of his capital and fearfully worn, into the bargain. After his return to England, he farmed for a few years in Pembrokeshire, whence at the suggestion of his then still surviving mother, he removed with his four boys to Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec. He is still living on the farm near Lennoxville, acquired by him some thirty years since, with his eldest son who looks after the cultivation of the land. He still continues to be a welcome contributor to the local press, and his writings are regarded with favor. As a citizen and colonist Mr. Johnson holds a high rank.

A SONG FOR A ROUGH ROAD.

WILLIE SHAKESPEARE—Robbie Burns,
Ye're the bards for me;
Others have their charms, but who
So beautiful as ye.

Let the best that ever smote,
Strike again the lyre;
Robbie thou cans't reach that note,
And, Willie, even higher.

Oh, the long-drawn, pompous phrase!
Oh, the Greek and Latin!
Willie, Willie—Robbie, Robbie,
Tune thy lyres, and at them.

Teach them how the lyre can sound
When in Willie's hand,
Why thy rough notes, Robbie, ran,
Like wildfire, through the land.

Call not on the muses, Robbie,
Do as Willie does,
Look into thy heart, and sing
The first thing that it says.

Never that misled thee, Robbie,
Never failed thee, Willie;
E'en the least wise of thy fools
Was something more than silly.

Willie Shakespeare—Robbie Burns,
Ye're the bards for me;
Others have their charms, but who
So beautiful as ye.

IT'LL NOT BE FOR LANG.

IT'LL not be for lang, Jamie, it'll not be for lang,
Sae, ye'll naething, the noo, that'll sadden my sang,
But sonsie, and kind things ye'll baith unto me
For it winna be for lang, Jamie, I trouble ye.

No, it winna be lang; in my heart, in my brain,
A' the day,—a' the nicht, sae a pain,—a pain!—
Sae, sonsie, and kind things ye'll baith unto me
For soon I sall never, never mair trouble ye.

Noo, ye'll no be, laddie, cryin,—though I'm gaun
awa',

There's a way that in turn, is a way for us a';—
When ye'll, Jamie, be a missin me, ye'll mind o'
the sang,

That was somebodie's ance,—It'll no be for lang.

STILL THE LADS OF WATERLOO.

(INSCRIBED TO THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS.)

STILL the lads of Waterloo,
Burning braver deeds to do,
Lead us, chieftain, lead us on,
Let us look our foes upon;
And if any be as base
From the foe to turn his face,
Let him seek in shame the rear,
Cowards are not wanted here.

Any thing but coward's shame,
Any thing but coward's name,
God will aid us, if but true,
Still the lads of Waterloo.

Honored living, honored dead,
What has bravery to dread;
Danger ever waits on fear,
Show us, chieftain, what to dare;
Sooner would we droop and die
Neath the blaze of India's sky
Than degrade in barrack ease,
Valor due beyond the seas.

Any thing but coward's shame,
Any thing but coward's name,
God will aid us, if but true,
Still the lads of Waterloo.

Though our brows be gashed and gory
If the blood that flows is glory,
Never shall it stain a tear,
But for comrade dying near;
And if in the stream that flows
From the breast where valor glows
Freedom fling her rarest flowers,
Welcome be the death that's ours.

Any thing but coward's shame,
Any thing but coward's name,
God will aid us, if but true,
Still the lads of Waterloo.



Ad. a. Galun Roberts

ADA PALMER ROBERTS.

ADA PALMER ROBERTS was born in the little village of "North East," near Millerton, Dutchess county, N. Y., February 14th 1852. Her father, Elijah Palmer, was a well-educated and scholarly lawyer, who had talent for versification which often showed itself, to the delight of his auditors, in the court room. His satirical poems, many of which were impromptu, did much to make him a popular and successful lawyer. From her mother Mrs. Roberts inherited talent for making verses. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. From him also he received most of her early education, as her delicate health would not permit her to be a regular attendant at school. When she was but sixteen years old, however, her education was deemed sufficient for her to teach the village school, where her pupils had been her former playmates. When but a mere child, she manifested a poetical nature. She loves and studies nature as she sees it in its wildness, and, her poetic tendencies, prompt her to interpret its voice. Household duties, maternal cares, and continually recurring ill health, have kept her from doing regular literary work. Her poetical productions have not been intended for publication, but have come from the mere love of writing. Most of them she has destroyed, deeming them unworthy of preservation. The favorable opinion of her friends, whose judgment she has thought to be better than her own, has caused her to give out the few that have appeared. Some have found a place in prominent periodicals, such as the *Youth's Companion*, and the *New York Christian Weekly*. "Trailing Arbutus" and "Harbingers of Spring" have received special attention from the press, and have come before the public in a number of weekly papers. Mrs. Roberts' home is in Oxford, Conn., in the midst of the diversified scenery of Naugatuck Valley. L. F. M.

NOVEMBER.

DEATH, death, and a scent of decay!
 There's a lurking shadow of gloom to-day,
 The homeless bird flies hopelessly
 Back where its mate by the acorn tree
 Lies dead; and its nest from the bare gray limb
 Hangs limp, and dripping and torn; for him
 Poor bird! no welcome sound; he calls
 Again and again, till the home nest falls
 Swept by the rain and the winds that moan
 And mockingly echo "Alone, alone!"
 O, the lonely bird in the acorn tree
 Sits calling, calling hopelessly.

Death, death and a scent of decay!
 There's a lurking shadow of gloom to-day,
 The owllet calls "Tu-hoo, tu-hoo!"
 From his lonely haunt where the huntsman true
 Has killed in spirit of wanton jest
 The mother bird in the hollow-tree nest;
 And the winds of November in loudest tone
 Mockingly echo "alone, alone!"
 O, the owllet back in the hollow tree
 "Tu-hoo, tu-hoo!" cries mournfully.

Death, death, and a scent of decay
 And a lurking shadow of gloom away!
 There's a gleam in the air—a hurrying rush
 Of trampling feet in the crackling brush,
 A sound of rifle, a shout is heard,
 Then the wailing cry of a fluttering bird!
 His broken pinion in vain he tries,
 Then gasps, and falls, and lo! he dies,
 Let the life-blood flow in a crimson tide
 That the sport of the hunter be satisfied.
 O, winds of November, in softest tone
 How pityingly now, ye moan, and moan!

LULLABY.

SLEEP, my baby sleep!
 Night her curtain now hath drawn,
 Stars come twinkling one by one,
 Moonbeams play upon the wave,
 But within the cold, cold grave
 Thy father rests. Beloved, sleep.
 O'er thee stars bright vigils keep,
 Vainly for our dead we weep;
 Hush, my darling, sleep, oh sleep;
 Sleep my baby, sleep!

O'er us falleth Sorrow's night;
 From the gloom there comes no light,
 Hush, my dear one, hushaby!
 Hear, oh God, our humble cry
 While in anguish here we weep!
 God who rules the ocean deep,
 Over us his watch will keep.
 Hush my darling; sleep, oh sleep;
 Sleep, my baby sleep!

MOTHER.

BACK from her pallid brow I smoothed again
 The nut-brown tresses as she sleeping lay,
 And marvelled that the three-score years and ten
 Had wrought no trace of silver, or of gray,
 While yet the sunken cheeks so wanly old
 And seamed with wrinkles many a conflict told.

Tears fell 'mid blossoms pale and strangely sweet,
On coffin lid and sheaf of ripened wheat,
Tears fell on nut-brown hair and aged face,
We almost envied her her resting place.

We folded them upon her quiet breast—
Hands hardened with the toilsomeness of years;
God had given the weary spirit rest
From all life's burdening griefs, from bitter tears.
I sought in death's sweet quietude to trace
Some lingering loveliness of form and face;
Those work worn hands I stroked—ah, tenderly,
And murmured "They are beautiful to me!"
Aye, her pure womanhood is imaged in my heart,
More beautiful than poet's dream, or sculptured
art.
Sweet mother! in whose sacred dust we see
Christ's promises revealed — Life, Heaven,
Eternity.

OCTOBER.

In the sweet October wood
Where the leaves drift idly down,
Many-colored, gorgeous-hued,
Many, too, of sombre brown,
I have wandered, dear, to-day;
And my heart in tender mood
Beats responsive to the play
Of the children in the wood.

We were children—you and I—
When we rambled here together
Under golden sunlit sky,
Or in cloudy, fitful weather
Watched the ripe nuts dropping down,
Hand in hand together stood,
Or tossing leaves of dingy brown
At each other in the wood.

In the dear October wood
Mem'ries thus come floating down;
Like the leaves, some gorgeous-hued,
Many more of sombre brown.
I will leave all care to-day,
For my heart's in tender mood,
To be a child again at play
With the children in the wood.

SUMMER RAIN.

Low sinks the sun adown the crimson west;
'Tis eventide, and fast the shadows fall,
The twittering swallow seeks its sheltered nest,
While plaintively the quail pipes forth his call,

And hurrying clouds foretell of coming rain—
Some pearly drops now dash against the pane.
See! drooping nature weeps in gratitude,
And every leaflet whispers "God is good!"

WONONSCOPOMOC.

BESIDE the lake where laughing moonbeams play,
When Evening from her starry-curtained throne
Waves her bright banner, or departing Day
From deep'ning shadows unto night has flown,
I love to wander as in by-gone hours,
And drink the fragrant breath of woodland flowers.

Again enrapt, I watch the wanton spray,
The wavelets that like fairy elfins leap;
That erewhile weary, as a child at play
Upon the parent breast are lulled to sleep,
While sounds the low, soft murmur of the breeze,
Æolian minstrel! through the leaf-crowned trees.

'Tis sweet to linger where the wild-bird's call
Is lost in echoes on the trembling air;
'Tis sweet to lose in reverie's golden thrall
The busy world of unrelenting care.
Here would I stay till whisp'ring stars of night
Kissed the pale dawn to blushing Orient light.

Here would my soul in sweet enchantment's spell,
Freed from the wearying bondage of unrest,
Be all content with Nature's God to dwell
Where memory were life, and life were blest.
But ah! from dreamings vain I waking flee
To wander from my youth, and far from thee.
Oh, water bright as halcyon days of yore,
I weeping sigh farewell, nor greet thee more!

EASTER MORNING.

EARTH seemed drear but yesterday, no leaf nor
bloom;
And yet to-day, behold! they wake from Nature's
tomb,
Music's soft chime, sweet buds and flowers,
Bird-notes are caroled through brightening hours,
Child-voices are chanting the glad refrain,
"Christ is risen, He lives, He lives again!"
Oh, ring, sweet bells, this glorious Easter morn!
Rejoice, ye people; haste ye to adorn
With lilies fair and flowers of brightest hue
His holy temple, for He maketh new
All things. Bow down before Him; sing His
praise;
Rejoice; be glad, this morn, this day of days!

A. W. FREDERICK.

LIFE dawned for Aaron W. Frederick in that picturesque spot near the mouth of Chartier's Creek, in West Moreland County, Pa. There he spent his childhood and boyhood days in the home of his pious Presbyterian parents. He inherits Scotch-Irish blood from his mother's family, and the sturdy German qualities from his father. His early education was acquired at home under the instruction of his parents. An attack of erysipelas, which finally settled in his eyes, robbed him of school privileges until his eleventh year. After this he attended various schools; private institutions of learning, and received tutoring from Rev. D. J. Irwin, D.D., of Ebenezer, Pa. Later he attended the Eldersridge Academy, and finally graduated from Mount Union College, Ohio, in 1876. For years Mr. Frederick has followed the profession of teaching, and other school work. He was for two years Superintendent of free schools in Preston County, West Va. At the close of his term there he became Principal of the St. George Academy, at St. George in the same State. He held this position for two years, resigning it in 1887 to accept similar work in North Carolina. In 1888 he had charge of a school in Arkansas; and resigning that the same year he went to California where he has since made his home. He has a small farm high on the face of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, planted in fruit, where he spends a portion of his summer months, living alone with his books, as did David Thoreau on the banks of Walden Pond. He was admitted to the bar in 1880, but never practiced. As a teacher he is content to remain unknown, profoundly believing that there is no nobler calling on earth than the teacher's. He reads with care, and finds much pleasure in the poetry of half a dozen languages. The bards of the Anglo Saxon have been his favorite authors. No volume of his poems has been published; but his poetry appears scattered through the columns of many newspapers.

A. M. H.

WHAT IS IT TO FORGET?

WHAT is it to forget? I cannot say.
 Though I have tried and tried to drop from mind
 The image of a face; and to be blind
 Unto a cherished heart that turned away.
 What is it to forget? Let those who may
 Arrest the subtle soul of love and bind
 It fast—remembrance cannot be confined,
 But roams the past for life's serenest day.
 'Tis trying to forget that bars the door

Against the thief, Oblivion. To try
 To think not is to think, and think yet more;
 The effort to unthink is close akin
 To some sad memory. Alas! to die
 May be to sleep and dream of what has been.

A SONNET.

DEAD! and did I ever wish him so?
 Did breath of mine add fury to the flame
 That burned malignant round his blackened
 name,
 Or word I spoke incite the fatal blow?
 Was he my enemy and I his foe!
 And did my hand uphold the deadly aim,
 Or share in any way the murderer's shame?—
 Would that my tongue could truly answer, No.
 My heart is sad indeed; it must confess
 That it has prompted more than once the "Yes"
 My tongue has given to the passing tale,
 Forgetful of the fact that all men fail
 In the attainment of ideal good—
 I did not treat the dead man as I should.

PATRIOT AND FRIEND.

THE man who works along day after day
 And under galling burdens has to bend,
 That man I count a patriot and friend,
 And cheerily I greet him on his way,
 And from my lips these simple words essay,
 Good day to you! Good morning, sir! to lend
 Him heart whom hourly hardships must attend,
 Whose boyhood dreams are dramatized dismay;
 But him I hold of God and home arch foe,
 Base traitor to his country and his race
 Who makes the toiler's burdens daily worse,
 And viler grown with wealth he filched from woe,
 Turns round and gives his whiter brother's place,
 To heathen hands, such is, O friend, this fair land's
 curse.

THE NIGHT.

THE rain, unwelcome, drizzling, cold,
 And dreaded gloom of night is here;
 But through the leaden clouds appear
 Some softened rays of starry gold.
 O hope of heaven! thy milky way,
 Above the night, beyond the blight
 That blackens earth, here sheds a light
 Serene and shows eternal day.

PASCUA FLORIDA.

In vain would fluttering raptures throng
The fragrant dell with lofty cheer
Had Wisdom planned no eye, no ear,
To recognize the flower, the song.

Our duties, if the heart be true,
Are birds and blossoms for the skies,
And faith is ears, and love is eyes,
To learn what God would have us do.

A SECRET.

Too deep for a moan of despair,
Too bitter for mortal to tell,
Too awful to whisper in prayer—
'Twould crimson a cheek in hell.

OPPOSITION.

Around the rising isle and o'er,
The waves will rush, the breakers roar,
And, chafing, build it up the more.

'Tis well the calm lagoon should be
A-ruffled by the lashing sea—
The billows plant the cocoa-tree.

SLOTH.

On tropic isles the proud palm waves,
The cocoa yields the food of ease,
Unmindful of the coral slaves,
That toiled for them 'neath chafing seas.
—*Labor and Luxury.*

HOPE.

The darkest night shows
Brightest stars above,
And the saddest heart glows
With the tenderest love.
—*Gloom.*

LOVE.

Half of the earth is forever in night,
Half of the heart is unhappy for aye.
Earth has its stars with their blessings of light,
Bosoms have love to beguile and make gay.
—*Love in the dark.*

LOVE.

My love is unavailing still,
Like love that seeks the dead;
Alas! I love and always will,
But love too well to wed.
—*The Pauper's Love.*

JOSEPH LEE MAY.

A NAME suggestive of the muse, and those who have felt the charm and force of Mr. May's afflatus through the reading of his poems, are prepared to agree with me that there is something in the name. Born in Rutherfordton, N. C., June 11th, 1867, Mr. May is now entering a promising manhood. He is the third son of the late Rev. Daniel May, a man of great eloquence and ability in the ministry and a member of the North Carolina M. E. Conference in high repute. Young May's genius is of a high order and is in some respect hereditary. As early as his eleventh year he was an excessive reader, and from the intemperate indulgence of this passion resulted the great calamity of his life—the serious impairment of his eye-sight, never strong at best. Philosophers maintain, however, that misfortunes have their compensations. If Milton had not had "that one talent which is death to hide lodged with him useless," would not the immortal "Paradise Lost" have been one of those "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme?" Macaulay evidently thinks so. With the decline of the bodily vision often comes increased visionary perspicacity, and to the infirmity which has partially debarred my friend's labors, as a student, we may be in some measure indebted for the delicate adumbrations in which play the lights and shadows of his weird fancy. At seventeen years of age his first poem appeared in the *Literary World*, of North Carolina. Since then his contributions have been regularly solicited, and he has been conceded by all who know him to be "a bright particular star" in the firmament of poesy. Mr. May is also a graceful prose writer and an accomplished journalist. His profession is that of telegraphy, and he is now holding an important position in an office in Catawba, S. C., where, no doubt, some of the electric sparks of his inspiration are caught from the wires. E. G.

TELEGRAPH.

THE yellow tongue that speeds us welcome joy—
A tenor, soft and clear;
A lovely carol from a brightening home—
High toned soprano's cheer;
A golden note from fickle fortune's mart—
An alto full of gold;
A doleful sound from death's sepulchral vault—
The bass of grief untold;
Thus, flashing thro' the azure "loops of time,"
A little spark of fire;
And such, as "dot" and "dash" combine—
The music of the wire.



Yours in F. F.,
Jos. Lee May

GRAY STONES.

GRAY stones! why stand ye here in loneliness,
 With yon pale moon and stars to sentinel
 Thy everlasting night of dreariness?
 Have ye to lure them thus some sacred spell?
 Carv'd richly by a Phidias' kindly hand,
 These pathos'd tributes to thy worthy dead?
 Come Tell, or lover of his valiant hand,
 Upon thy green these tear-dew'd flowers spread?

THE MYSTIC RIVER OF DREAMS.

It is day in the deep of my passion,
 And the vast all beautiful gleams:
 Nothing there for the devious fancy,
 Save the Mystic River of Dreams.

And it flows and it breathes in its dreaming,
 Through the wilds of Edens untold;
 And it sings and it chimes unwearied,
 In its banks of slippery gold.

Glorious and august in its winding,
 Some time through the region of dearth;—
 O'er it hang the beacons of heaven.
 And around it the fragrance of earth.

It is deep, it is sparkling with jewels—
 Jewels that are gems of the soul;
 Its current is ever onward,
 And tends to the heavenly goal.

But now through a shadow it courses,
 Hideous as Stygian breath;
 And its splendor steals on in darkness,
 Down the silent valley of death.

It is night in the deep of my passion;
 No ray through the desolate beams;
 And a spirit flows out forever,
 As the Mystic River of Dreams.

IN THE DAWN.

In the dawn of the beautiful sabbaths,
 That have passed to the long ago,
 I and the angel that loved me,
 To the fane of the valley would go;

Would go, when the bell in the steeple,
 Rang out on the musical air,
 Down a pathway that wound thro' the valley
 To the temple of song and prayer:

Would go, with a tear of contrition,
 With our garland of loveliest blooms
 To bedeck with the rose and myrtle,
 All the pale and the sorrowful tombs;

Would go but, alas! have I told you?
 In a vision a black shadow moved,
 Down the pathway that wound thro' the valley,
 As I wept for the one I loved.

And the grief-stricken bell, in its anguish,
 Told out on the drearish air,
 As I trod down the pathway of sorrow,
 To the fane in the vale of despair.

Tho' no longer we wander together,
 In the dawn of the sabbath we meet,
 And I crown her bright head with a garland,
 As she smiles and kisses me sweet;

As she smiles and whispers of heaven,
 In a language familiar above;
 As she kisses my cheek in its sorrow,
 With the lips that are sweetened with love.

But, oh! 'tis a dream I have written—
 Yea, a sweet and sorrowful dream;
 For I wake with the star of the morning,
 As the tears from my dim eyes stream.

And I see the gray church in the valley,
 And a grave, with a stone at its head,
 And I hear the the old bell in the steeple,
 As it sobs for the one that is dead!

RUINS.

O, RUSKIN. I am with you when you speak
 Of fragrant ruins—when your rainbow pen
 Would man implore to spare the mem'ried stones!
 O spare them!—touch them with no blasting hand;
 For like the nostriled dust, they too have souls
 Thro' which the brilliant stars of mem'ry pass.
 Those old, deserted castles—in the wilds
 Of sad, black forests, where the weeping gales
 Sigh mournfully adown their storied aisles—
 Rise in the mystic gallery of the soul,
 As star-framed pictures of a fancied world.
 Upon their gray thresholds, pale warders speak:
 "Forbear! forbear! this is their spirit home!"
 Thro' ivied windows of their crumbling walls,
 Strange phantoms peep, that whisper—"Touch
 them not!"

Whilst from the fingers of a rising sun,
 Rose-beams upon their sable turrets fall,

As heavenly flowers on forgotten graves,
O, Mortal! spare them—spare the mem'ried stones!
Such are the monuments of centuries,
On which decay has carved their epitaphs:
The old, gray books, in time's library kept,
Wherein we read the history of the dead—
The noontide glory of the buried past!

THE HERMIT'S DREAM.

"NIGHT after night to the hermit has come
Star after star in his dreaming goes down;
Hope after hope leaves his desolate home;
Joy after joy from his memory flown;
Peace after peace from his spirit has fled;
Love after love from his bosom's dark cell;
Curse after curse has he brought on his head;
Death after death is his portion in hell!"

TIME.

DEATH is the smiling phantom of his dreams,
And Life immortal from his bosom smiles;
And, yonder, thro' the amber realms of space,
From twinkling censers of the night perfumed,
He sweepeth on—the monarch of the skies—
Athro' the voids of bright Futurity,
From the blue home of gray Eternity.
He views at length this shining ball of dust;
And from the orchards of his gilded plains,
Doth gather it, the harvest wealth amid,
A mellow apple from the Tree of Light,
And drop it in the yellow lap of God.

—*The Flight of Time.*

MOUNTAINS.

TALL brother to the passionate Hatteras,
We greet thee in thy lonely sublimity!
Thou who, ere brilliant Nature came to clothe
With em'rald thy rocky nakedness,
From warring elements eternal leaped,
* * * * *
'Tis thus we hail thee, Monarch, within thee stored
A potency the crumbling age defying;
Where vespers in thy vales their rich gold hoard—
The quivering stars on their blue breasts lying;
And iron steeds leap o'er the distant ford,—
Their smoky manes across the green hills flying.

—*Pilot Mountain.*

PAUL H. HAYNE.

FOR him we grieve who sang for us,
As night and day we trod;
Who taught us virtue's paths to tread,
And pointed us to God.

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

HON. FAY HEMPSTEAD.

SO wide spread is the poetic temperament in the American people that each state of the Union, and even each locality has produced its own native poet of greater or less degrees of merit. In this particular the state of Arkansas finds a representative in the person of Fay Hempstead Esq. of Little Rock. Mr. Hempstead's fame as a poet is well established in his own state, and his writings have also attracted favorable notice elsewhere. He was born in Little Rock, November 24th, 1847; son of Samuel H. and Elizabeth R. Hempstead who was Elizabeth R. Beall of Burdstown, Ky. He comes from an English ancestry, the name having been introduced into America by a Robert Hempstead who was one of the first nine settlers of New London, Conn., in 1645. Fay Hempstead received a liberal education, completing it at the University of Virginia, in 1866-68 designing to follow the profession of the law. He early began to exhibit a turn for verse but wrote nothing of worth until during his University pupilage, when several meritorious pieces were produced. In 1876 he first attracted notice by his centennial poem, "The Hundred Years." After this he wrote frequently and in 1878 published a first volume of poems which met with a favorable reception. He has written many poems since which have been published in newspapers and magazines. Mr. Hempstead followed the profession of the law for a number of years but laid it aside to fill a public office. As a lawyer he met with fair success and was an orator and elocutionist of unusual merit. Since 1881 he has been Grand Secretary of the Order of Freemasons of Arkansas, a difficult and laborious office to fill. During the year 1888 he wrote a general history of the state of Arkansas and also a history of the state for the use of schools. He is a man of good business capacities and affords an illustration of the fact, so often noticeable among the modern writers, that a man may be a poet and yet be a practical business man, able to get a living in the world for himself and his family. In 1871 Mr. Hempstead married Miss Gertrude O' Neale of Charlottesville, Va., and their home in Little Rock is blessed with a family of seven bright and interesting children.

R. L. G.

A WINTER LAWN.

Head-bent stands the slender birch tree,
Droop the needles of the pine;
All is Winter, bitter Winter,
Through this level lawn of mine.

Frozen lie the tender rose-shoots,
 Glazed the holly's emerald sheen;
 Heavy hang the clustered branches
 Of the swaying evergreen.

Here are broad walks, heaped and hidden
 In a billowed winding-sheet;
 Brittle grasses, broken by the
 Pelting pebbles of the sleet.

Every leaf is clad in crystal;
 Rare are jewels such as these;
 Every ray of white light scatters
 Glancing silver through the trees.

Loudly through the barren branches
 Cutting gales arise and blow;
 Like a solemn wind-voice wailing
 O'er the wastes of sifted snow.

Yonder poplars, by the border,
 Bend in sheaths of quaint device;
 Every crackling twig and leaflet
 Hangs with tapered spikes of ice.

Patience yet. Though all be dreary,
 Pinched in Winter's sorest frown;
 Though yon sky be gray and cheerless,
 Boughs be naked, leaves be brown,

Yet the seasons are eternal,
 And beyond the morrow's reign,
 Comes a stronger light to waken
 Nature into warmth again.

And above the narrow present,
 Moving from the frozen ground,
 Yet shall rise in after-beauty,
 Life that lieth Winter-bound.

THE HUNDRED YEARS.

1876.

WAS I born too late for rhyme,
 Too late for song, or roundelay,
 To sing my Nation's worth, when Time
 Has rolled her hundred years away?
 These hundred years I come behind
 Have seen of song the garnered leaves,
 And I am left odd stalks to bind,
 Like her who gleaned among the sheaves.

And though I turn to right, to left,
 To gather in the boundless field,
 A foot is stamped, a print is cleft,
 And other hands have reaped the yield.

Yet let me tune my pigmy pipe
 To swell the notes of glad acclaim,
 That greet a land in glory ripe,
 And sound unto the trump of fame.

Born in clouds: of parents sprung
 With hearts as stout as oaken wood.
 Fair Hope around her cradle clung,
 And Faith and Freedom sponsors stood,
 And then her dread baptism comes;
 Not water drawn from earth-born rill,
 But musket's flash and jarring drums,
 And blood and death on every hill!

Oh, the long, unequal fray,—
 The weary strain of trust and prayer!
 What wonder trembling hearts gave way,
 And pale lips quivered with despair!
 Oh, dawn of day! when will ye light
 To eyes that watched and never ceased;
 As they who lose their way at night
 Look long for light to gild the East?

With Freedom's altar-fires in sight,
 Enkindled with the breath she drew,
 She vanquished; and, a child of light,
 Uprose, and eagle-soaring flew.
 Ah, well if fires like that still blaze!
 But Truth and Candor bid me sing
 That often, in these latter days,
 Hath Freedom gone a visiting.

We who daily feel the breeze,
 The light of sun we love so well,
 Yet love them less than him who sees,
 Imprisoned, from a dungeon-cell.
 We, long enjoying Freedom's prime,
 Forget the good the ages bring.
 A hundred years is ample time
 To learn and to unlearn a thing.

But Progress here hath builded towers,
 And we have thrived, and grown, and filled.
 This restless Saxon blood of ours
 Was never made to slumber chilled.
 The East no longer from the West
 By plain, or lake, or hill divides;
 Through bands of steel are they compressed,
 And forth the Car of Triumph rides.

Electric thought along the wires
 That lie beneath the sea is sent;
 The wilderness grows glittering spires,
 And nulled is earth's high battlement.
 The stream is bridged, the rock is squared;
 Great cities swelled, and towns have grown;
 And forests fled, and mines are bared.
 All these and else the age hath shown.

And what will other hundred years
 Of time to come, in coming, bring?
 Bring they only Winter tears?
 Bring they even flowers of spring?
 Bring Advance, as we have seen,
 In fourfold measure weighted down?
 For we are on the brink I ween,
 And they shall reap where we have sown.

Shall we see the cunning brain
 Rule the air as earth and sea,
 Soothe the snow, or guide the rain,
 By some discovered subtlety?
 Shall we see the dumb to sing;
 The deaf to hear; the halt to go;
 Machines for doing everything,
 Except what mind and body do?

God wot! There is no backward slide
 From where we stand to dark degree;
 For knowledge ebbs not as the tide,
 Nor wingèd is, like wealth we see.
 But it vexes not my spirit sore.
 By that day we may never know;
 And generations, three or more,
 May press the ground we lie below.

When Xerxes saw the sun arise
 Above his many-millions spears,
 He wept, with misty, swimming eyes,
 To think that in a hundred years
 Not one of all that countless host,
 Of Persia's plains the flower and bloom,
 But what should render up the ghost,
 And silent lie within the tomb.

But—cursed thought!—the sweep of trade
 May grudge the room we occupy,
 And damned Invention quit the spade
 To char our bones, nor let them lie.
 God grant to me, when ends my race
 In kindly earth where I was born,
 To wrap me in sufficient space
 To wait the resurrection morn!

And be that morn in hundred years
 Or hundred ages yet to come,
 Deep freighted with the hopes and fears
 Of pulsing hearts that now are dumb;
 The eye of faith sees, clear as sight,
 Forth reaching to that shadowy land,
 The crowns of light, the robes of white,
 That round the throne of Mercy stand.

PATIENCE.

BETTER the slow, the long continued strain
 Of patient study to the subject lending,
 Than quick to strike, impelled by heated brain,
 At times to win, but more in ruin ending.

—*Alecta.*

MARION V. DUDLEY.

MRS. MARION VIENNA DUDLEY, author and reformer, was born in Stafford, N. Y. She is a daughter of James W. and Vienna Thompson Churchill. On her mother's side her ancestry runs back to the Connecticut pioneers. When Marion was eight years old, her father moved to Lake Mills, Wisconsin, where he passed the remainder of his life. Marion was a student in the academy in Albion, and she also attended the State Normal School in Madison before it was incorporated as a part of the University. After leaving school she became a teacher, and for a number of years taught in the public schools of Wisconsin. During that time she contributed papers on various subjects, and fugitive poems to different newspapers throughout the State. She was a member of the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association and also of the State Press Association. She resigned her position as teacher to become editorially connected with the *Janesville Gazette*, and afterwards joined the staff of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, remaining with that paper until her marriage, in 1872, when she became the wife of Dr. J. L. Dudley, a learned man of liberal views, and at that time pastor of Plymouth Church in Milwaukee. In 1875 Doctor and Mrs. Dudley went to Boston, Doctor Dudley having been called to the charge of Theodore Parker's church in that city. They remained in Boston three years and then returned to Milwaukee. Mrs. Dudley has built a country home, named "Klosterheim," at Lake Mills, where reunions call together many literary men and women. The outcome of these reunions was the State Authors' Club, of which Mrs. Dudley was president. Besides her literary work she has lectured in the cause of woman's advancement, and has conducted in Milwaukee, at different times, a Conversation Club, a Herbert Spencer Club and an Emerson Club. In 1885 she published a volume of poems. In June, 1886, she founded a literary school whose sessions were held in Milwaukee College. The subject chosen for discussion was the literature of Goethe. The school was conducted after the manner of the Concord School of Philosophy and was participated in by Prof. William T. Harris, F. B. Sanborn, Prof. Hewett of Cornell University, Mrs. D. L. Thorey and others. At the close of the literary school, Mrs. Dudley collected the essays and discussions and published them under the title "Poetry and Philosophy of Goethe" (Chicago.) In 1887 Mrs. Dudley went to Europe, where she traveled a year.

H. A. V.



Maurice M. Kenna.

MUTE MUSIC.

SING, hills, from your deepest foundations,
A song to the answering sea;
Pour sky, all your rarest libations
On shrines of humanity.

Sweet blood in the veins of the forest,
Wild throat of the sunset-plumed bird,
Flood out where the need is the sorest
The light of your unuttered word.

Grey rocks on the brow of the mountain,
Green germ on the face of the stream,
Hushed voice of the underground fountain,
Speak out and interpret your dream.

Speak out all inaudible voices,
Withhold not the music that breaks
On shores where the silence rejoices
When Time its mute melody wakes.

We hark for the infinite sweetness
Of echoes from beautiful feet
That bathed in the dews of completeness
Ere man woke the morning to greet.

We wait for the marvelous story
That sleeps in the breast of the air;
We long for a glimpse of the glory
That hides in the great Everywhere.

O Silence! Great Silence! Deliver
The trust thou hast guarded so long;
The secret we sigh to discover
Is keyed to the chords of thy song.

A JUNE MEMORY.

THAT rare June eve, with crescent moon,
Low hung upon the West;
Shy glint of stars and stir of leaves
And chirp from air-swung nest;
With balmy odors, dew-distilled,
Afloat upon the breeze,
Soft hum of insects, lapse of waves
And whispering of trees,

Thrills through my life a tender pain
Like some sweet, broken vow;
A jewel golden to the eye,
But heavy on the brow.
The Summer-mother, whose young heart
Throbbed rapture at its birth,
With drooping head and trailing wings
Passed sadly from the earth.

And later Summers, fair and sweet,
With tropic-scented breath,
Have nestled in the arms of Earth
And sung themselves to death;
But all have lacked the glowing warmth,
The sensitive perfume,
That filled the air and thrilled my soul
One eve in that dead June.

UNHEARD HINTS.

FROM invisible belfries, high-domed in the soul,
Ring the "beautiful bells" of our hopes;
And mortals, with vision transcendent, behold
The hands that are pulling the ropes.

Silver-stranded the ropes, and so daintily strung
From our souls to the Soul of the earth,
That the angels are pale in their watching, lest one
Ring a dissonance—jarred by our mirth.

Would ye hear the mute music and drink all the
sweet
That floods in on the tide of the New?
Be ye still as the stillness that sandals the feet
Of a blush on the cheek or a star in the dew!

There's a Spirit of Triumph afloat on the air;
The glad ghost of the Old in its flight,
Sets the beacons ablaze on the hill-tops afar,
And the valleys stir warm in the light.

Then be silent, O Heart! Let time muffle your
throb
While you wait for the hush of the chime;
If you catch not the cadence, you'll know not the
word
It demands of your life as its rhyme.

A GIFT.

I OPENED my door in the Autumn's soft splendor,
And noontide rushed inward, calm, regal and
tender;
A harp from the bridal, from tumult and tears,
Stole music from silence to ravish my ears;

Interwoven of perfumes and exquisite dyes
From Araby's bowers and Italy's skies;
It came like a hope and I fervently bless
Dear hands that thus proffered their blooming
caress.

If kindness could kill one, 'twere bliss thus to die
And burdened with blessings go home to the sky;
No time can defraud me; when rich hues grow pale
The heart of the giver I'll hide 'neath their veil

INEVITABLE.

THERE'S no need of your voice or your presence,
The moon does not bend to the sea;
Be thou true and the tides of my being
Resistless, flow upward to thee.

Can an apple escape gravitation?
Does the earth lift her hand for the fruit?
Be self-poised and compel by attraction
What hides from a vulgar pursuit.

The invincible forces are patient,
No magnet runs after the steel;
Let your will be supreme, and its potency,
My life and my fortune shall feel.

For the needle must dip to the pole-star,
The climate encircle its zone;
So the heart, through all times and conditions,
Must know and will worship its own.

AFTER-SIGHT.

IF I had known that the Pæan
Which rang from the leafy skies,
Was writ by the nameless Leader
Of choirs in Paradise;
My hand would not have been cruel,
My heart would have shamed the wrong
That filled a nest with despairing
And hushed an enraptured song.

If I had known that the pebble
I crushed in the dust unseen,
Would one day blaze on the forehead
Of none but a peerless Queen,
My foot had trodden it lighter,
Its worth I had lived to show;
Alas! the pearls that are priceless
No one but a Queen may know.

If I had known that the tear-drops
You hushed with a bitter moan,
Bore up on their shining pathway
Your heart to the Great White Throne,
My love had solaced your anguish,
My reverence bent the knee;
But, ah! the godliest sorrow
Only a God can see.

LEROY CUMMINGS.

LEROY CUMMINGS was born in Brunswick, Maine, February 13th, 1860. He removed, in 1889, to San Diego, Cal., where he now resides. Believing that, in his particular case, a recital of individual exploits would be of little public interest, Mr. Cummings is content, at present, to simply place before the readers of the Magazine of Poetry, the subjoined verses, hoping that they (the verses) will not be found destitute of artistic promise. With boundless good-will towardall votaries of the Muses, Mr. Cummings desires to withdraw from the banquet of the bards without further apology.
G. P. S.

LEONIDAS TO THE SPARTANS.

BEHIND us, Spartans, lies the light
And glory of long years;
Before us, like a mighty sea,
The Persian host appears.

Three-hundred swords alone to hold
The fortress of the free;
Three-hundred hearts to bleed for Greece
In lone Thermopylæ.

When night-tide falls o'er Sparta's towers
The battle hymn will rise,
And mournfully will beam the stars
Within the darkening skies.

No echo of the night will tell
Of Sparta's chivalry,
Save where the wandering wolf shall cry
In dark Thermopylæ.

Behold the bale-fire's signals gleam
Along the distant sea;
The gaze of Greece is on the heights
Of far Thermopylæ.

O, Sparta, Sparta! must thou wear
The tyrant's heavy chain?
Oh! shall the savage foemen sweep
In triumph o'er the plain?

O, Spartans! shall the conqueror's shout
Resound within our halls?
Oh! shall the tyrant's banners float
Above old Sparta's walls?

Nay, never, till Leonidas
Shall pale and shroudless lie,
An icy languor in his heart,
His red blade broken nigh!

Nay, never will her heroes yield
Till Sparta's hope is flown,
And quenched are all her altar fires,
And vacant is her throne.

They come—stand fast! Leonidas
One moment more is king;
Aye, louder yet o'er Persia's hosts
Our battle cry shall ring.

Stand steadfast for old Sparta's fame,
The glory of long years;
A moment and our van will sink
Beneath the Persian spears.

Strike—steel to steel!—the thunder-shock
Rolls o'er the shattered van,
But Sparta's banner still surmounts
The bloody barbican.

Swift falls the fatal gloom of night,
Faint sounds the clarion's call,
Leonidas ere dawn will sleep
Beneath a kingly pall.

Zeus!—hark! hark!—the foe o'erwhelms
The fortress of the free.
Farewell, mine own belovèd Greece,
Farewell, Thermopylæ!

THE RUINED MANSION.

THE sunset wanes, the woodlands loom
Like battlements within the gloom.
The mavis mourns his lonely fate
And woos afar his flitting mate,
Mid forest vistas vast, and grim,
Whose ancient aisles are hushed and dim.
Along the bayou's misty marge
The stealthy trapper steers his barge.
The day is dim, the shadows bold
'Round the ruined mansion in the wold;
Deep darkness dwells within its doors,
Dank mosses overspread its floors;
No pilgrim ever tarries here—
Dread purlieu of the realm of fear!
The shepherd's hurried footstep falls
Far from the shadow of its walls.
Its time-wrecked towers the weird owls claim,
The bats and night-rooks share its fame.
The wild fox prowls within the bower
Where homage once was beauty's dower,
When high o'er all Queen Venus shone
The sky her realm, the night her throne.
Oh, vesper hour! thy mingled might
Of deathless glories so delight

The raptured heart that Paradise
Seems almost beaming on the eyes!
The vine that rustles o'er the wall
In autumn like a purple pall,
Seems now to shroud a sacred shrine
'Round which the sorrowing winds repine—
When Beauty still in spirit beams
While Valor guards her twilight dreams.
Though winds lament and vague lights glow
At midnight in these halls of woe
Still fain am I to haunt the spot
Where ruin reigns and hope is not;
When lorn night deepens oft I stray
Amid the relics of decay,
Or seek the lone tomb's massy door
To con its legend o'er and o'er.
Thy cheeks would pale, thy blood flow cold,
Were the secrets of this forest told.

THE MOSLEM'S ORISON.

O, Allah! bless the Danube,
And shield the Prophet's shrine;
O, Allah! guard our temples,
Save our kingdom from decline.

Triumphant o'er the Giaour's hosts
Mahomet's banners rise;
O, Allah! give us power on earth,
And peace within the skies.

O, Allah! let thy children dwell
Forever proud and free
Where flows the Danube's holy tide
Toward the sacred sea.

O, Allah! grant that long may float
Beneath the golden stars
The bannered galleys down the tide
With timbrels and guitars.

Mahomet! when the twilight falls
O'er harems and kiosks,
Long ages may the faithful chant
The Koran in Thy mosques.

HOPE.

Be thou not mid storms disheartened,
What though every star be gone!
Just beyond the fleeting midnight
Gleam the banners of the dawn.

— *The Exile.*

NELLIE MARIE BURNS.

NELLIE MARIE BURNS, actor and poet, was born and educated in Waltham, Mass. Her father, Dr. Newell Sherman, is a descendant of Rev. John Sherman and Mary Launce, granddaughter of Thomas Darcy, Earl of Rivers, who came from Dedham, Eng., two-hundred-fifty years ago and settled in Watertown, Mass. He was a man of most scholarly attainments, being a Fellow of Harvard. From him were also descended Gen. W. T. Sherman and Hon. John Sherman of Ohio. On her mother's side Mrs. Burns is a descendant of the Brights and Bonds of Bury St. Edmunds, Eng. With this line of distinguished ancestors, it is perhaps not to be wondered at, that at an early age Mrs. Burns displayed both Thespian and literary abilities, the former predominating for a time, and for some years Mrs. Burns was on the stage. It was there that she met the actor and comedian, Thomas N. Burns, to whom she was married in 1878. At the suggestion of her husband, Mrs. Burns left the stage a few years after her marriage. Having seen and admired beautiful Kittery Point, Me., Mr. and Mrs. Burns decided to make their home there and it is in that picturesque spot that most of Mrs. Burns' poems have been written. It is, to use the poet's own words, "a fairyland, if one can be found, when childhood's credulity hath passed away." During the last nine years Mrs. Burns has contributed to the *Boston Globe*, *Portsmouth Times*, *Waltham Tribune*, *Biddeford Journal*, and many other periodicals. None of her work has as yet appeared in book form, although she has a large quantity of unpublished manuscript in her possession. M. E. S.

CRICKET.

THE golden-rod nods brightly,
The thistle-wraiths float lightly
Like a band of fairy goblins thro' the air:
Still Balder holds the fortress
And Nanna is the portress,
Yet this morn I heard a cricket chirping there.

O, banshee of the summer!
Thou sombre little comer,
In thy pallium of monasterial black,
Each tender breeze that passes
Thy synod midst the grasses,
Brings the burden of thy mournful coronach.

When merry sleigh-bells jingle,
Thy song beside the ingle

Is the lullaby of Baby, John and Dot;
While memory grows silly
At thought of stupid Tilly,
Dreaming open-mouthed, in Peerybingle's cot.

But for me beloved faces
From scented summer places
To the battle-field of life have gone away;
The ocean rote grows stronger,
The autumn evenings longer,
When thy mournful little pibroch 'gins to play.

Though robin in the thicket,
May drown thy chirping, cricket!
Yet the warning of thy prelude doth appear;
Thou'lt sing the flowers to sleeping,
Thy tiny masses keeping,
Till the last red leaf drifts downward to its bier.

FILLY NELL.

KIND memory brings to mind an eve,
Where lingering fancy loves to dwell;
An hour our souls forgot to grieve,
Behind the chestnut, filly Nell.

We left old care at home to pout,
With all the burdens of the day.
Brought Nellie's bright regalia out,
And bounded thro' the town away.

In quick succession went and came,
The glittering domes and fair estates,
Tinged with the sun's departing flame,
Until we passed the city gates.

Then flowering apple trees arose
On either side the level street;
The amorous night wind kissed their blows
And threw them at our pony's feet.

Chaste odors of the violet,
By wooing grasses lightly brushed,
Came from the hillside dewy wet,
And all our speech to rapture hushed.

Faint, and far off, upon the air,
The Angelus arose, and fell;
The soul's melodic call to prayer,
The toil dispersing vesper-bell.

The distant cadence died away
As bright-eyed Nellie onward flew,
Then slowly up the evening grey,
In pallid gold the May-moon grew.



Nellie M. Burns

And one by one the Father made
His palpitating worlds of light,
As trembled thro' the leafy shade
The reverential hush of night.

Some hours are very sweet to hold
When time hath swept their bloom away;
So the soft blendings manifold,
Of that delightful night in May,

Shall help us to forget the storm
Of bitter days that yet may fall,
When ingle-blazes keep us warm,
And Nellie's in her cosy stall.

HISTORIC DREAMS.

Like a maid of old enchanted,
Left beside her river haunted
Lullaby of ocean ever in her ears,
Clinging to her mythic fancies,
Holding all her old romances,
Lovely Kittery slumbered thro' a hundred years.

Steeped in sunlight lay her meadows,
Grandly dark her woodland shadows
Where the owl makes answer to the whip-poor-will;
Where the robin's lute and thrushes
Wakes to song the sylvan hushes
Joining with the rillet rippling down the hill.

Here her Fay and Brownie linger,
Scorning time's progressive finger,
She hath held her youth's delusion to her breast;
From the world's o'er weary knowledge
Man may question in her college,
And the answer to his query shall be—rest.

CLOUD PICTURES.

O sweet little love whom I loved so much,
Oft have I held at the evening's fall,
Till my soul grew strong at the tender touch,
'Tween my folded palms your fingers small.
How clear in those twilights of soft repose
Grew shadowy isles of the sunset sea,
While thro' infinite distance slowly rose
The fathomless waves of immensity.

Rivers aglow over sands of gold,
Such weird, meandering, vanishing streams,
We traced in the atlas God unrolled
In the dazzling depths of his vesper gleams.
Palaces builded of roses and pearl,
Uplifting their turrets against the sky,
Pennons a far-away arm would furl,
Were ours to name, as they hurried by.

Glimpse of a tapering, snowy hand
Drawing an amber-hued curtain aside,
When down thro' the arches a mounted band
Of heavenly horsemen would gaily ride.
A sphinx with an alabaster face,
Grey eagles outspreading their wings for flight.
Dim forests arising in misty space,
Were pictures we saw on a summer's night.

"If I go before from our sunset-tryst,
I'll come back," you said, "when the roses
blow;
When the river is pearl and amethyst,
In the light of the lovely afterglow,
I will loose the chain of the ruby boat,
Moored by the beach of jasper sand,
And over the seas of ether float,
'Till I find you, love, on the waiting land."

Summers have faded, and roses died,
Since we kissed you darling, and named you
dead.
Since you sailed away on the unseen tide
With your beautiful face and gold-crowned head.
Is life so deaf that I cannot hear
On the stream of shadows your stilly oar?
Or is death so blind that you see not, dear,
My outstretched arms from the loveless shore?

WINDS.

* * * * *
And, what say the winds from their far height
blown
Over the sunset towers?
Rending the air with such desolate moan,
That the frightened eagle cowers.
Shrieking aloud as they pass the door,
Hurrying on to the river;
Lashing the sea into maddened roar,
'Till the placid shore lands shiver.
"Hear, oh, hear!" chant the sighing winds
Thro' the outer turret waning;
"By a mighty power we are forced to find
Relief in our complaining.
Wanderers we from our home of cloud,
Hiding in places dreary;
Goaded to wrath 'till we smite the proud,
Soothed 'till we fan the weary.
Avengers we! when for long-past sin
The pain of conscience ceases,
We awaken with cries, the voice within
Of a stern and sad Nemesis."

MAURICE McKENNA.

FEW names stand higher among the legal fraternity of the north-west than that of Maurice McKenna. Though yet a young man, he has taken a front rank among the few eminent criminal lawyers of Wisconsin and his services are frequently in demand in the neighboring states. His practice extends to most of the courts in the North-west and is large and lucrative, although he attends to the cases of poor, though worthy, clients regardless of fees. But, notwithstanding the exactions of his legal duties, our author still finds time to gratify his literary tastes, and occasionally contributes to the press or the magazines. His poetical writings were begun at an early age, and most of the leading poems contained in his published work, "Poems, Rhymes and Verses," were written about the time he reached his majority. Maurice McKenna was born in Springfield, Mass., May 31st, 1846, and came to Fond du Lac county, Wis., with his parents at the age of ten years. His early years were passed on a farm, and a log school-house afforded the only means of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," when circumstances would permit. At the age of sixteen, he passed a successful examination and was admitted to the Fond du Lac high school. During the graduating year, the firing on Fort Sumter sent a thrill that found a ready response in the heart of the young student. Literary hopes and plans for the future were upset, and he enlisted in Co. I, 39th Wisconsin Infantry, and at once proceeded to the front to risk his life and do his part in maintaining the supremacy of the greatest and best government yet vouchsafed to mankind. Returning from the war he was elected clerk of the Circuit Court of Fond du Lac County for three terms and, during this period, he read law with such success that he was soon admitted to the bar and followed the profession which has proved entirely congenial to his tastes and talents. Mr. McKenna has a happy family and a charming home where his friends are always welcome and where the latch string is always out. J. W. C.

LAKE DE NEVEU.

SWEET lake, in the shade of thy willow-edged shore,
I love to look long on thy beauty once more,
For thou hast been dear in a summer of yore
To a bosom whose fondness I knew.
Let me look on thy dimples, thou beautiful lake,
Let no rash intruder my ecstasy break;
I would muse all alone for the memory's sake
Of the maid I have loved on thy banks, De Neveu.

Ye gay little birds, come and help me to sing,
Lend me a plume from each frolicsome wing,
That I may soar far o'er the turrets of spring,
In your sky-cinctured playground of blue.
I would gather a wreath from each valley and hill,
My heart with remembrances fondly to fill,
Of one whose affection was saintlier still
Than thy silver transience, dear Lake De Neveu.

Spangle, bright water! Say, dost thou yet know
How she gazed on thy waves with a rapturous glow,
As she nestled beside me in days long ago
With a heart that was only too true?
Swinging far down in thy liquid embrace,
I saw the fond sun kiss thy silvery face;
I, too, stole a kiss from affectionate grace
That smiled at my side by the shore, De Neveu.

Kings may be happy in castles of gold,
Rhymers be glad for the songs they have trolled,
And tyrants rejoice when laudingly told
Of those fountains that manhood renew.
No laurel for me of the king, or the bard;
Give me the green palace my soul can regard
Of thy soft, mossy shore and thy flower-jeweled
sward,
And the lady I wooed by the blue De Neveu.

Ah! the spell is long broken, the pleasure long past;
A cloud o'er my present and future is cast;
All alone I am gazing upon thee at last
Where she and I gazed in the days I review.
My gauzy romance of existence is o'er;
I wander in dreamland and rapture no more,
As once I could roam on thy forest-fringed shore,
When Heaven was so near thee, sweet Lake De Neveu.

THE PAINTING.

THERE'S a warrior asleep on the banks of St.
Francis
Who, once in the phalanx of liberty's lances,
Seemed bright as the eagle that glanced on his
breast,
And fresh as the bloom of the new-budded roses
That rock o'er the clay where the hero reposes,
To shed their pure tears o'er the grass-covered
guest.

There's an old man depressed by some burden of
sorrow,
Who looks on his grave o'er the wall of to-morrow
With an ominous gaze through the awnings of
age;

He heeds not the kiss of the velvet-cheeked breezes,
And he looks on the birds as they thread the tall
trees as

Reminders of one in his dust-covered cage.

There's another crisped gray, like the flower on the
mountain,

A picture of grief, for the deep-seated fountain
That flowed from the vale of her bosom is dried,
And the gilt of her life disappears from its edges,
As she fancies the fortress, the brake and the sedges,
That designate still the low spot where he died.

There's an empty-eyed woman, a lily-browed
maiden,

A sister whose heart with its grief overladen,
Goes down in the waves of her foam-feathered
woe;

The June of existence is bleak as December,
And of all her warm hopes, the last feeble ember
Grows cold as her hearthstone and pale as the
snow.

There's somewhere a cot in Columbia's valleys
Where, while freedom still bleeds and the soldier
still rallies,

This four-visaged painting doth look from the wall.
O, heirs of the future! If slander should lash us,
When the coals of our lives are asleep in their ashes,
Remember the frame in your forefather's hall.

LOVE.

SWEET be the tide of our converse together,
And gay the refrain of the carols we sing;
Let us skim the black gloom from the brow of foul
weather

And melt the cold winter to gems of the spring:
For, while I am with thee, the tempest may
thunder,

The snow may descend till it throttle the sea,
But naught shall avail in their fury to sunder
The love that enchains me forever to thee.

Melcha's Mission.

SORROW.

BUT sorrow, like autumn, grows cold on our spirits
When hope, like the summer, is locked in the past;

Life's fruit, as it ripens, grows bitter, inherits
A nature diverse from the seeds we outcast.

All men and all women are equally sharers,
And each wears a garment he clips from some
grief;

Deep wrinkles, gray temples, but slow standard-
bearers,

That stamp the battalions where woe is the chief.

—*Ibid.*

CHARLOTTE L. SMITH.

CHARLOTTE LOUISE SMITH, daughter of James Bowdoin and Mary Lucretia Murch, was born in Unity, a quiet village in the eastern part of Maine. On her mother's side she was descended from the Prescotts of revolutionary fame, a family which has given the world a brave general and patriot, a great historian, and many valued workers in the field of literature. Her father, James Bowdoin Murch, was a lawyer, and a gentleman of scholarly tastes who placed a volume of Shakespeare in his daughter's hands at an age when most children are reading nursery tales, and who eagerly encouraged her attempts at verse making. Early in her youth, her family removed from Unity to Belfast, the county seat of Waldo county, Maine, where the girlhood of Mrs. Smith was passed and her first literary efforts made. Before she was fifteen years of age, two of her poems were published in the Boston *Traveller*, and since that time she has been a contributor to nearly all the more important newspapers of Maine and also to many influential journals in other parts of the United States. Mrs. Smith's literary work has been chiefly in the line of journalistic correspondence, descriptions of natural scenery, translations from foreign literature, and the composition of original poetry. To the stanzas of the great French poets, Mrs. Smith has given such careful study and patient effort as to win an admirable success in reproducing their subtle shades of meaning and the music of their intricate rhythm. In 1879, she was united in marriage to Bertram Lewis Smith of Bangor, law partner of General Harris M. Plaisted, formerly Governor of the State. After her marriage, Mrs. Smith resided in Bangor till the year 1889, when business interests brought her husband to Patten, Me., which has ever since been her home. The wild and romantic scenery of this region of northern Maine has had an especial charm for Mrs. Smith, and the picturesque life and landscapes, which the lakes and forests of the Aroostook region supply, have formed the subject of some of Mrs. Smith's best work. J. F. B.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

Beautiful Bessie with laughing eyes
Wanders the wide field over;
Seeking from summer a new surprise,
After June's dazzle of earth and skies,
After the violet's amethyst cup
The wanton sunbeams have broken up;

And mosses, asleep on the heart of the woods
 Have been sought 'mid their soundless solitudes,
 And gemmed with blossoms, white, scarlet and
 pied,
 Still Bessie wanders, unsatisfied
 Seeking a four-leaved clover.

Beside her, wild roses bend and blush
 Their crystal mirror over;
 Before her glow berries sweet and lush;
 Behind her quivers the song of thrush,
 And rocked by the river that near her flows
 The wonderful water-lily grows;
 Bosom of pearl, and heart of gold,
 Soul of perfume! No earthly mould
 Her stainless charms shall cover;
 Heaven itself shall come down to her grave
 Under the tremulous arch of the wave!
 But lovely Bessie, unmindful of all,
 Blossoms and bird-song, seeks for the small
 And humble four-leaved clover.

Thus runs the legend, foolish and brief
 That beautiful eyes dance over;
 Be it for blessing, be it for grief,
 Who finds and gathers this magic leaf,
 And deftly places it under her foot,
 'Twixt snowy stocking and dainty boot,
 Whether some clod with soulless eyes,
 Or stately scholar with aspect wise
 Chances her glances first to meet,
 He straightway falls at her pretty feet,
 And forever is her lover!

Poor little Bessie, with eyes of blue,
 Your merry quest give over!
 Grim is the bridegroom that waits for you,
 Fatal to touch, and awful to view.
 Under the mould of the church-yard spread
 Will be the sheets of your bridal bed;
 Under the sods with their chrism of snow
 Your bridal pillow lie cold and low;
 Perchance when summer again shall glow,
 Over your pulseless heart will grow
 The green of four-leaved clover!

MELLINOKETT LAKE.

WHERE wild Aroostook clasps in fear
 Her virgin daughters to her breast,
 And hears the fatal axe each year
 Ring closer to her greenest nest,
 Caught on the lace of sedge and brake
 Shines pearl-like Mellinokett Lake.

Through lovely forests, eager rills,
 Thrilled by a thousand vague alarms,
 Fly, singing, down the rocks and hills
 To fling themselves in her soft arms;
 And there perpetual music make
 Round happy Mellinokett Lake.

When Autumn's carnival is done,
 The merry maples by her side
 Their faded masks fling, one by one,
 With shout and song upon her tide,
 And from her summer dreams awake
 Sweet, startled Mellinokett Lake.

Her tranquil waters rest afar,
 As soft and deep as twilight skies,
 And safe and white as some pale star
 The lily on her bosom lies,
 The pirate wind scarce dares to shake
 The calm of Mellinokett Lake.

In her primeval solitudes
 'Twould be no wondrous thing to see,
 Along the mosses of the woods,
 Slim dryads flit from tree to tree,
 Nor hear forgotten Pan awake
 Echoes round Mellinokett Lake.

Her limpid tide no rock can hide,
 Her gentle bosom holds no grave,
 The wild face of the suicide
 Has never flashed across her wave;
 It seems as if no heart could break
 Near peaceful Mellinokett Lake.

Little of earth's despairs she knows,
 In her serenity sublime;
 She recks not how life frets and flows
 Above the shifting sands of time.
 Oh, that the human soul might make
 Harbor like Mellinokett Lake!

IN THE ATTIC.

WHEN the sky is overcast,
 When against my window pane
 Falls the cold kiss of the rain,
 Safe from all the world, at last,
 Seek I that seclusion rare
 Hidden up the attic stair.

There the dry herbs overhead
 Nursed at summer's fervid breast
 Bring her sweetness to their rest;
 Shaken by my careless tread
 How their odors, fine, intense,
 Steal across the willing sense.



Charlotte L. Smith

Mint and fennel, balm and sage
 Breathe the rapture of the hours
 When the bee sipped from their flowers;
 So the trembling lips of age
 Whisper in the ear of youth
 Memories of love and truth!

Here's a pink and pearly shell,
 Beauty laid upon the shelf,
 Singing sadly to herself;
 Swell, oh heart of ocean! swell
 Into sorrow wide and wild
 For thy fair, neglected child!

Now my hungry kisses touch
 Baby's little, half-worn shoe,
 With its gay rosette of blue;
 Child, we loved thee, overmuch,
 Finding in thy pensive eyes
 All we asked of paradise.

So one sad, November day,
 When the earth lay cold below
 Scanty coverings of snow,
 Angels beckoned thee away
 To their own fair world that we
 Might look unto Heaven for thee.

Here, beneath the dusty eaves
 Letters all forgotten lie,
 Though one ends: "Sweet heart, good bye!
 All my soul would keep it leaves,
 When my white sail, flowing free
 Wafts me, dear, away from thee!"

Mid the mottoes old, and strange
 Words like these I smile to spell:
 "Ever thine, *Toujours fidele*."
 Ever—always—chance and change
 Wrought their worst with love and friend,
 Ere the year came to an end.

Spoils, by Times unquiet sea
 Cast upon the stilly shore,
 I will trouble you no more;
 You can never give to me
 What with aching heart, I gave
 To the same relentless wave.

APPLE TREES.

OH! what is half so sweet as these,
 The breathing, blooming apple trees,
 Their soft lips fired with prophecies?
 Two seasons crown the apple trees!
 —*The Apple Trees.*

NICHOLAS GRIMAOLD.

POETICAL students, whose tastes incline toward the early verse writers of our language, can scarcely appreciate too highly the generous labors of Edward Arber. This distinguished scholar has made it his life-work to place within reach of the general reader, books that have hitherto been inaccessible. Among Mr. Arber's "Reprints," one of the most interesting and valuable is Tottel's Miscellany; the oldest collection of poems by different authors in the English language. This anthology was very popular during the sixteenth century. A couplet from one of the poems is said to have been copied by Mary, Queen of Scotland, with a diamond upon the window of the castle in which she was imprisoned in England. We find, also, in this volume a poem by Lord Vaux, of which the first, third and eighth stanzas are, with a little alteration, taken by Shakespeare for the gravedigger's song in the fifth act of Hamlet. Another, beginning, "Give place ye ladies and begone," is by John Heywood. These verses are included in Bryant's Family Library of Poetry and Song, where they are attributed to Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, but they were printed in Tottel's Miscellany twenty years before Thomas Heywood was born. Mr. Arber says in his Preface: "The whole of these poems may be said to have been written within the thirty years between 1527 and 1557." Yet I notice, among the pieces by "Uncertain Authors," one, known to most of our readers as "Good Counsel of Chaucer:" "Fly from the press and dwell with soothfastness." As Mr. Arber has ascertained the author of several of these anonymous poems, it is a little surprising to find that he makes no especial mention of "Good Counsel." Chaucer might not have been its author. The original edition of Tottel's Miscellany, in which many of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey were first given to the world, was published in June, 1557. It contains forty poems by Nicholas Grimaold, and ninety-six by "Uncertain Authors." In the second edition, issued the following month, the book was subjected to a most thorough revision; thirty of Grimaold's poems are suppressed, his name disappears, and he is represented, as in all the early subsequent editions, by the initials, N. G. It is supposed that the only copy of the first edition in existence is the one discovered in the Bodleian by J. P. Collier. Previous to Mr. Collier's discovery, the edition in which Grimaold's name and poems are suppressed, was supposed to have been the original one. To Grimaold, it is believed, belongs the honor of compiling and editing this work, and

to him, also, is due the still greater distinction of having written the first published blank verse in our language. Grimaold was born in Huntingdonshire in 1519, and is supposed to have died about the year 1562. The story of his childhood is told in the "Funeral Song upon the Death of his Mother." He was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, and took his B. A. Degree in 1540. In May 1542, he was elected probationer fellow of Merton College, Oxford. His translation of Cicero's *De Officiis* was published in London by Richard Tottel in 1556. The first edition of Tottel's Miscellany was issued June 5, 1557, and just sixteen days afterward the first edition of Surrey's translation of Virgil, all by the same publisher. Surrey's translation of Virgil is generally conceded to be the earliest attempt at blank verse in our language; but two of Grimaold's poems in the first edition of Tottel's Miscellany are written in that form, and these, were published prior to any other of their kind in the language. However, it is only fair to say that Surrey's translation of Virgil must have been written long before it was ever printed; at the time of its first publication ten years had elapsed since his execution upon Tower Hill; but he was only about two years older than Grimaold, and it is not at all certain how long Grimaold's poetry had been written when it was first given to the public. In my opinion the finest of Grimaold's verses is the "Funeral Song upon the Death of his Mother." It was printed only in the first edition of the Miscellany. It reminds me of that most beautiful of Cowper's poems: "Lines on Receiving my Mother's Picture." In copying my selections from Grimaold's poetry I have modernized the spelling except in cases where such change would interfere with the measure of a line. E. C. D.

A FUNERAL SONG UPON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

Yea and a good cause why thus should I plain
For what is he can quietly sustain
So great a grief with mouth as still as stone?
My love, my life, my joy, my jewel is gone!
This hearty zeal if any might disprove
As woman's work, whom feeble mind doth move,
He neither knows the mighty nature's laws,
Nor, touching elder's deeds, hath seen old saws!
And should not I express my inward woe
When you, most loving mother, from us go?
You me embraced in bosom soft, you me
Cherished as I your only child had be.
Of issue fair with numbers were you blessed,
But I the best beloved of all the rest.

Good luck, certain, forereading mothers have,
And you, of me, a special judgment gave.
Then, when firm pace I fixèd on the ground,
When tongue can cease to break the lisping sound,
You me straightway did to the Muses send,
Nor suffered long a loitering life to spend.
What gain the wool, what gain the web had brought,

It was his meed who me there daily taught
When with Minerve I had acquaintance won
And Phebus seemed to love me as his son,
Browns hold I bade at parents' hest farewell,
And gladly there in schools I 'gan to dwell
Where Granta gives the ladies nine such place
That they rejoice to see their blissful case.
With joys at heart in this pernassee I bode
While, through his signs, five times great Titan glode.

And twice as long by that fair ford, whereas
Swanfeeder Thames no further course can pass.
Oh! what desire had you therewhile of me,
Mid doubtful dreads what joys were wont to be!
Now linen clothes, wrought with those fingers fine,
Now other things of yours did you make mine,
Till your last threads 'gan Clotho to untwine,
And of your days, the date extreme assign.
Hearing the chance, your neighbors made much moan,

A dearworth dame, they thought their comfort gone;
But my good sire gave, with soft words, relief,
And cloaked, with outward cheer, his inward grief,
Lest, by his care, your sickness should augment,
And on his case your thoughtful heart be bent.
You, not forgetting yet a mother's mood,
When at the door cartthirling death there stood,
Did say: "Adieu dear spouse, my race is run,
Where so he be, I have left you a son."
And, "Nicholas," you named and named again,
With other speech, aspiring heavenly reign;
When, into air your sprite, departed, fled,
And left the corpse a-cold in lukewarm bed.
Ah, could you thus, dear mother leave us all?
Now should you live that yet before your fall
My songs you might have sung, have heard my voice,

And in commodities of your own rejoice.
My sisters, yet unwedded, who shall guide?
With whose good lessons shall they be applied?
Have mother monuments of our sore smart;
No costly tomb, areared with curious art,
Nor mausolean mass, hung in the air,
Nor lofty steeples that will once appayre.
But wailful verse and doleful song accept.
In verse the names of ancient peers be kept,
By verse lives Hercules, by verse, Achil,
Hector, Ene, by verse be famous still.

former years, such death hath chanced to
 e.
 with good end good life is wont to be!
 v, my sacred parent, fare you well.
 all cause us again together dwell,
 me this universal globe shall hear
 last trump the ringing voice, great fear
 e, to such as you a heavenly cheer.
 n, rest you reposed in gentle sleep,
 ie, to whom you are bequeathed, you keep.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S DEATH.

FORE, when restless rage of wind and wave
 ' "By fates, alas, called for," quod he,
 pless Cicero; sail on, shape course
 next shore, and bring me to my death.
 these thanks, rescued from civil sword,
 ou, my country pay? I see mine end:
 ers divine, so bid the gods above,
 saved that Consel Marcus shend."
 ng no more, but drawing from deep heart
 groans, even to the name of Rome rehearsed
 es and cheeks, with showers of tears he
 washed;
 orced face the shipmen held their tears,
 triving long the sea's rough floods to pass,
 ry winds and stormy showers gave way.
 the last, safe anchored in the road,
 heavy Cicero a land with pain.
 nted limbs the aged sire doth draw,
 und about their master stood his band.
 eatly with their own hard hap dismayed,
 ighted faith prove in sharp time to break;
 swords prepare, some their dear lord assist,
 r laid, they led him uncouth ways,
 eceive Antonius' cruel gleaves
 night, and threats of following routs escape
 lo, that Tully went, that Tullius
 al robe, and sacred Senate prince;
 he afar the man approach espyeth,
 f his fone the ensign doth aknow.
 with drawn sword, Popilius threatening death,
 : life, and whole estate, in hazard once,
 d preserved; when Rome as yet to free
 him, and at his thundering voice amazed.
 nius ekë, more eager than the rest,
 it, inflamed with fury, him pursues.
 might he do? should he use in defence
 néd hands, or pardon ask for meed?
 d he with words attempt to turn the wrath
 e armed knight whose safeguard he had
 wrought?
 ge forbids and fixed within deep breast
 untry's love, and falling Rome's image.
 : charist turn," saith he; "let loose the reins!

Run to the undeserved death! me, lo,
 Hath Phebus fowl, as messenger forewarned,
 And Jove desires a new heavensman to make.
 Brutus' and Cassius' souls, live you in bliss!
 In case yet all the fates gainstrive us not,
 Neither shall we, perchance, die unrevenged.
 Now have I lived, O Rome, enough for me!
 My passèd life naught suffereth me to doubt
 Noisome oblivion of the loathsome death.
 Slay me! Yet all the offspring to come shall know
 And this decease shall bring eternal life.
 Yea and—unless I fail, and all in vain
 Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was—
 Not evermore shall friendly fortune thee
 Favor, Antonius! once the day shall come,
 When her dear nights, by cruel spite thus slain,
 Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require.
 Me likes therewhile go see the hopèd heaven."
 Speech had he left; and therewith he, good man
 His throat prepared and held his head unmoved
 His hasting to those fates the very knights
 Be loath to see; and rage rebated when
 They his bare neck beheld, and his hoar hairs.
 Scarce could they hold the tears that forth 'gan
 burst,
 And almost fell from bloody hands the swords.
 Only the stern Herennius, with grim look,
 "Dastards, why stand you still?" he saith, and
 straight
 Strikes off the head with his presumptuous iron
 Ne with that slaughter yet is he not filled,
 Foul shame on shame to heap is his delight.
 Wherefore the hands, also, doth he off smite,
 Which durst Antonius' life so lively paint.
 Him, yielding strained ghost, from welkin high,
 With loathly cheer Lord Phebus 'gan behold.
 And in black cloud, they say, long hid his head.
 The Latin Muses and the Grays they wept,
 And, for his fall, eternally shall weep
 And lo, heart-piercing Pitho, strange to tell,
 Who had to him sufficed both sense and words,
 When so he spake, and dressed with nectar soote,
 That flowing tongue; when his windpipe disclosed
 Fled with her fleeing friend, and out, alas!
 Hath left the earth, ne will no more return.
 Popilius flyeth therewhile, and, leaving there
 The senseless stock, a grizzly sight doth bear
 Unto Antonius' board, with mischief fed.

LOVE.

What sweet relief the showers
 To thirsty plants we see,
 What dear delight the blooms to bees,
 My true love is to me.
 —A True Love.

SINGLE POEMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

THESE volumes I shall con when I am old,
 And showing to my friends say, this is he
 Who wrote so lovingly about the sea;
 This she who hath of woman truest told;
 And this the man of moods most manifold;
 She the sad soul of joyous minstrelsy;
 She the boon friend of every flower and tree;
 And this the bard to the mad body souled.

Aye, this will be an album filled with friends,
 Ne'er seen, mayhap, and yet beloved no less.
 Their thoughts and faces here, how we shall guess
 And give to each the voice that fancy lends!
 Ah, this will make in age what sweet amends
 For youth's and time's and distance's duress!
 GEORGE W. WEBSTER.

LOVE SOMEWHAT LESS?

WITHHOLD my love a little from thee, dear?
 Why bid me thus? Why bid me hold apart
 From giving thee my undivided heart
 That hath been yearning for thee many a year?
 Love less, because thou hast a restless fear
 That death will envious grow, and aim a dart
 To take thee from me, and with cruel art
 Drive us asunder that are now so near?
 Though this be true, I cannot love thee less.
 So long my soul hath sought for one like thee,
 Through wasted days, and years of loneliness,
 And now, that I have found thee, set me free
 To love thee as I will with all my heart,
 Nor say, 'twere best we stand somewhat apart.
 HU MAXWELL.

IF I MUST GO.

If I must go,
 MUST leave this glad, green, glorious earth
 And never know
 The purest joys that here have birth,
 Can I above
 The dear desires of this poor heart,
 The need of love,
 Rise at thy call, obedient, and depart
 Unsatisfied?

Yet, God! forgive,
 If I within thy pearly gate
 Should eager strive
 To find at last my soul's true mate,
 Or trembling turn
 To clasp with longing arms the one
 For whom I yearn—
 Could I, by heavenly bliss beguiled, alone
 Be satisfied?
 ALICE S. DELETOMBE.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

I.
 THE sweet-voiced wind of Spring awoke
 The violet from her winter dream,
 And something in its music set
 The dandelion's gold agleam.

II.
 The Summer wind went, laughing low,
 Across the land, across the sea,
 Touched here the flowers and there the sails
 And turned Life's fairest page for me.

III.
 The Autumn wind in triumph sang
 Of purple grapes and royal wine,
 But killed the flowers and wrecked the ship,
 And broke the Summer's heart and mine.

IV.
 Hark now the lonesome Winter wind,
 How over weary wastes of snow
 It moans and wails and shrieks aloud
 Some unintelligible woe.
 LOUISE VICKROY BOYD.

QUATRAINS.

LAKE LEMAN.

I.
 WHY are its waters blue beyond all blue?
 Because the nymphes and naiads of the lake,
 When Alp-sprites woo with gifts, will only take
 Deep gentian blooms as proof their vows are true.

II.
 From heights the Spirits bear in middle-night,
 Fresh blossoms gather'd wheresoe'er they blow,
 And color-mysteries, to the depths below.
 The blue is born when heights and depths unite.

SMALL THINGS AND GREAT.

ught so small, it cannot sway thy fate;
 ay wreck a Dynasty or State;
 nk, as acting on the humblest lot,
 ht beneath the sun can be too great.

WAITING.

the wild wood-sorrel when the light
 own, so shuts my heart behind a gate
 om when thou art gone. Thy dawn I wait,
 osed leaves the passing of the night.

LOVE'S COMPELLING.

flake kiss I'd give and take away,
 No" I dare not heed, for sweet Love's
 e.
 sand tongues hast thou to bid me take;
 one little one to say me nay.

-GOING HOME.

inkman lifts his fitful yellow light;
 ke dry bones the hand that takes the fee;
 ern voice says, "Home," and silently
 I into the mysteries of the night.

MASTERY.

is high aspirations into facts,
 their plastic gold sets clear his mark,
 re his noon-beams die into the dark,
 self and sway his fellows' acts.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

"SHADOWS AND IDEALS."

nter of the myriad things on earth!
 oric sweetness, or soft-warbled love
 lom in thy songs enraptured birth;
 hing whispers straying from above—
 -mind—convolving fulgors glow!
 yes peered deep in Mystery and Wonder,
 ed with Shiraz-fragrance, man's own woe
 ded in thy numbers like quick thunder!

ngs and dæmon-chants, those marvel-
 uins,
 d with orient tissue and jewelry rare—
 vish nature's beauteous scenes and air—
 as I read, some magian's master-trains
 tic meaning—so beholders see
 ur from commonplace shines splend'rously!

LOUIS MICHAEL EILSHEMIUS.

THE LULLABY.

I HEARD a song—a song that thrilled my heart,
 Though I have heard fair Patti, and the rest
 Of all the world's great singers. On the breast
 Of a young mother in a gypsy's cart
 There lay a black-eyed baby; without art,
 Untrained, as is the wild bird's song at best,
 Was that sweet voice that crooned the child to
 rest,
 And soothed my pain, cooling my heart's hot
 smart.

No sound of earth nor of heaven above,
 Nor melody, nor human voice, nor bird,
 Nor instrument that mortal ever heard,
 Was like that mother's voice, attuned by love.
 The angels tarried in their flight to hear
 The simple song, for certes, heaven was near.

HENRY COYLE.

A VIRGINIA SUNSET.

As when a King dies in his palace grand,
 And round him thronging Ministers of State
 Solemn and awe-struck in mute reverence wait
 Death's royal pleasure service to command;
 So at the Day, God's couch magnificent
 The mountains lift their hoary summits high
 To catch the last gleam of his fading eye;
 And clouds on ministries of love intent
 Wait round his pillow, fond and tenderly,
 Wrap him in robes of purple, crimson, gold—
 Rich, rare embroideries wondrous to behold—
 While nature pauses, hushed and still, to see
 Amid the flaming glories of the West
 Her King sink slowly to his royal rest.

CORNELIA J. M. JORDON.

THE LAST SERENADE.

UPON the eyelids of the night
 The stars like tears are clinging;
 The moon emerges into sight,
 Then like a lover's languid head
 Whence life hath almost fled,
 Swoons back into the gloom.
 And I am singing
 Below the window of thy room,
 Here on the ground amid the dews,
 Crushing the roses where I kneel;
 Their perfume fires through all my sense transfuse:
 A maddening pain. I feel
 Life—love—like visions fade—
 Hear my last serenade!

The light within thy chamber burning
Is like an holy yearning,
So pure it is! so saintly white!
So still:—
It is not like the mellow glimmering light
That drew me to thy window sill
In passion's worship nightly;
It falls upon thy breast—
And finds no motion there!
It falls upon damp darkling hair,
On icy lids closed tightly;
Ah, Love, though lost in realms of rest,
Still shall my summons be obeyed—
Hear my last serenade!

Hear my last serenade!
All things like flaming visions fade.
Raise thou from thy dead rest
And hearken unto me!
Draw me to thy pale breast.
O grant but this,
One kiss, one parting kiss!
Then let fate cruelly have its way,
Since it must be.
I weep; I wildly pray
By love's majestic power,
In this my mortal hour.
Hear me as life doth fade—
Hear my last serenade!

The stars are leaping bright
Within the heights of air;
To them my shuddering soul will take its flight
Too soon, through passion and despair!
My life-blood slowly drips
And fills the roses' hovering lips.
The lights of heaven now swim,
My sight grows gradually dim,
The ground rocks with the earthquake of my pain!
Again, again
I call on thee for this,
One parting kiss!
Till then let life not wholly fade—
Hear my last serenade!

EDWARD VALENTINE.

WEDDED.

ONE heart, one joy, one grief thine now forever,
Twain hearts, so long apart on Life's swift river,
Love's bright smile light thy home e'en till night's
fall,
And God's unchanging love brood over all.
JOHN FULLERTON.

QUOTATIONS ON BEAUTY.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet LIV.*

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

IBID, *Love's Labor Lost.*

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

IBID., *Tempest.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

IBID, *Twelfth Night.*

She looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

IBID, *Taming of the Shrew.*

She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.

IBID, *Henry VI.*

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or
seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

IBID, *The Winter's Tale.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

IBID, *Passionate Pilgrim.*

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator.

IBID, *Rape of Lucret.*

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.
WORDSWORTH, *Laodamia.*

Beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

IBID, *To*.——.

Hours of midnight shall be dear
And she shall lean her ear
To a secret place
Where violets dance their wayward round,
And duty born of murmuring sound
Pass into her face.

IBID, *Three years she grew*.

Beauty is a joy forever:
It increases; it will never
Nothingness; but still will keep
Quiet for us, and a sleep
Of dreams, and health, and quiet breath-

KEATS, *Endymion*.

Like the fair Hesperian tree
With blooming gold had need the guard
To watch with unenchanted eye,
Her blossoms and defend her fruit.

MILTON, *Comus*.

Beauty stands
In admiration only of weak minds
Alive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
And shrink into a trivial toy,
A sudden slighting quite abash'd.

IBID, *Paradise Regained*.

A naked beauty more adorned,
More lovely than Pandora.

IBID, *Paradise Lost*.

The loveliest of lovely things are they,
That earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Enriched beyond the sculptured flower.
T, *Scene on the Banks of the Hudson*.

Not of a set of features, or complexion,
The texture of a skin that I admire:
It soon grows familiar to the lover,
It is in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON, *Cato*.

Full ease, and sweetness void of pride,
In her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
Where some female errors fall,
Her face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE, *Rape of the Lock*.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

IBID.

The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one always loves them—God or man.
If man abandons, God himself takes them.

BAILEY, *Festus*.

The essence of all beauty, I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love.

MRS. BROWNING, *Drama of Ex. Extrem. of Sword Glare*.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

EMERSON, *The Rhodora*.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

BYRON, *She Walks in Beauty*.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye:
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.

SCOTT, *Rokeby*.

There's beauty all around our paths, if but our
Watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through
Their lowly guise.

MRS. HEMANS, *Our Daily Paths*.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun!

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter perish in its fall.
WILLIAM PITT, *From the Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*.

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.

DRYDEN, *Tyrannic Love*.

The Universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the Throne
Where Thou dost sit, the Universe to bless,
Thou sovereign Smile of God, Eternal Loveli-
ness.

R. H. STODDARD, *Hymn to the Beautiful*.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER, *Life a Duty*.

'Tis beauty calls, and glory shows the way.
NATHANIEL LEE, *Alexander the Great*.

'What is beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel, a glass,
A bubble, a plaything, a rose;
'Tis the snow, dew, or air; 'tis so many things
rare
'That 'tis nothing, one well may suppose,
'Tis a jewel, Love's token; glass easily broken,
A bubble that vanisheth soon;
A plaything that boys cast aside when it cloy,
A rose quickly faded and strewn.

BOHN, *Ms.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.

EDWARD YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*.

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

EDWARD MOORE, *The Spider and the Bee*.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?
SIR HENRY WOTTON, *On his Mistress, the Queen
of Bohemia*.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
HARRIET W. SEWALL, *Why thus Longing?*

CURRENT POEMS.

A SUMMER WOOING.

THE wind went wooing the rose,
For the rose was fair;
How the rough wind won her, who know
But he left her there.
Far away from her grave he blows:
Does the free wind care?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

—*Lippincott's, August, 1892.*

A YEAR WITH DOLLY.

WE slipped thro' the gate this afternoon
When Bridget forgot to latch it;
A cricket fiddled a queer little tune,
And we hurried along to catch it.
I wish we'd stayed in the yard and played
For we've wandered and turned and
Up and down all over the town,
Till Dolly is 'fraid we're lost.

I wish I'd minded mama just right,
And thought of her smiles and kisses,
For if we were forced to spend the night
In any such place as this is,
My Dolly would die—and so should I—
But the only plan I see
Is just to stay till they come this way
And find my Dolly and me.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

—*St. Nicholas, August, 1892.*

TWO MOODS.

I.

BETWEEN the budding and the falling leaf
Stretch happy skies;
With colors and sweet cries
Of mating birds in uplands and in glades,
The world is rife.
Then on a sudden all the music dies,
The color fades.
How fugitive and brief
Is mortal life
Between the budding and the falling leaf!
O short-breathed music, dying on the tongue
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!
O harp of life, so speedily unstrung!
Who, if 'twere his to choose, would know again
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,
Its rapture and its pain?

II.

Though I be shut in darkness, and become
 insentient dust blown idly here and there,
 to hold oblivion a scant price to pay
 for having once had held against my lip
 life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue—
 for having once known woman's holy love
 and a child's kiss, and for a little space
 been boon companion to the Day and Night,
 led on the odors of the summer dawn,
 and folded in the beauty of the stars.
 Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless clay,
 and serve the potter as he turns his wheel,
 thank Thee for the gracious gift of tears!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

-*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1892.

WHERE ARE THEY?

WHAT has become of the cast-off coats
 That covered Will Shakespeare's back?
 What has become of the old row-boats
 Of Kidd and his private pack?

What has become of the mutton bones
 That came with Sam Johnson's meat?
 What has become of the cobble-stones
 That must have bruised Milton's feet?

Where are the scarfs that Lord Byron wore?
 Where are poor Shelley's cuffs?
 What has become of that wondrous store
 Of Queen Elizabeth's ruffs?

Where are the slippers of Ferdinand?
 Where are Marc Antony's clothes?
 Where are the gloves from Antoinette's hand?
 Where Oliver Goldsmith's hose?

I do not search for the ships of Tyre;
 The grave of Whittington's cat,
 Would sooner set my spirit on fire,
 Or even Beau Brummel's hat.

And when I think that there are spots
 In the world which I can not find,
 Where lie these same identical lots,
 And many of this same kind,

I'm tempted to give a store of gold
 To him that will bring to me
 A glass of Earth's mysteries to unfold,
 And show me where these things be.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

-*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1892.

THE FOOT ON THE STAIR.

HUSH! Let each footstep be light
 And unerring as those that she bent
 To my chamber of pain, in the night,
 When the sickness that often approached
 And pursued me, and took unaware,
 And held me in cold, icy clasp,
 Till I shrieked in my anguish and fear;
 Ah! then as that cry smote her ear,
 How quickly she sprang from her couch,
 And I heard her light foot on the stair.

Look! How silent she lies!
 Her pure spirit left me last night,
 Last night on its way to the skies.
 She is freed from all burden and toil,
 From weariness, watching and care;
 And I, when the torturer comes
 With his deep thrilling anguish of pain,
 May listen, and listen in vain,
 In all the drear midnights unknown,
 For the sound of her foot on the stair.

She is dead. Oh, God! she is dead.
 She is wan, and breathless, and still;
 And I, what was it I said,
 When she stole in the dead of the night
 On my innocent sleep unaware!
 Did I say she disturbed my repose?
 Did I bid her keep silence and rest?
 Did I say that my sleep was distressed?
 That my brain would be softened and turned
 By the creak of her foot on the stair?

A pitying angel of light
 Heard a low, awful cry as it rang
 On the shuddering dark of the night;
 An agonized pleading for aid,
 A cry of remorse and despair
 That quivered to silence and space,
 Yet is heard by no slumberer nigh;
 A shuddering, soul-reaching cry,
 "Eliza! Eliza! O, God,
 For the sound of her foot on the stair!"

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

-*Toronto Saturday Night*, May 14, 1892.

COME!

MY sweetheart! my loving! you darkened all the
 day,
 When from my silent dwelling your footsteps turned
 away.

The morn was dark as midnight, the noonday sad
as dawn,
The milkwhite daisies drooped their heads along
the dewy lawn.

My darling! my dearest! I sought the garden round,
But never in a blossom your precious face I found.
No rose was red beside your lips, no lily like your
throat,
No sound or thrilling of your voice in any thrush's
note.

Ah! what is like your eyes, dear, gray sparkles of
the sea,
So clear and crystal shining their beryl glances be;
And where is any flower of all that any may com-
pare
With the softly dancing glitter of the sunshine in
your hair?

Alone through lingering daytime I listen for your
feet,
Those springing steps no longer along the pathway
beat;
I hear the dewdrops rustle in the branches overhead,
But home and you together for many a day have
fled.

My life is sad and weary, too dark with want and
pain,
But your dear eyes would bring its light and glad-
ness back again.
My soul is tired of desert sands bereft of cheer and
balm,
For you were like the diamond spring beneath its
lonely palm.

Come back, come back, my darling! Across the
spaces, hear!
Come, light this night of grief and gloom, my
Hesper shining clear;
Not long have I to linger, not long to call or cry,
Come back, my treasure! come, my heart, and bless
me e'er I die!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

—*The Independent*, July 28, 1892.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

JULY 18TH.

OUT of the life that was so hard to bear,
Clouded by sorrow and perplexed by care,
Out of the long watch and the heavy night,
She has gone forth into the light of light.

A tropic-blossom, warm with sun and scent,
Set in New England's chill environment,
Through beat of storm and stress of winter's cold
She kept the summer in her heart of gold.

Love was the life which pulsed her being through—
No task too hard if set by Love to do,
No pain too sharp if Love called to endure,
No weariness she knew if Love was sure.

Her rose of Love was set with many a thorn,
Clouds veiled and hid the promise of her morn,
Thirsting and spent, she journeyed on unfed,
While Love, too often, gave her stones for bread.

But still 'mid waning hopes and deepening fears
And brave, hard strivings through the ebbing years,
Lifting her up when she was like to fall,
Love led her to the land where Love is all.

Heaven has received her as a welcome guest,
Balming earth's tire with compensating rest,
Healing earth's grievous wound with sure content,
The sense of home after long banishment.

But more to her than smile of vanished kin,
Or hands outstretched to greet and draw her in,
Or "Bonded Walls" of amethyst unpriced,
Is the clear vision of the Face of Christ!

That Face Divine, which, in her girlhood's day
Seeing, she loved, and never looked away,
Which, like a star in the dim firmament,
Guided her steps and moved where'er she went.

Out of the life that was not always sweet,
Out of the puzzle and the day's defeat,
Out of earth's hindering and alien zone,
The Lord of Love has led her to her own.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

—*The Independent*, July 28, 1892.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES.

BESIDE the sea, above, below
The wrinkled sun-burnt crags that bar
The ocean's onset like a foe,
And wild as wind and waters are,
The careless yellow poppies grow.

As tremulous as stars that glow
In fairer fields of light afar,
Cliff-born, but beautiful, they blow
Beside the sea.

O'er many a rain-worn rent and scar
 Their rootlets tenderly they throw.
 Nor storm nor solitude may mar,
 Nor mists that wander to and fro,
 The freedom that the poppies know
 Beside the sea!

MARTHA T. TYLER.

ippincott's, September, 1892.

CLOSED.

crimson dawn breaks through the clouded
 east,
 waking breezes round the casement pipe;
 y blow the globes of dew from opening buds,
 steal the odors of the sleeping flowers.
 swallow calls its young ones from the eaves
 lart above their shadows on the lake,
 its long rollers redden in the sun,
 bend the lances of the mirrored pines.
 knows the miracle that brings the morn?
 in my house I linger, though the night—
 night that hides me from myself is gone.
 it robes the world, but strips me bare again.
 I not follow on the paths of day.
 ow the dregs within its crystal hours;
 bearers of my cups have served me well;
 uined them, and the bearers come no more.
 , morning, rise for those believing souls
 seek completion in day's garish light.
 asement I will close, keep shut my door,
 day and night are only dreams to me.

ELIZABETH STODDARD.

Harper's Magazine, July, 1892.

MOTHER'S POSIES.

KIND o' purty, don't yuh think?
 Green an' red an' yellor
 Bloomin' in th' winder there
 Sort o' makes a feller
 Think 't summer's back agin,
 Even though he knows his
 Eyes 'v' on'y caught th' shine
 There uv mother's posies.

In th' ol' tomaters cans
 An' th' pots an' boxes,
 There they bloom as big as life—
 Pinks an' hollyhocks.
 Creepin' things an' vi'lets, too,
 Purty colors showin',
 Peekin' through th' winder-pane
 Out whar it's a-snowin'.

There's a grea' big fuzie there
 Weth some ferns aside it,
 An' a primrose with some moss
 Tryin' fer tuh hide it,
 An' geraniums an' sich
 Cluttered all together,
 Bloomin' there like sixty an'
 Laughin' at th' weather.

Pots o' green an' pots o' red
 Make up lights an' shadders,
 Weth th' ivy an' th' vines
 Climbin' up th' ladders
 Whut I whittled out m'self
 Jes fer them to grow on—
 An' the'r' banterin' th' snow
 An' th' wind a-blowin'.

Yes, sirree, it's purty an'
 Soothin' like, an' cheerin'
 To set here on days like this
 An' see mother clearin'
 Out th' dead leaves an' sich things
 Frum th' vines an' phloxes
 In th' ol' tomaters cans
 An' th' pots an' boxes.

CARL SMITH.

—Harper's Weekly, September 7, 1892.

REVIEWS.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE, ED. *Seventeenth Century Lyrics*. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1892. Sq. 12mo, cl. pp. 24 and 325.

In this busy work-a-day age, people have little time to devote to the thorough reading and digesting of any one author, and if done, it must be at the expense of the loss of many others, equally as good, and mayhap better, and the giving up of other pursuits. To compile such a volume as *Seventeenth Century Lyrics*, requires years of patient study and research, such as the average person has not the time to give. Hence, compilations, when as carefully edited as the present volume, deserve, and can hardly fail to secure, a great success. There is a copious addenda of notes, and a comprehensive index, while the mechanical construction is artistic.

FIFE-COOKSON, Lieutenant-Colonel. *A Dream of Other Days: a Romantic Poem*. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons, 1892. 16mo, cl., pp. 92.

An epic poem in four cantos. The author handles his subject artistically and seems quite at home in metrical composition.

DANNELLY, MRS. ELIZABETH OTIS. *Wayside Flowers*. Chicago: American Publishers' Association, 1892. Cl. 16mo, pp. 142.

A volume of mediocre verse.

BREED, GEORGE J. and BARTON, WILLIAM G. Songs and Saunterings by a Poet and Naturalist, with an introduction by William P. Andrews. Salem, Mass.: The Salem Press Publishing & Printing Co., 1892. 16mo, cl., pp. 270.

The style of type chosen for this book is more ornamental than useful. It is exceedingly tiresome to the eyes, and even though the book may possess literary merit, it must of a necessity fall short of a financial success, as no one would care to endanger their eyesight for so doubtful a profit.

DICKEY, MRS. FANNIE PORTER. Blades O' Bluegrass: choice selections of Kentucky poetry, biographical sketches and portraits of authors. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co., 1892. Cl. 8vo, pp. 333.

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THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR engravings in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY the publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of The Buffalo Electrotype and Engraving Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; Matthews, Northrop Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For copyright poems and other selections the Publisher returns thanks to John B. Alden, New York; The Times-Union Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.; G. W. Dillingham, New York; Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York; Imrie & Graham, Toronto, Ont.; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas V. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis., and The Baltimore Publishing Co., Baltimore, Md.

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JANUARY 1892



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BUFFALO N Y

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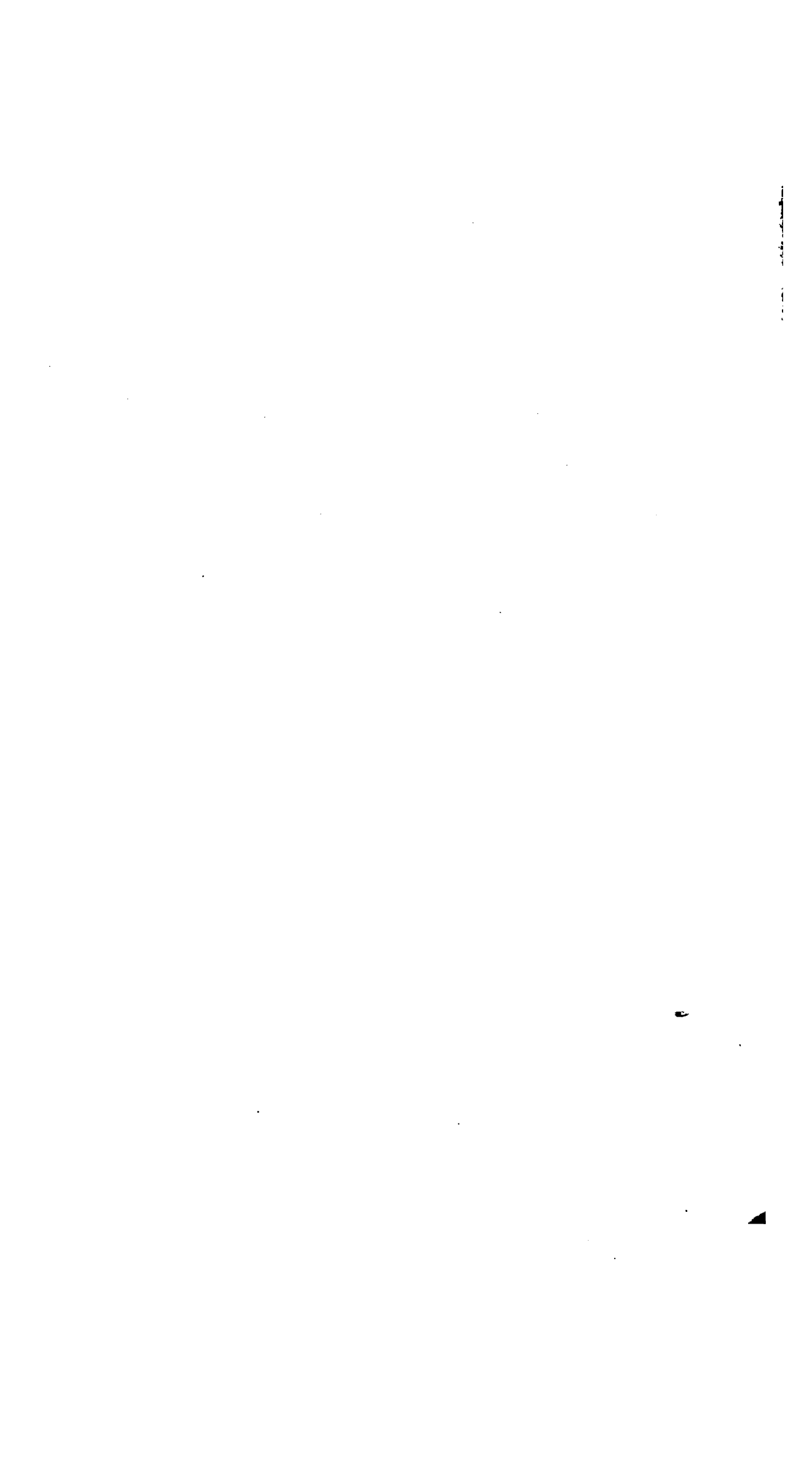
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